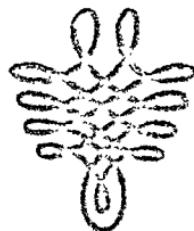


LIVE BETTER, FEEL BETTER

VOLUME II

A Reader's Digest Book



RDI PRINT AND PUBLISHING PVT. LTD.
Mumbai

Foreword

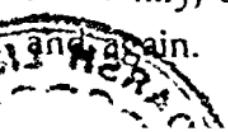
All of us yearn for a more fulfilling life. We all long for a more successful career, deeper and more meaningful relationships, a healthier and more robust body. Sometimes, when we see people who seem to have it all, we imagine that it's all a matter of chance. But this is not true. We can learn to live better and feel better. This is some-

thing that is in our hands.

:

This book is a compendium of useful advice on the art of living. It is packed with practical information on everything ranging from overcoming worry to improving your luck, from raising children the right way to getting closer to your family. It is, unquestionably, a treasure house for the family, a book to be cherished and referred to again

and again.



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DISNEY'S FIVE WAYS to Make Dreams Come True



By John Culhane

SIXTY-ONE years ago, in a state of shock, a struggling young animator boarded a westbound train in New York. Walt Disney had travelled nearly 5,000 kilometres east to negotiate a better distribution deal for his cartoons starring Oswald the Rabbit—only to be told that his distributor owned the rights to the rabbit and had signed up Disney's key artists. Defiantly, Walt told his wife, Lilly, that he'd think up a new character. As the train pulled out, he was already scribbling away on his pad.

Somewhere on the way, Walt remembered a field mouse that once sat on his drawing board when he was getting started in Kansas City. Walt decided to turn the mouse into a character and call him Mortimer Mouse. "Mortimer is a horrible name for a mouse," Lilly objected.

"Well, then, how about Mickey?" Walt suggested. "Mickey Mouse has a good, friendly sound."

The little mouse with the shy smile, unflagging optimism and can-do spirit became a cheerful symbol to Americans during the 1930s economic depression—and an international sensation. Today Mickey Mouse presides over a worldwide entertainment empire that stretches from Disneyland in Southern California to Walt Disney World in Florida, from Tokyo Disneyland to Euro Disneyland (now being built near Paris)—and onwards into the hearts of hundreds of millions of people.

"I only hope we never forget that it was all started by a mouse," Walt Disney often said. What accounts for the spectacular success of this \$2,900 million empire? What enabled The Walt Disney Company to endure hard times—in 1954, profits were near zero—and narrowly escape the clutches of corporate raiders? The organization has prospered by sticking to the basic principles developed by Walt Disney and now applied by Chairman Michael Eisner. These five secrets of Disney's success are equally applicable to anyone's daily life:

Think tomorrow. "Walt always operated on the theory of making today pay off tomorrow," his brother and partner, Roy Disney—the business genius behind the Disney empire—used to say. Thinking tomorrow got Walt Disney through his greatest disappointments.

Even Mickey Mouse was a failure at first. Returning from New York with his idea for a mouse cartoon hero, Walt went to the one artist who had remained loyal to him, Ub Iwerks. Iwerks designed Mickey and animated the first two Mickey Mouse cartoons. But no one wanted to distribute them: they were silent, and talkies were all the rage. So Walt adopted the new technology. The third Mickey Mouse cartoon, "Steamboat Willie," opened on November 18, 1928. The first animated talkie, it was a huge hit.

Walt also foresaw that the popularity of the double feature would squeeze short cartoons off movie schedules and make them unprofitable. So he created the world's first feature-length cartoon. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* opened on December 21, 1937, and remains, over half a century later, one of the most profitable films of all time.

Free the imagination: At a meeting in 1965 on *The Jungle Book*, the last animated feature Walt personally supervised, he was telling his animators how hard it is for vultures to land. "The wings are so large, with so much lift," he said, "that they can't stay down, and they keep bumping into things and bouncing along."

Directing animators Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston recall the moment in their book *Too Funny for Words*: "Suddenly Walt was flapping his elbows up and down like wings and laughing as he imitated these huge, ludicrous birds. 'And they're so

heavy their legs can hardly support them,' he said, 'and they tumble like this... Everyone was laughing now. It was the kind of inspiration we had come to expect from Walt."

Walt Disney understood that people can usually do far more far better than they know. When Walt imitated a bird, an animal or a human being, he was trying to free the imaginations of his animators and make their own powers of observation as sharp as his.

"Strive for lasting quality! Walt Disney refused to release a film until it had the kind of quality he thought would last. In 1938, after six months' work on *Pinocchio*, Walt suddenly suspended production: the film just didn't have heart. "I don't think anything without heart is good or will last," he said. "To me, humour involves both laughter and tears."

Walt's solution was to make the talking cricket (which was killed early in the book) live on in the film and act as Pinocchio's conscience. To match the cricket's colourful personality, he would be painted with up to 27 different colours—"not only the blue of his hat, the orange of his vest and the yellow of his spats, but different colours for his eyelids, the inside of his mouth and the bottoms of his feet," said directing animator Ward Kimball.

The cost of such perfection was high. Disney had made *Snow White* for \$1.5 million; the bill for *Pinocchio* soared to \$2.6 million. But, as Walt once said, "If the show is good enough, the public will pay us back for it."

Have "stick-to-it-ivity!" From early childhood, I had wanted to meet Walt Disney to learn his secrets for making dreams come true. So when I was 17, I went to California and managed to meet him.

At his home in Holmby Hills on a Sunday in August 1951, Walt told me that one of his secrets was fortitude, or "stick-to-it-ivity"—a made-up word that he turned into a song sung by an animated owl in the movie *So Dear to My Heart* (1949).

Less than a month before I met Walt, his feature film *Alice in Wonderland* flopped at the box office. ("Alice doesn't have heart," Walt told me frankly. "You felt for Snow White. You don't for Alice.")

I learnt later that the film's failure was a heavy blow to Walt

because it convinced his brother Roy that this was a bad time to use studio money to build a theme park. The park had been Walt's dream ever since his daughters were little and he had taken them to amusement parks and zoos. Counting those days among the happiest in his life, he wanted to design such a place for other people's enjoyment.

But the failure of *Alice* slowed him only temporarily. He pawned his life insurance to raise \$100,000, then paid a draftsman out of his own pocket to lay out the first plans. In 1955 Disneyland opened in Anaheim, California.

With this and all his other creations, Walt never wavered off course. He once noticed that a railway conductor at Disneyland was treating patrons curtly. "Give that fellow a better understanding of the business we're in," Walt told an assistant. "If you can't cheer him up, he shouldn't be working here. We're selling happiness."

Have fun. "The way to make things work is not to worry," Walt told me, "and to get interested in some little idea that looks like fun—like imagining what Peter Pan would see as he flies over London."

With those eloquent hands, voice, eyes and brow, Walt Disney made me see Peter Pan and the children flying high above the winding Thames River, the lamps of carriages glowing on the streets far below. "Peter and the kids might even perch for a moment on the hands of Big Ben," Walt told me, "just before heading for Never Land: 'Second star to the right and straight on till morning.'" I was mesmerized.

Today at Disneyland and Walt Disney World, millions ride the attraction "Peter Pan's Flight," taking the same journey that Walt had such fun describing so many years ago.

Long after Walt's death—of lung cancer in 1966, when he was 65—the Disney people are still having fun. And so are millions of others around the world, thanks to Walt Disney's five secrets of making dreams come true.



Get Your Own Way — The Easy Way

By Morton Hunt

I ONCE belonged to a tennis club whose members played hardest *not* on the courts but at the meetings where we discussed our rules and budget. In heated debates, some members would plead and others rage; some would use sarcasm, others logic. In the end, Larry, a lawyer whose speciality is negotiation, usually got his way.

Without using any technique one could notice, mild-mannered Larry managed to carry the day. His views were sensible, but that's not why he won; he possessed subtle communication skills that made him a better persuader.

The ability to win others to one's point of view is invaluable. We would be far more successful in everyday situations—asking for a raise, ironing out a difference with a neighbour, helping our children make wise choices—if we used the communication techniques of the great persuaders.

But, until recently, even the best of them couldn't tell us what makes them persuasive. Now, after hundreds of studies, researchers have concluded that persuasiveness is greatly enhanced by identifiable techniques that we can all borrow—keeping in mind that persuasion is not manipulation; it's a matter of creating the right environment for your ideas and then communicating them effectively.

Here are six ways to be more persuasive in everyday situa-

tions:

1. *Use the home-ground advantage.* You are going to meet a neighbour to discuss a tree of his that overhangs your backyard. Should you go to his house or ask him to yours?

Many people can be more persuasive in their own surroundings than in someone else's. That's why a canny negotiator strives to hold important meetings in his or her office rather than in that of the other side. Research shows that this technique does, indeed, work.

In one recent experiment, psychologist Ralph Taylor and colleague Joseph Lanni rated 60 Johns Hopkins University students for dominance—the ability to influence others. Then they divided their volunteers into groups of three, each consisting of one member low in dominance, one average and one high, and asked them to discuss and agree on which of ten potential cuts in the university budget would be best. Half the groups met in the rooms of their most dominant member, half in the rooms of their least dominant—and on average the guests' views came around to the hosts', even if the hosts were low in dominance and their guests opposed them at the outset. When you can't hold discussions in your home or office, try to meet on neutral ground, so the other side won't have the home-front advantage.

2. *Look your best.* You're rounding up signatures on a petition. Should you bother about grooming?

We like to think we are more influenced by what someone says than by his or her appearance. But experiments show otherwise.

Psychologist Shelly Chaiken had each of 68 volunteers at the University of Massachusetts approach four passers-by to enlist their support for a group opposed to serving meat at breakfast and lunch in campus dining halls. The volunteers had previously been judged on physical appearance and assessed on speech fluency, credibility, persuasiveness and intelligence. The attractive volunteers were much more successful at influencing people than were their less-attractive counterparts.

3. *Identify with your listener.* You're trying to inspire enthusiasm in a group of youngsters for a local clean-up project. They would rather be somewhere else. How do you get their atten-

tion?

My friend Al Brown and I once operated a summer theatre. I was amazed at the co-operation that Al, a theoretical physicist, got from stagehands, actors, town officials. Once I overheard his conversation with two local plumbers and was amused at the friendly chitchat he made with them.

"You fake!" I chided him later. "You belong onstage with the rest of the actors."

Al looked puzzled; this manner of communication came so naturally to him that he didn't realize how he sounded. When I explained, he chuckled. "It's not fake; it's friendly and sincere," he said. "I'm showing them I don't consider myself different from them. People need that—and it works."

When you try to change someone's personal taste, many researchers find, the more the persuader identifies with the listener, the more persuasive the listener will find him. In part, that's due to a human tendency to believe what someone who is "one of us" tells us.

There's more to it than that, of course, as shown by research recently done by psychologist Donald Moine. Moine discovered that top salespeople "match the tone of voice, volume, rhythm and speech of the customer and mirror body language, posture and mood. Unconsciously, they may even breathe in and out with him. In essence, the best salespeople act as sophisticated biofeedback mechanisms, sending back the same signals the customer is sending them."

4. Reflect the listener's experiences. You're meeting the new couple next door to enlist them in a community project. What's the best way to get them interested?

Mediocre persuaders jump right into their argument; good persuaders first create trust and show empathy. If the other person indicates that he's worried about something, the persuader who says, "I understand why you feel that way; I would too," is showing respect for the other's feelings and will gain his listener's attention.

A good persuader also tends to reflect, not rebut, the other person's objections to his argument. The skilled persuader restates the objection, allows that it has merit and only then goes on to show that his own views are more cogent. Several

studies have found that when a presentation looks at both sides before coming to its conclusion, it seems more persuasive than one that offers views of only one side.

5. Make a strong case. You're going to a crucial committee meeting to argue the unpopular cause of a bigger budget. What sort of supporting evidence will help most?

You'll increase your persuasiveness by giving your listeners solid information instead of opinion. But in doing so, keep in mind that people who are uncommitted can be as much influenced by the source of the facts as by the facts themselves.

It's not simply that people trust some sources and mistrust others; rather, when they hear strong, highly credible authorities cited, they're far less likely to defend their preconceptions against new ideas and information. But don't overdo citing experts; too much information may make the listener rebel.

6. Employ stories and examples. You're trying to sell your car to a stranger. Which will be more persuasive, the national figures for kilometres driven on a litre of petrol for your model, or the mileage you got on a trip last week-end?

Great persuaders have always known that we are more easily influenced by individualized examples and experiences than we are by summarized evidence and general principles. My doctor once advised me to take a certain drug for a minor medical problem. I asked if it wasn't dangerous. He outlined the evidence, and I felt reassured. Then he added, "I take it myself"—and I was persuaded.

The effectiveness of this technique is supported by research. Psychologist Moine's analysis, for instance, shows that successful salespeople use realistic examples to show the listener that another individual has made the choice he is being urged to make.

In the past, persuasiveness seemed to be a mysterious and personal gift. Today we know that it's largely the result of certain communication skills and techniques that can be learnt. To convince yourself of this, just try it.



Secrets of Staying Together

By Frank Pittman

As a psychiatrist and family therapist, I often spend my days listening to the details of other people's love affairs. To better understand why someone would be willing to risk so much for so little, I recently interviewed 100 couples who came to me because one or both partners had become involved outside the marriage. My survey—more informal than scientific—is supported by my own observations during 28 years in practice.

From that background, I have observed that infidelity is the primary disrupter of families, the most dreaded and devastating experience in a marriage, and the most universally accepted justification for divorce. There are a few family problems to which we devote more attention.

Yet there is a lot of nonsense in the popular mythology about what causes infidelity and how to handle it. The most harmful misconceptions show up in advice columns, in popular magazines and even in some books on marriage therapy. They are:

Fallacy: Most people have affairs. US surveys in the past few years tell us that about 50 per cent of husbands and 25 to 35 per cent of wives have been unfaithful. Infidelity in over half of all marriages is a lot of infidelity. But the figures are misleading. Many adulterers have only one affair, and much of the infidelity takes place in the last year of dying marriage.

Adultery is far less common in intact marriages. Most marital partners are faithful most of the time. In fact, the surveys also show that the large majority of those questioned believe strongly in marital fidelity, certainly for their spouse and generally for themselves. Even if monogamy is not always achieved, it remains the ideal.

Fallacy: An affair can be good for a marriage and can even revive a dull one. Occasionally an affair *may* help solve a problem by forcing it into the open, but, in fact, it's no more likely to help a marriage than some other major crisis, such as the house burning down or the baby dying. A fine watch may be repaired by kicking it, but that seems risky.

The truth is, most affairs do great damage. Overall, 53 of the 100 adulterous marriages I surveyed ended in divorce. This in spite of the couple's decision to seek counselling and my own best efforts to help them. By contrast, it is unusual in my practice for non-adulterous marriages, to dissolve.

Fallacy: The lover is sexier than the spouse. Since an affair involves sex, it is often assumed that the affair is *about* sex and the lover is either very attractive or some kind of sexual athlete. In my experience, lovers are not necessarily younger or more attractive than the spouse; nor is the affair necessarily about sex.

Thirty of the people I surveyed, for instance—half men and half women—acknowledged that their sex lives at home were perfectly adequate. It was not sex but a lack of intimacy that had compelled them to have an affair.

Many of those I talked with told me their decision to cheat on their partners was largely motivated by anger. Twenty-five in my survey were angry about some aspect of their spouse's behaviour or were retaliating for affairs their spouses had started. Interestingly, even those who seek out such relationships may become uneasy at the motivating emotions.

The reasons for affairs are complex and varied. Most of them have to do with problems the person having the affair is experiencing rather than the desirability of the "other" man or woman.

Fallacy: The less said about an affair, the better. People involved in affairs like to convince themselves they are doing their loved ones a favour by hiding the unpleasant truth. I feel

this is unrealistic. Spouses usually know when they are being lied to—they just don't know what the truth is, and if it is bad enough to lie about, they suspect the worst.

Honesty is the central factor in intimacy. Even the smallest lie can have terrible implications. In the cases I've seen, lying about an affair only made things worse. Many marriages end in the wake of an affair, but far more end in an effort to maintain the secret of the affair.

Fallacy: After an affair, divorce is inevitable. Certainly, an affair can trigger a crisis in marriage. After any crisis, a marriage may—with a lot of work and pain—recover, or it may become worse. There are people who would find it impossible to live in a blemished marriage, and there are marriages in which the unfaithful spouse remains on probation or under punishment for decades after the affair.

As in every other aspect of marriage, it all comes down to communication.

If there is one conclusion I can draw, it's that monogamy works. It isn't rare—it's practised by most people most of the time, and always has been. It isn't difficult—anyone can do it, and only the smallest sacrifices are involved. Monogamy isn't even dull—living without lies and secrets opens you up to being known and understood, and that isn't dull.

If people would only trust each other enough to work towards honesty and intimacy within their marriage, then maybe they could do what everybody wants to do, and most unfaithful spouses are afraid to try: live together happily ever after.

Photo Opportunity

In Seminolean institution once had an exhibit that featured portraits of candidates who ran for President of the United States and lost. On a trip to Washington my cousin and I asked a guard at the Smithsonian where we could find the portrait of Belva Ann Lockwood, who ran against Grover Cleveland. We explained that she was our great-great-grandmother and that we had never seen a picture of her. The guard led us around a maze of partitions until we came to the Lockwood portrait. We were taking pictures and examining the large painting when we heard more people approaching. To our surprise, the guard threw his arms across the partition's opening. "You can't go in there now," he said. "The family is with her!"

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— Edith Lockwood

How Lucky People Get That Way

By Ralph Kinney Bennett

Why do some people seem to "get all the breaks"? Is it just dumb luck? The fact is, "lucky" people move through life with a different attitude than most. They prepare for their "strokes of good luck," and they develop habits that capitalize on good fortune.

Whether you are embarking on a new career, changing jobs or just trying to improve yourself, adopting these habits can enhance your chances of success.

I take calculated risks. Charles Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic in a single-engine plane was hailed as a feat of incredible daring. Lindbergh became one of the century's great heroes, but luck had very little to do with it. A thoroughly experienced pilot and mechanic, Lindbergh started with a hunch "that airplanes had advanced to a point where such a flight was practicable." The flight itself was the culmination of months of concentrated effort, during which he oversaw every detail of his plane's construction and calculated every aspect of the trip. He landed in Paris ahead of schedule and with enough fuel to fly another 1,600 kilometres.

Lucky people know the difference between risky and rash, between an informed hunch and a vain hope. Author Max Gantler once defined a hunch as "a conclusion based on facts stored on some unconscious level." Successful individuals are

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constantly tucking away such information to enhance their intuition. That's what American poet Robert Frost meant when he noted, "All the best things a poet ever uses are things he didn't know he was getting when he was getting them."

Lucky people perform acts that seem daring, but in fact they are playing out informed hunches with a clear sense of the probability of success.

In 1947, Bob Petersen, a former petrol-pump attendant, acted on his hunch that there were lots of American men like him who loved to soup up their cars and talk about it. He and a partner risked \$400 — everything they had — to convert that enthusiasm into a slim magazine called *Hot Rod*. Petersen lugged copies of the magazine to California car races and sold them for a quarter of a dollar. The Petersen Publishing empire now produces 23 automobile and hobby magazines, and Petersen's personal fortune is estimated at over \$350 million.

2. *Turn problems into opportunities.* Lucky people take second looks at things others barely see the first time.

Several important film directors looked at the script for *Rain Man*, but concluded that the story of an autistic middle-aged man and his younger brother was too depressing for a mass audience. Director Barry Levinson saw terrific potential — if the writing and performances exploited the humour as well as drama in the interplay between the brothers. Levinson told Dustin Hoffman, "Let's not be reticent," in depicting Raymond Babbitt's handicap. His instincts proved right. Hoffman's bravura performance captivated audiences worldwide, and the film grossed over \$500 million. Doubtless there are people in Hollywood who call Levinson "lucky."

3. *Know when to buck off.* Unlucky people are often stubborn. Out of ego or ignorance, they don't know when to cut their losses and change course.

Lucky people, on the other hand, have a knack for "getting out when the getting is good." American multimillionaire John Werner Kluge says "the ability to gauge risk is crucial. I never take on things I can't see an end to." Kluge, chairman and president of Metromedia, amply demonstrated his timing in 1986 when he sold seven American television stations for \$2,000 million, right before cable TV brought new pressures.

industry.

Lucky people are always ready to change course for the right opportunity. Consider the saxophonist in a dance band who has second thoughts about a career in music. He has already invested considerable time, talent and money in studying music. Should he stick with it or cut his losses?

Alan Greenspan decided to read economics between performance sessions, and eventually he went back to college. A former chairman of the US president's Council of Economic Advisers, he is now chairman of America's Federal Reserve Board.

4. *Reach out to people.* In striking contrast to the standoffish style of many intellectuals, the great thinker Herman Kahn was truly gregarious. He took every opportunity to talk to lift men, taxi drivers, waiters — everyone he encountered. It enabled him to see the people behind the statistics of his economic, political and social studies. "You never know what insight or solution may come to you in unforeseen contacts with people," he once said.

Mark McCormack, manager of American golfer Arnold Palmer's wide-ranging business interests, credits Palmer's open, gracious style with people — from a fan seeking an autograph to a businessman with a million-dollar deal — for making him such a durable success.

Lucky people are never too busy to meet new people and to keep up old acquaintances. They chat with the person next to them on a plane and exchange business cards. They join clubs and professional organizations. They talk, and are talked about. The head of a New York executive-search firm said many of his prospects for top jobs "are simply people who have made themselves known to other people."

5. *Use persistence creatively.* Successful people have the determination to "butt their heads against the wall," but they use that resolve more efficiently by looking at the wall for loose stones, low spots, hidden gates.

President Ronald Reagan's fabled "luck" was often the product of his strong resolve. Firmly believing a defence against nuclear missiles possible, he initiated the Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI). Many influential people sought to discredit the programme. But Reagan went over the heads of these "opinion-

leaders" to build public support for SDI.

The Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev tried to make Reagan abandon the programme. At Reykjavik, Gorbachev held out the possibility of arms reductions so momentous that their rejection would cast Reagan's desire for peace in doubt. The catch? Reagan would have to abandon SDI.

Reagan, the model of grace in negotiations, walked out in cold fury. "I'd pledged I wouldn't give away SDI, and I didn't," he wrote in his diary. He continued to fence with the Soviets, banking on their growing economic problems to force concessions. In the end, Gorbachev gave in, with history's first treaty bringing about actual reductions in nuclear arsenals.

6. *Spell luck w-o-r-k.* Edward John DeBartolo's shrewd investment in shopping centres in the 1950s has paid off more than handsomely. He's worth well over \$1,000 million. He owns hotels, office buildings, sports teams. Eighty-two years old, he's in his office every morning at 5.30, trying to extend his "lucky" streak.

This is one of the hardest lessons to grasp because some people make it all look so easy. We see them enjoying the fruit and have no idea what it takes to plant and water the tree. Actor Jimmy Cagney recalled watching Bing Crosby, the epitome of the relaxed performer, effortlessly chatting with his audience and singing a few songs during a show. When the singer came off the stage he was soaked with sweat. "The perspiration on him was an absolute revelation," said Cagney. "He was giving everything he had in every note he sang, and the apparent effortlessness was a part of his very hard work."

THE SECRETS of success are neither dark nor deep. They do not exclude happy chance or unfortunate circumstance, they merely deny that these things should rule our lives.



Screen Test

AMERICAN film director Elliot Silverstein, on location in Louisiana said he found two kinds of mosquitoes there: "Those small enough to get through screen doors - and those big enough to open them."

— Earl Wilson

The Pitfalls of "Romantic" Love

By Herbert Zerof

THIE COLLAPSE of love, prolonged or sudden, sends couples into emotional turmoil. Hurt, angry and frustrated, one partner recoils and says the words that supposedly end a relationship: "I don't love you any more." But contrary to popular belief and poets' immortal words, this sentence can signal the beginning of a solid bond, one in which intimacy is found.

I am not an enemy of romantic love. It makes us all feel good to both express and receive it. But it is frequently vaporous and empty, especially when combined with unrealizable hopes. Like paramours in a Russian novel, partners who pursue this fantasy never seem to find each other. Romantic love—often unrequited and bittersweet—can confuse the real meaning of caring. Here's why:

"Love" is unrealistic. A scene with two lovers silhouetted on a beach walking hand in hand into the sunset conveys all the idealism of romantics. But people don't live together that way, except on holiday. Rather, they are at close quarters, where they can see each other's pimples, wrinkles and sags. The romantic vision only separates partners further, since they try to grasp a "type" rather than the real person. The dream must be relinquished in order to enjoy the real thing.

Finding real love means abandoning the mystique of romantic

love. What are the qualities you enjoy in each other? Hold on to those as a basis of contact for both of you. The here and now can bring pleasant experiences. Then love takes on known realities, and liking, caring and sharing become part of intimate concerns.

Love expects too much in return. Whether intentionally or not, "love" seduces couples into making serious demands. He loves her and can't understand why she wants to get away. "Why won't he leave me alone?" she says. "I can't do anything without him tagging along, and when I don't feel the same way he does, I feel guilty."

Partners in marriage must allow space between themselves so that their relationship can breathe. Caring is letting go, not holding on. There is an undeniable balance in living together and, like the motion of a see-saw, one person alone can't make it work. The giving-and-receiving movement keeps it going. To feel special or important to a companion is the wish of most humans. But to be possessive to the point of paranoia is self-defeating.

Love wants unconditional acceptance. "My wife doesn't understand me!" a husband complained. She sometimes refused sex or was a reluctant participant. Her partner knew she didn't want relations as frequently as he did, but he couldn't tolerate her indifference or lack of desire. What he didn't recognize was that he was expressing his exaggerated expectations that his wife love and accept him unconditionally, and he attached this need to sex.

All of us feel that we'll find a partner who will give us everything we've missed in life. Love seduces us into believing that this fantasy will come true. But the most we can expect is a companion who is compassionate and understanding.

One of the important signs of maturity is the realization and acceptance of the fact that no one will ever fully understand. As a pair, you must enjoy and accept what you have, however imperfect, without always demanding more.)

Love expects you to be a mind reader. Couples are ~~often~~ reading thoughts in one another's minds and ~~expect~~ partners to sense their moods. Deep down, this ~~often~~ integrity, love or no love. Yet it is practised daily

A wife greets her husband when he comes home from work and is insulted because he doesn't comment on her new hairstyle. Instead of asking, "How do you like it?" she expects him to notice it. He is equally irritated because she doesn't see that he's worried about a bad day at the office--without his saying so.

Unless couples learn to be direct about their feelings and desires, communication remains complicated and garbled. Partners stumble and fall over unspoken messages. Love must not tempt us into believing that mind reading is part of living together. Openness brings the cool relief of intimacy.

Love fosters subservience. Traditionally, males were indoctrinated to protect females. This created havoc in marriages by setting up an imbalance; the strong male and the docile female. Neither partner really felt like playing these roles, but both were nagged by the feeling that they had to.

Today males and females are starting to accept the fact that they are human, with similar intellects, needs and emotions. Partners may not be equal in talents or tasks, but they are equal in their human needs. Once this is realized and fairness has been established, a pair will enjoy a sense of unity.

When either mate consistently presents himself or herself to the other as frail and helpless, both are heading for trouble. The only kind of love that works allows both partners to feel esteemed and important. When a mate cares, the strongest support is provided by a few words and a willingness to listen, not by always doing something for the other.

Love refuses to change. "Why can't things be like they used to be? Why can't we go back to the way we were?" But all the pounding on the doors of time can't bring back one second of past intimacy. Unless companions live together in the now, they cannot live together at all.

A couple married two years, both busy with responsibilities and the challenges of unexplored careers, suddenly realized that their relationship had changed. Panic set in. Quick attempts were made to recapture that lost glow, but the feelings simply were not there. They grieved over the good times experienced in the past, and the demise of their love seemed like a death.

Many couples are caught in this bind, never realizing that

uals — in their own minds and in the eyes of others, says Steinberg. This quest isn't about rebellion; it's about becoming a person of one's own. Here are some ways parents can help:

Don't stereotype. "Parents who expect teenage rebellion may actually foment it," says Kenneth Howard, a member of a research team that collected survey data on more than 20,000 teenagers over a 28-year period. "It becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy."

Howard and Steinberg caution parents not to crack down at the first sign of adolescent independence, fearful that giving in even slightly now means drugs cannot be far behind. When parents over-react, teens assert themselves more, parents clamp down harder, and a full-scale blow-up results.

In fact, psychologists say there's no inevitable pattern to teenage behaviour, and no such creature as a typical teenager. Your teen is now larger, stronger, older and smarter than before, with an additional supply of hormones raging through the bloodstream. But he or she is still the same human being you've lived with since birth. Given a chance, your son or daughter will continue to behave in ways you've established.

Remain a parent. While you want to be a friend to your child, sharing confidences and triumphs, such friendship does not include equality. You should remain captain of the ship, advises Steinberg. You may listen to the voices of the crew, but it's up to you to set the course.

Psychologist Diana Baumrind has identified three types of parents: permissive, autocratic and authoritative.

Confronted by a 13-year-old who wants to attend a Saturday-night party, a permissive parent might say, "Okay, but try not to stay out too late." Permissive parents are either indifferent to their kids or try to win them over by allowing full freedom.

An autocratic parent might respond, "No, you're too young for that. End of discussion." Autocratic parents dictate, down to the last detail.

The authoritative parent considers the child's viewpoint, then decides: "You know our rule about weekends. We agreed on a ten o'clock deadline. You can go to the party if you're home by then."

Kids prefer the authoritative style, which gives them leeway

Raising Terrific Teens

*By Edwin Kiester, Jr.
and Sally Valente Kiester*

WILLIAM held the T-shirt by the shoulders, turned it over and tucked in the sleeves. His mother showed him a simpler way to fold it, starting with the tail. William, who usually accepted parental advice, now insisted his way was better. His mother explained that her method produced fewer wrinkles. The boy shot back that "all the kids" wore wrinkled shirts anyway. Soon they were arguing loudly. Finally the boy crumpled the shirt, threw it on the floor and stormed out. His mother was sure the "terrible teens" had begun.

Many parents greet their children's teenage years with needless dread. While teens may assault us with heavy-metal music, wear outlandish clothes and spend all their time with friends, such behaviour scarcely adds up to full-scale revolt.

Teenage rebellion, according to psychologist Laurence Steinberg, co-author of *You and Your Adolescent*, has been greatly exaggerated. Sociologist Sanford Dornbusch agrees. "The idea that teenagers inevitably rebel is a myth that has the potential for great family harm," says Dornbusch. He believes the notion can damage communication during the critical time for parents to influence youngsters.

Still, adolescence is often a trying time of transition for child and parent. Teenagers need to establish themselves as individ-

uals — in their own minds and in the eyes of others, says Steinberg. This quest isn't about rebellion; it's about becoming a person of one's own. Here are some ways parents can help:

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The authoritative parent considers the child's viewpoint, then decides: "You know our rule about weekends. We agreed on a ten o'clock deadline. You can go to the party if you're home by then."

Kids prefer the authoritative style, which gives them

but also sets firm limits. Baumrind's studies show that parents who allow their teens freedom with responsibility, and within disciplinary limits, have more influence than either autocratic parents or permissive parents. By not dictating every move, they allow the important points to stand out above what's less important.

Pick your battles. Coming down hard on every petty detail escalates minor hassles into all-out warfare. When your son lets his hair grow to his shoulders, or your daughter experiments with outrageous makeup, accept the appearance as a harmless fad. If, however, he or she asks to attend a party where you suspect drugs might be used, put your foot down — hard — and keep it there.

"I always ask myself, 'Will it matter in ten years?'" says one parent "If it won't, I let my daughter make the decision."

Dr John Schowalter, a Yale psychiatrist, recommends a similar rule: "Will this behaviour threaten the welfare of my child or anyone else?" If the answer is yes, Schowalter says, assert your authority firmly.

Talk now. Don't wait to warn your son about drunk driving until the night he calls from the police station. Imparting family values is a long-term process. Start early. Then, during the teens, reinforce the lessons.

When Micki Schneider's daughter, Rebecca, was 12, the gregarious girl monopolized the telephone, conducting hour-long conversations with friends. Schneider didn't simply demand that Rebecca limit her calls. "I gave her the same speech about the rights of others that I delivered when she was in kindergarten," the mother says. "From then on, she tried to keep her calls short, and always asked whether I needed the phone before she used it."

Discuss the behaviour you expect from your child. Choose a topic such as late nights, then ask for input. And be willing to experiment: "We will try a midnight deadline on weekends for a month. But if you're late, or if you're tired and your studies suffer, it's back to ten o'clock."

Don't take it personally. A "rebellion" that at first seems directed at you may turn out to be nothing of the sort. A California family traditionally attended 9am Sunday mass, then

breakfasted together. One day their 16-year-old announced he was sleeping late. The parents could have interpreted this as a typical teenage rejection of family and religion. Instead they calmly asked him why. It turned out the boy was tired from working late on his high-school newspaper the night before. The family shifted their worship to 11am.

Remember, too, that parents often serve as handy scapegoats for disappointments in kids' lives: "If you'd let me go out and socialize like other kids, I'd be more popular." In answering such complaints, focus on the issue rather than the accusation. Say, "I love you and worry about you, and I don't think someone your age should stay out past midnight."

Examine your own reactions. It's human nature to yearn for the days when you could cuddle a little child in your arms. Let's face it: after 12 years of being the centre of that child's universe, you may now feel relegated to the sidelines.

The teen years signal the gradual closing of one chapter of your parent-child relationship and the start of another. As you watch your "baby" flower into an adult, you'll discover the new phase is equally fulfilling.

Show a united front. Teenagers sometimes favour one parent over the other. As a result, a father may be flattered by the closeness of a daughter and allow her privileges her mother opposes. Similarly, a mother may excuse her son's behaviour as "testing his wings" when the father wants to restrict him. Disagreements about the child's conduct can degenerate into parental conflict.

Parents needn't stand united on every issue. But they need to maintain a pattern of "flexible teamwork," says Dr Jack Obedzinski, a behavioural and developmental paediatrician.

Discuss with your spouse in private how you'll handle a given situation. Decide which points you'll concede and on which you'll stand firm. Then break the news together.

Don't forget to laugh. When her children were teens, Dorothy Rich, president of an institute that instructs parents and teachers in ways to help children achieve, used to keep a giant "aspirin," nearly 15 centimetres in diameter, by the dining table. During particularly heated family discussions — for example, when one daughter wanted to go on a date despi

exams the next day — Rich would ceremoniously place the tablet in the middle of the table to soothe everyone's incipient headache. It gave the family a laugh and lowered the level of tension.

A sense of humour helps keep things in perspective, and that is the key. Parents who can perceive the difference between important issues and trivial ones will be able to guide their children through the teen years with far less storm and stress than they ever expected possible.



Love or Infatuation?

INFATUATION is instant desire. It's one set of glands calling to another. Love, on the other hand, is friendship that has caught fire. It takes root and grows —one day at a time.

Infatuation is marked by a feeling of insecurity. You are excited and eager, but not genuinely happy. There are nagging doubts, unanswered questions, little bits and pieces about your beloved that you would just as soon not examine too closely. It might spoil the dream.

Love is the quiet understanding and mature acceptance of imperfection. It is real. It gives you strength and grows beyond you—to bolster your beloved. You are warned by his presence, even when he is away. Long distances do not separate you. You want him near, but near or far, you know he is yours and you can wait.

Infatuation says, "We must get married right away. I can't risk losing him."

Love says, "Be patient. Don't panic. He is yours. Plan your future with confidence."

Infatuation has an element of sexual excitement. If you are honest, you will admit it is difficult to be in one another's company unless you are sure it will end in intimacy. Love is the maturation of friendship. You must be friends before you can be lovers.

Infatuation lacks confidence. When he's away, you wonder if he's cheating. Sometimes you even check.

Love means trust. You are calm, secure and unthreatened. He feels that trust and it makes him even more trustworthy.

Infatuation might lead you to do things you'll regret later, but love never will.

Love is an upper. It makes you look up. It makes you think up. It makes you a better person than you were before.

— Ann Landers, Field Newspaper Syndicate

Dancing in the Dark

By James Stewart-Gordon

MY OLD friend Harry and I were reminiscing. "Do you remember our first school dance?" I asked. "How frightened we were?" He nodded.

My mind went back to that time when the boy-and-girl chemistry had begun to bubble in our veins, and we knew little about dealing with it. I recalled the decorated gymnasium, the gramophone playing "Night and Day," the boys and the girls pretending to ignore one another.

"It could have been a disaster," I said. "But I was saved by a safety pin."

"A safety pin?" Harry asked. "Yes, and the memory of Fred Astaire."

Having delivered this line, I left Harry and headed homewards to re-live the magic moment of how it felt to hold my arm around the waist of the prettiest, wittiest, most wonderful girl in the gymnasium.

According to the then popular Hollywood scenario, high school should have been a kind of co-educational paradise, with convertible cars, ballroom dances and boys in college sweaters winning the hearts of the best-looking girls in the class with wisecracks.

Unfortunately the educational authorities in our city either

didn't go to the cinema or disagreed with what they saw. As soon as we entered high school, the sexes were segregated. Boys went to one school, girls to another.

Consequently when Mr. Biggs, one of our teachers, announced that the school would have a Christmas dance with the girls' school, his words received a mixed reception. My friends constituted the athletic group. Our pulses raced more at the thought of holding a bat handle than a girl's hand. We had never had anything to do with girls. So when Mr Biggs asked, "How many of you boys know how to dance?" we did not raise our hands. "In that case," said Mr Biggs, "tomorrow you will report to Miss Haenlein in the gymnasium for lessons."

Girl Talk. "Line up and count off," Miss Haenlein instructed the next day. "Even numbers, one step forward; odd numbers, one step to the rear." We executed the manoeuvre.

"Boys in the rear rank will be boys; boys in the front rank will be girls. When I count ONE, two THREE, four, the boys will approach the girls, ask them to dance, put their right arms around their waists, hold their left arms high and, counting with me, walk to the music."

I was a boy and Harry was my girl. As we stepped and counted, he kicked me in the shins so hard that I threatened violence. It seemed hours before Miss Haenlein released us.

We headed for the park, where we talked about girls more specifically than ever before. All of us apparently had taken more notice of them than we had admitted.

"Katie Sherwood," said Bill. "Did any of you fellows ever take a look at her?" Said Larry, "You mean that tall, dumb blonde?" We all agreed that that was the same Katie Sherwood. "Boy, is she stuck up," said Charley, "I guess she thinks she's good-looking or something." "That's because she wears lipstick and high heels," said Bill.

"You remember Vivian Hall?" Ken asked. "The short blonde who is always giving parties when her parents aren't at home, where they play kissing games. I don't want to dance with her."

"And I don't want to dance with Margery Howe," I said of a girl who wore braces on her teeth and had a collie. "Her mother told my mother that my dog gave her dog fleas."

Although I would have denied it under thumbscrew and

rack, I secretly did like Margery. She was tall and willowy, with long russet hair twisted in braids.

Dancing Dreams. My only encounter with her had been the previous spring, when we had both taken our dogs to the park. She had her collie and I had my truculent Scottie. As we passed each other, my dog suddenly sprang at hers, nipping it in the leg. The collie let out a yip and dashed for freedom. Entangled in his leash, Margery tumbled into my arms.

It was the first time I had ever had my arms around a girl. I was amazed by how light and frail she felt and how wonderful her freshly ironed cotton dress smelt. In a moment she found her balance. "Thank you," she said and walked away. I was trembling.

Though we passed each other many times afterwards, Margery never acknowledged my existence. But I found myself unable to forget her. She seemed to grow less approachable—and more desirable. Worse yet, I learnt she was going to ballet school and was sure to be a magnificent dancer.

I might have given up had it not been for Fred Astaire. One snowy Saturday my friends and I went to see Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *The Gay Divorcée*. Watching his flying feet as he guided Miss Rogers around the floor, and his nonchalant one-hand-in-the-pocket verbal acrobatics, I imagined myself in his role. When we left the theatre, the magic was still with me, making all things seem possible.

I dreamt my dreams but never dared speak to Margery. Almost daily we passed each other in the park. Whenever she saw me, she pointed her nose in the air and pulled her dog closer to her.

But in the deepest recesses of my heart, I knew that I would one day dance with Margery.

No Wallflowers. To prepare for that day, I secretly went to the library, sidled up to the librarian's desk, and whispered that I needed a book on dancing.

"Dancing!" she boomed. I cringed, fearful that someone might overhear. "What kind? Ballet? Classical?"

"No," I replied. "Just regular dancing." I was about to add "like Fred Astaire does."

"Ballroom dancing?"

I nodded yes. She searched briefly through the shelves and handed me a book. I ran home with it tucked under my coat. Alone in my room, I opened it to find pages and pages of feet marked ABCD in different positions. I tried to follow the diagrams while I hummed, but I knew it was a lost cause.

Finally the night of the dance came. It was to begin at eight, and at 7.30 my friends and I met on a street corner.

Filled with blasé courage, we marched into the gymnasium. Twisted crepe paper in our school's colours was festooned around the room. Standing by the door were Miss Haenlein and Mr Biggs. We gravely shook hands with each and quickly headed for the farthest corner, turned our backs and began talking nervously.

On the far side of the room were the girls. They were dazzling. In their magnificent dresses and resplendent hairdos, they seemed to drip sophistication and icy indifference. As we eyed them, our courage—which we had bolstered with smart remarks and explosive laughter—dribbled away.

At Mr Biggs's signal, the gramophone began playing. My palms were sweating as, one by one, my friends, like paratroopers leaping through an open hatch into space, left to dance. Only Harry and I remained. Suddenly Miss Haenlein appeared. "Boys," she said sharply. "Remember, no wallflowers." Raising our arms, Harry and I joined together and, counting loudly, "ONE, two THREE, four," we shambled across the floor.

We were half-way to the door and a dash for freedom, when Miss Haenlein pulled us apart. The next thing I knew, I was holding Vivian Hall, and Harry was dancing with Margery Howe. To my horror, as soon as one record was finished another went on. With each new song, we changed partners, until I was holding Margery.

In her party dress, with her hair done in a Grecian knot, she seemed like a goddess. Holding her at arm's length, and trying my best to think of something to say, I noticed a bright glint in the bodice of her dress. It was a safety pin, and it was holding her dress together. Margery suddenly seemed totally *human*. I found myself actually dancing. When it was time to change partners, I had the courage to say, "Let's not." And she agreed.

The dance was over too soon, and I found myself alone with

Margery. Putting one hand in my pocket, partially in imitation of Fred Astaire and partially to make sure I still had the \$1.60 I had saved by weeks of self-denial, I said in what I considered to be the right degree of nonchalance, "Would you care to drop in at the icecream parlour before we call it a night?"

Margery looked down at me and said, "I'd love to, but I promised my mother I wouldn't be home late."

I bowed. "Some other time then."

I don't remember her answer, because, as I took my hand out of my pocket, my change spilt all over the floor. By the time I had picked it up, she was gone.

As I walked home singing "Night and Day," I knew that there had never been a more beautiful evening, ever, for anyone.



Perspective

DEAN RUSK, former US Secretary of State, says, "I'm an optimist in the long run. Americans have a way of doing at the end of the day what they don't want to do at noon."

Final Bow

ON THE last evening of her life, my splendid and courageous mother-in-law, Gladys Cooper, rose from her bed and making her way, not without considerable effort, to her dressing-table, proceeded to brush her hair and make up her celebrated face. Then, gazing into the mirror for what was to prove the very last time, she remarked to her nurse, "If this is what virus pneumonia does to one, I really don't think I shall bother to have it again." She got back into bed and presently died in her sleep.

— Robert Morley in *A Musing Morley*

Sign of Wealth

SOME PEOPLE like to show off their Cadillacs or yachts. In Normandy in the old days, one of the criterions of wealth was how often household linen was washed. There were no washing machines, of course, and all the laundering was usually done in public at the local washhouse. It was not customary to do the wash more than once a month — the very richest family did it only once a year. The servants went down to the river-bank wash-house in June or July and spent at least one week washing some 150 sheets, 200 towels and 500 napkins — positive proof for all to see that the family was rich enough to have stocks of linen to last a year.

How Important Is Sex to a Happy Marriage?

By Ellen Frank and Carol Anderson

MEGAN is 41 and has never had an orgasm. When Megan and John were first married, she enjoyed their sexual encounters, but now sex has become less important to her. She has never told John that she doesn't have orgasms, and he'd be surprised to know.

• Lisa and Peter rarely find time for sex. But when they go off for a week end or when the children are away, the couple always enjoy intercourse. Then they wonder why sex isn't a regular part of their lives.

• Betty and Richard have been married for seven years. During that time their careers have skyrocketed. They travel and are active socially. Compared with the rest of their life, their sex life has become dull. In fact, if someone told Betty she could never have sex again, she says it wouldn't bother her at all.

• Stewart and Caroline are in their late 50s. Stewart had a serious illness ten years ago and, as a result, is rarely able to have an erection. Although they are tender and loving, they never have intercourse.

• The four couples described here represent comparison drawn from the 100 couples who took part in a special study by the Family Therapy Institute of the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic at the University of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania.

If you have one of these problems, it may reassure to know that many happily married couples share your experience. And despite today's focus on sexual problems, good and frequent sex may not be all that important to a happy marriage.

We discovered this when we studied a group of 100 happily married couples ranging in age from their early 20s to their early 60s. As marital and sex therapists, we thought that studying those with happy marriages might teach us something about helping couples who come to us for treatment. Therefore, we asked for volunteers who felt that their marriages were "working" and who had never sought professional help for their marital or sexual problems.

In examining the responses to our questionnaires, we discovered that over 90 per cent of the couples had a less-than-perfect sexual relationship. Yet more than 80 per cent rated their marriages as "very happy" or "happy." Almost all of these individuals denied this lack of sexual bliss was a problem for them, and none expressed a need for change. Apparently, a sexual problem is not synonymous with a marital one.

What sexual problems do "normal" people have? Among the couples were women who never experienced orgasm, and men who could not get an erection, as well as men and women who found insufficient tenderness in their union. Performance problems were common. The two most frequent were premature ejaculation (more than one-third of the men) and difficulty reaching orgasm (nearly half of the women).

Yet despite the high frequency of these problems, most people told us that their partner's performance was not as important as the feelings they bring or fail to bring to their sexual relationship. For example, even though Richard almost always ejaculates before Betty has become aroused, Betty is more interested in closeness than in orgasm. Only when Richard fails to hold her does she feel "empty, rejected and used."

The failure to "connect" psychologically is only one kind of sexual difficulty that can arise in an otherwise good marriage. Most couples find that their sexual encounters are influenced not only by how they feel about one another at the moment but also my job pressures, financial worries, disruptive children and, above all, fatigue. Moving from a busy life into relaxed

moments of intimacy often becomes extremely difficult, even for loving couples. For example, 47 per cent of the wives reported that the "inability to relax" was a significant problem in their sex lives. While life-long inhibitions, fears and guilt may contribute to tension, it's also hard to adjust to instant intimacy when the bedroom door closes.

Whatever the causes of sexual difficulties, wives appear to be much more vulnerable to them than their husbands. Approximately a third of the women in our study were uninterested in sex, felt that their partner chose inconvenient times or reported that sex turned them off.

Men tended to cite problems that implied a continuing interest in sex. For instance, the two problems, most frequently reported by men were a lack of foreplay (21 per cent) and attraction to persons outside the marriage (again 21 per cent). While 38 per cent of the women also reported that too little foreplay troubled them, the other most frequent complaint of the women indicates diminished interest in sex rather than a desire for better sex.

How often do happy couples have intercourse? Two per cent of these satisfied couples reported that they never had intercourse, and eight per cent said they had intercourse less than once a month. Forty-seven per cent said that they had intercourse two to four times a month, while 31 per cent reported a frequency of two or three times a week and 12 per cent reported four or five times a week. Only one couple said they had intercourse every day.

Despite the range, the overwhelming majority of these couples reported that their actual frequency of intercourse was close to their ideal. Apparently the crucial issue for marital satisfaction is the ability to work out a pattern acceptable to both partners.

What should you do about sexual problems in a marriage that is otherwise happy? If you wish to revitalize your sexual relationship, communication is critical. It isn't the amount or quality of sexual relations that makes or breaks a marriage, but rather the degree of "fit" between partners' sexual needs and priorities. Such mutuality comes only with communication. Another essential ingredient for change is the commitment of

time and energy.

Try to define for yourself and your spouse what your complaints and pleasures are. Many people are uncomfortable and shy about making specific requests but open talk and experimentation are vital. No one individual automatically knows what pleases another without adequate feedback.

A decision to seek professional help need not be based on the severity of your sexual difficulties. Some couples simply need the structure provided by a treatment programme. In addition, experienced sex therapists and marriage counsellors often see approaches to problems that would be difficult for a husband and wife to see on their own.

But unless your partner or you feel particularly unhappy perhaps you should leave things as they are. Indeed, the prime conclusion we drew from this study is that sexual difficulties are normal—and sex, *per se*, isn't crucial for a happy marriage.



Habit Forming

MY TEN-YEAR-OLD son, Bernard, was playing with his friends in front of our house. It was dinner time and I called him. Through the open window I heard one of the children ask, "You going to chow?"

"No," Bernard replied, "I'm going to eat."

I glowed with pride. Instilling the right principles does pay off, after all. My son was well brought up, I reflected tenderly. He came in, washed his hands and sat down in his place. "So?" he exclaimed, banging his fist on the table. "When's chow?"

—D.E.

WHEN SHE was about five, our daughter Claire had the despicable habit of putting a price on everything we asked her to do. If I said, "Claire, would you please put your toys away before going to bed?" she would answer, "Yes, if you give me a chocolate." If I asked her to get the letters from the postbox, she replied, "I'll go if you buy me the crayons I saw in the bookstore."

One day my husband decided to intervene. "You know it's very bad to demand something in exchange when we ask you to do something," he explained. "Grown-ups call this blackmailing, and blackmail is very ugly."

Claire listened attentively, and then declared, "Okay. If you give me five biscuits, I won't blackmail any more."

—G.G.

when he came across two obscure studies conducted in 1936 by psychologists Douglas McGregor of Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in Cambridge, and Hadley Cantril of Princeton, New Jersey. They had sought independently to discover *how* people think about the future—whether through predictions based on knowledge, or just wishful thinking—by asking them to predict such future events as the career of Adolf Hitler.

Neither psychologist cared whether the predictions were right or wrong factually—but David Loya, reading them 40 years later, was astounded by their accuracy. The people queried about Hitler predicted that a European war would break out in three to four years, with Germany the aggressor; that the US, at first neutral, would eventually fight on the side of France, Britain, Russia and Poland; that the war would last three to five years and end with Germany's defeat. The Cantril group was 64-per cent accurate on all questions asked; the McGregor group 100-per cent accurate.

How can one explain such forecasting precision?

Researchers like Loya hypothesize that most people have, in varying degrees, a bundle of faculties and mental devices, trained or instinctive, that add up to a sixth sense about the future. Loya calls it the gift of prophecy. To find out how this "gift" works, scientists are studying the conscious devices used by professional forecasters. Victor Ferkiss, Georgetown University political scientist and futurology consultant, has noted the following basic techniques:

- *Projecting trends.* Economists do this, and all of us do it unconsciously in everyday life. As Alvin Toffler, author of *Future Shock*, points out, "The commuter who phones to say, 'I'll be home at six,' bases his prediction on assumptions that the train will run on time." In forecasting, it is reasonable to assume that present trends will continue at least for a while. But not indefinitely.

Clearly, one trend must be corrected by consideration of other trends or facts. Astronomer Sir Fred Hoyle once demonstrated that current population-growth trends must eventually change. Otherwise, the human population several thousand years from now would exceed the weight of the visible universe!

that prophecy has a logical half and an intuitive half. The left side of the brain does what Loyer calls "forecasting"—gathering relevant facts and drawing a conclusion from them. The right side of the brain engages in "foreseeing"—projecting possibilities, in a still-mysterious way, from an overall response to questions about the future.

In much the same way as forecasting experts have translated various techniques into powerful predictive devices, you can strengthen your own innate and culturally trained future-probing capacities. Here's how:

First, try to analyse the prediction processes you use automatically—your hunches, estimates, guesses—so that you can exercise more deliberate control of them. You can accomplish this, in part, by practising. Make guesses about how long a drive through heavy traffic will take, or how the stock market will behave tomorrow.

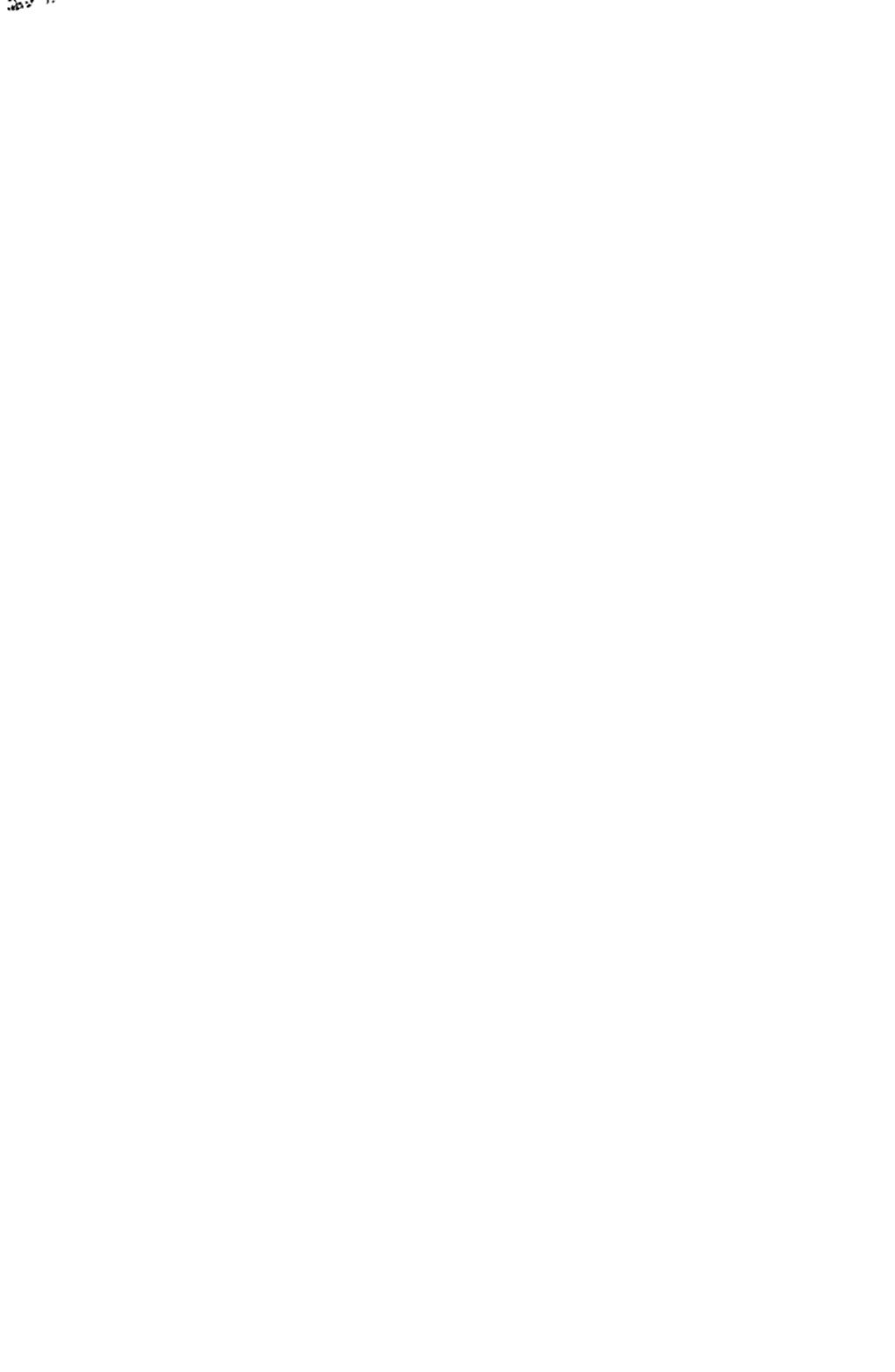
Next, when you *must* make some prediction to assist you in a practical decision, use *all* the prophetic tools in your possession. For example, if you are considering buying a new house, start by writing down all the factual information you can gather about your income expectations, the inflation rate, interest trends, and so on.

Next, apply the Delphi method by drawing on the advice of others in a systematic way. In this case your principal advisers may be estate brokers, inspecting engineers and lawyers. But talk also to friends who have had house-buying experience.

Once you've gathered your facts and developed a Delphi consensus, start putting both sides of your brain to work. Use the intuitive abilities first. Find a quiet place and relax. Then list on paper all the intuitive messages that come into your mind. That done, take another sheet of paper and list all the facts and opinions you've gathered. Finally, analyse everything you've written on both sheets.

What if logic advises against your house investment, while intuition tells you to go ahead? Says Loyer: use the element—logic of intuition—that has scored the best predictive results for you in the past.

Although much remains to be discovered about the natural prophetic powers of the mind, we know enough to be able to



It's Our Move

By James McCracken

WE STAND in front of the house as strong men move by us. One is coming out with a large table. Another turns aside, lets the burdened man pass, then enters. We stand there, my wife, Betty, and I, and with each transit to the huge van parked in the driveway there passes a memory.

Two men are carrying the dining-room table. They ease it through the doorway. Our dining-room table. Christmases past. Dinners with our children and grandchildren. Birthday cakes. Dinners with dear friends. But more often than not, just the two of us having a simple meal. We watch the table being hoisted into the dark maw of the van. Then it is gone.

We had this house built almost ten years ago. We had described the type of house we wanted to architects and builders, and they had built it that way. Our house, our home, sits on a high hill with a magnificent view to the west. On days when the air is wine-clear we can see other hills nearly 100 kilometres away.

There are no city lights, no street lights within our view. The night skies are there to be seen, to be scanned and studied with awe and wonder. Within a few months of moving in I had bought a book about stars, and on winter's crystal nights I would stand out on the porch and look for the constellations. Stand there until I shivered with cold and my neck ached with

our bed. Young in her memories, she would give a small woof and we knew her legs were twitching with the chase. Nights, too, of sadness, when someone close was ill, or far away. Our bedroom. The place closest to our hearts. The bed is gone now. The cupboards are bare. Only a dresser remains.

And so through the house. My wife will not come in. She took her final look when all the furniture was in place. She walked through alone. She wanted to remember it as it was.

The kitchen. The refrigerator no longer hums. The cupboards are empty. Glass, silver, china, pottery, food, packed. There is nothing now to see in the oven. But once there was! On festive days there would be turkey in that oven turning golden-brown. Vegetables gurgling on the stove. I sniff now, but there is no odour in the dead air. There are no grandchildren asking how long until dinner, Grandma, how long.

A Solitary Rose. Outside the kitchen door. There is Betty's garden. Tomato vines are withered. There had been a killing frost the other night. Petunias are gone, and marigolds, too. But the chrysanthemums survive. Some gold, some yellow. They reflect the fading autumn sun. But for only the moment. They, too, must leave this garden. And then it strikes me. All things must leave, at one time or another. There is no perpetuity. No immortality. At least, not on this earth.

Then I turn and walk away. Away from my wife's garden. And I see the rose trellis I built. I had set the posts in concrete the way it should be done. In concrete so their feet would never get soaked through and rot. After that, Betty bought the rose bushes. We dug the holes, poured in water and fertilizer, then set them in the ground. Betty did it all like a young mother placing her first-born in his crib. Of course the rose-bushes flourished. How could they not? They sent out first buds, then roses. Red, orange, yellow. The colour of the sunsets we used to admire from this house where we have lived.

The leaves of the bushes are brown now. But wait. A flash of colour. A rose survives. Blooming. Turning its face to the waning sun. My impulse is to pluck it for my wife. But should I? No. Let it cling to life on the bush where it thrived, where it will soon die.

A New Future. Then, a thought. That tiny splash of blood-lil-

Stop Fighting — And Start Loving Again

By Norma Peterson

THE ARGUMENT may start over something as simple as whether to buy an antique lamp. Soon your spouse accuses you of always being indecisive, and you point out that your partner is a hopeless spendthrift. The exchange ends abruptly when you stalk out of the room. Both of you feel resentful and misunderstood, and both wonder: *Why do we keep getting into the same arguments over and over again?*

Many couples get caught in circles of conflict they hate but can't seem to escape. Now, researchers who study the ways married people communicate are shedding new light on these patterns. They find three common threads.

The first is the need to save face. "There is an image of yourself at stake that you feel you must defend, even though you know it isn't going to get you anywhere," says Linda Harris, assistant professor of family studies at the University of Connecticut. In a fight, he calls her a grouch. Her ego comes to her defence, and she calls him cruel. That attacks *his* identity, which he must then defend. By now, the incident that triggered the dispute is lost.

The second significant factor is misunderstanding: what one partner says is not what the other hears. He asks, "Is that a new sweater?" He's thinking she looks great. She replies, "I suppose you feel I've spent too much money again."

"Spouses who recycle fights," says Harris, "tend to read meaning into each other's statements that aren't there, or miss meanings that *are* there. Patterns of conflict are rooted more in the way husbands and wives relate to each other than in any personal flaw." Unfortunately, this is seldom the way people caught in the arguments see it. Instead, each partner vehemently blames the other for their problems.

The third common characteristic of recurring arguments is that the issue on the surface is seldom what the real discontent is about. Donna and Ray Flynn (names of the couples in this article have been changed) were caught in a pattern of arguing known as the "nag/withdraw" syndrome. Says Donna, a 36-year-old teacher: "I used to nag Ray a lot for not putting things away and not helping me enough. He'd get defensive and withdraw. That would drive me to extreme exasperation, and I'd nag more."

Danger Signals. Eventually Ray got so resentful he'd provoke an argument. "I realize I'm not as orderly as Donna," says Ray. "But I didn't want to be reminded of it all the time."

Their sessions with Linda Harris helped them see what they really fought about. Donna acknowledged that what essentially bothered her was Ray's lack of physical attention: "I wanted more everyday hugs and kisses." She had equated Ray's low-key style with how much, or how little, he cared about her. "I think a lot of my nagging was to spark more show of emotion. In fact, it had the opposite effect."

"She had a point," Ray concedes. "I've never given her as much spontaneous affection as she would like. But it's hard when someone is nagging. Since we're quicker to spot real issues now, we don't let tensions drag out."

Sometimes recycled arguments are no more than annoyances, but other times they are real danger signals of an unhealthy relationship, says psychologist John Gottman, a professor at the University of Illinois. "Couples caught in these circles are seldom close; often each partner feels unloved and belittled. But when they eventually face and resolve issues, there's a tremendous relief. Many couples report they feel 'in love again.'"

That is what happened to Karen and Bob Carlson, a couple caught in another common pattern, the "win/lose" syndrome.

Karen, who is a nurse, thought Bob, a physician, cared too much about status symbols like fancy cars and fashionable clubs. "I rebelled against all that," she says. "I devote my free time to working for social-welfare organization." Bob thought Karen was overly righteous. "I spend sixty to eighty hours a week helping people," he points out.

Taking Stock. "Most of our hostility focused on how often Bob should play tennis on week-ends," says Karen. He wanted to play both mornings. She thought they should take turns caring for their two young children.

Finally, Karen told Bob she understood that tennis was very important to him and decided to say no more about it. "I listed all Bob's fine qualities and took stock of our marriage. It was too good to sabotage." A few weeks later, Bob on his own proposed splitting baby-sitting on week-ends, with one morning out for Karen, one for him. This worked well.

Linda Harris says that co-operating or actually giving in when you don't want to, for the good of the relationship, can work wonders in shattering destructive patterns. Even a small change can help. "If one of you says something new during a recurring argument, the other *can't* respond in the same old way," says Harold Raush, Professor of psychology at the University of Massachusetts.

According to Gottman, unhealthy fighters frequently make one of three mistakes:

They are too vague: We may want more time or attention, but if these needs are only hinted at, they often surface as irritation. It's better to make honest requests, such as "I'd like us to spend more time together on week-ends" rather than "Why can't you ever find time for me?"

They make requests in a negative rather than a positive way. Their words come out sounding like putdowns rather than invitations: "You never ask me about my day" instead of "I like it when you ask me about my day." Phrase your complaints in encouraging rather than accusing ways.

They don't listen. Among all the communication skills listening is the most basic; it's also the easiest to learn and can help build trust and respect. Here's how dialogue runs between husbands and wives who let each other know that they are listening —

The Ultimate Key To Success

By Suzanne Chazin

EVERY day, a fatherless boy gazed at the fence separating his family's ramshackle cabin from a plush club's golf course. What chance did a poor Mexican-American who'd dropped out of school after the seventh standard have of being welcomed into that world?

Yet the boy was determined. First, he gained entrance to the grounds as a gardener. Then he began caddying and playing a few holes at dusk. He honed his putting skills by hitting balls with a soda bottle wrapped in adhesive tape.

Today no fence keeps Lee Trevino, one of the world's top golfers, from being welcomed into any club in the United States.

Sure, Trevino had talent. But talent isn't what kept him from quitting after he placed an embarrassing 54th in his first US Open golf tournament. His secret was perseverance.

Persistent people know they can succeed where cleverer and more talented people fail. You can succeed, too, if you follow their strategies. As author Christopher Morley once said, "Big shots are only little shots that keep shooting."

ACHIEVERS may lose their jobs, get rejected, watch their companies fail or see their ideas founder. But they take advantage of adversity, carving opportunities from change.

In her 30-year career, one American broadcaster has

fired 18 times. But every time, she set her sights on something bigger and better. When no major American radio station would hire her because they thought women couldn't attract an audience, she moved to Puerto Rico and polished her Spanish. When a news agency refused to send her to an uprising in the Dominican Republic, she scraped together money to fly there and sell her own stories.

In 1981 she was fired by a New York radio station for not having kept up with the times and was out of work for more than a year. One day she talked about her idea for a new talk show to a man who worked for NBC radio.

"I'm sure we'd be interested," he said — and then left NBC. She met another man at NBC radio and presented the idea again. He also praised it, and then disappeared. So she persuaded a third man to hire her — but he wanted her to host a show on a political radio station.

"I don't know enough about national politics to make this work," she told her husband. Yet in the summer of 1982 she went on the air. Drawing on her familiarity with a microphone and her easy, confessional style, she talked about what America's Independence Day meant to her and invited callers to do the same.

Listeners connected immediately, and she became famous. Today, Sally Jessy Raphael is the two-time Emmy-award-winning host of her own television show, reaching millions of viewers daily throughout the United States, Canada, the UK and Asia.

"I could have let those 18 firings prevent me from doing what I wanted," she says, "Instead, I let them spur me on."

SUCCESSFUL people radiate a positive attitude that inspires others to help them realize their dreams.

He was the son of a seamstress and an impoverished trunk maker. He worked his way through school in an impoverished New York neighbourhood. He loved theatre and longed to see a Broadway show. But he couldn't afford a ticket.

Through sheer energy and will, he rose to become a television stage manager. But he wanted to produce plays for people like himself, who could never afford to see one on Broadway.

He started a drama group in a church basement and later rented an outdoor amphitheatre. One of his company's early plays, a boisterous production of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, attracted enthusiastic crowds — but not one drama critic. Without publicity, how could he attract donations?

So one day, he showed up at the *New York Times*, demanding to see drama critic Brooks Atkinson. Atkinson was in London, his assistant, Arthur Gelb, told the young man.

"Then I'll wait here until Mr. Atkinson returns," he said firmly.

Gelb decided to hear him out. The trunk maker's son passionately spoke of his fine cast of actors, and the applause of his audience, mostly immigrants who had never seen live theatre. Yet if the *Times* didn't review his production, he'd have to pack up by week's end.

Moved by the man's determination and spirit, Gelb agreed to review the production that night.

The evening sky darkened with clouds as Gelb showed up at the outdoor theatre. At intermission, rain drenched the stage. The young man grabbed Gelb as he ran for cover: "I know critics don't normally review half a show, but I beg you to make an exception."

That night, Gelb wrote a small, favourable review of the first half of the play and explained the production company's need for financing. A day later, Herman Levin, producer of *My Fair Lady*, sent a messenger to the production company with a cheque for \$750 — enough in 1956 to keep the show afloat until summer's end. When Brooks Atkinson returned, he saw the play and raved about it in his Sunday column.

Soon Joe Papp was giving free Shakespeare productions to all of New York. He became, until his death last year, perhaps the greatest modern influence in American theatre, producing such shows as *A Chorus Line*, *Hair* and *The Threepenny Opera*. He once said the cornerstone of his persistence was a conviction that the theatre is important to other people's lives. "If you don't believe this, you might as well give up."

SUCCESSFUL people know that being persistent involves making choices. And choice involves risk, as this 58-year-old Ameri-

farm-products salesman discovered.

For years, he had experimented with different strains of popcorn to produce a lighter, fluffier variety with few unpopped kernels. When he finally grew his ideal strain, no seed buyer wanted it because it cost more to produce.

"If I could just get the public to try the popcorn, I know they'd buy it," he told his partner.

"If you feel that strongly about it, why don't you sell it yourself?" his partner replied.

If "Red Bow" failed, he might lose lots of money. At his age, did he really want to take such a risk?

He hired a marketing firm to develop a name and image for his popcorn. Soon Orville Redenbacher was selling his Gourmet Popping Corn across the United States. Today, it's the best-selling popcorn in the world — all because Redenbacher was willing to risk what he already had to get what he wanted.

"I think most of my drive comes from people telling me I can't do something," says Redenbacher, now 84. "That just makes me want to prove them wrong."

AT TIMES, even the most persistent person feels overwhelmed, and needs the support of others who really believe. Consider this worker in an industrial laundry.

He lived in a caravan and earned \$60 a week. His wife worked nights, but even with both jobs they barely made ends meet. When their baby developed an ear infection, they had to give up their telephone to pay for antibiotics.

The laundry worker wanted to be a writer. Nights and weekends the clack-clack of his typewriter filled the caravan. He spent all his spare money on sending his manuscripts to publishers and agents.

Everyone rejected them. The form letters were short and impersonal. He couldn't even be certain his work was being read.

One day, the laundry worker read a novel that reminded him of his own work. He sent his manuscript to Doubleday, the book's publisher. The manuscript was given to Bill Thompson.

A few weeks later, a warm, personal reply came in the mail. The manuscript had too many flaws. But Thompson did believe

the laundry worker had promise as a writer and encouraged him to try again.

Over the next 18 months, the laundry worker sent the editor two more manuscripts. The editor rejected both. The laundry worker began work on a fourth novel. But with bills mounting, he began to lose hope.

One night, he threw his manuscript into the garbage. The next day, his wife fished it out. "You shouldn't be quitting," she told him. "Not when you're so close."

The laundry worker stared at the pages. Perhaps he no longer believed in himself, but his wife did. And so did a New York editor he'd never met. So every day, he wrote another 1500 words.

When he finished, he sent the novel to Bill Thompson — but he was sure it wouldn't sell.

He was wrong. Thompson's publishing house handed over a \$2500 advance, and Stephen King's horror classic, *Carrie*, was born. It went on to sell five million copies and was made into one of the topgrossing films of 1976.

SUCCESSFUL people understand that no one makes it to the top in a single bound. What truly sets them apart is their willingness to keep putting one step in front of the other — no matter how rough the terrain.

Dream World

A GUEST woke up everyone in a hotel screaming, "It's in the phone book! It's in the phone book!" The manager got the house detective and they let themselves into the man's room, where they found him in the midst of a nightmare. "I was having a horrible dream," the man explained when awakened. "I dreamt the income-tax people wanted to send me a big refund, but they'd lost my address!"

— R.T.

All in the Open

TO MARK the first visit of a student's girl friend to our college, the other students used to do something drastic to the room where she was to be entertained. A favourite prank was to remove every stick of furniture.

One new student contemptuously announced that he wouldn't allow such liberties with his room when his fiancée arrived. He would lock the door.

When he brought her in, his room was untouched — but the door was missing.

Winning Over Worry

By James Lincoln Collier

AM I'VE BEEN a chronic worrier all my life. I'd sit there at my desk worrying about a problem in my business, and then I'd begin to worry about going bankrupt. That would lead to worrying about how I was going to support myself, about what I would do in my old age. It would just spiral up."

In his mid-30s, wealthy, chairman of a national insurance company, this man would seem to be someone who has nothing to worry about. Yet worry he did, until recently. "If I didn't have business problems, I'd find something else to worry about," he says. "I guess I was spending half my day worrying, and half the night too. I was losing so much sleep that I was tired all the time, and my productivity was falling off."

Everybody worries, but a handful of social scientists who came to focus on this topic while studying insomnia are now saying that most of the worrying we do serves no purpose. More than that, they are telling us that we can learn to worry less.

These researchers have found that worriers like the insurance executive experience the phenomenon of the "racing mind." "The flow of worrisome thoughts is relentless and seems unstoppable," says Thomas Borkovec, a psychologist at Pennsylvania State University and one of the pioneers in worry research. Typically, a person might begin by worrying whether

his car needs new brakes. Next he sees the brakes failing and the car knocking down a child. This leads to a vision of himself in court, in financial ruin, with his family in distress.

Worry is Circular. Put this way it sounds amusing, but to the worrier it is far from funny. With ever-increasing worries come muscle tension, upset stomach, anxiety and depression, which can eventually lead to serious health problems. "Worrying is circular," says Elwood Robinson, a young psychologist who heads the Worry Treatment Programme at North Carolina Central University in Durham. "It builds, so you feel worse and worse."

Consider the case of a mother of two adolescent sons. Aged 42, she looks 25 and has a relaxed manner—hardly someone who would seem to be a chronic worrier. She began to worry a little in college. As she went on to graduate, get married, then begin teaching and having children, her worries increased. So did her physical symptoms: stomach problems, insomnia. At night she would lie in bed worrying about her children, about the student she was teaching, about whether she was doing a good job. (Low self-esteem is characteristic of worriers). About four years ago she was feeling so much stress that she had to give up her teaching position.

Rowland Folensbee, a psychologist who heads a Houston worry clinic, says that this pattern is common. "Some people are not worriers at first, but *become* worriers. They find that their worry incubates. It is fired off by more and more distant triggers." Where they might once have worried about paying a bill, they'll eventually worry about paying for things they haven't even bought yet. Folensbee has had patients so prone to worry that they decide not to undergo treatment because the prospect "worries" them too much.

Worry, as these researchers define it, is what the mind does while the body is feeling anxious or tense. Says Folensbee, "It's very difficult to have an empty mind—not to think about anything at all." Worrying seems to give the tense person "something to do." According to Borkovec, such a person feels that the worry is "part of me, what I do all the time. Not to be doing that makes me uncomfortable because it's not myself."

Everybody worries at one time or another, but there are *why*:

Folensbee calls "grades of tendency to worry." All of the researchers feel that it isn't so much a question of how much you worry, but whether it is causing problems—costing you sleep, distracting you at work or school, or often making you feel bad.

Substitute Habits. The first task in reducing worry is to recognize when you are worrying. The second step is to interrupt this worry before it can build.

Folensbee asks clients who suddenly realize they're worrying to focus on an object—something positive—and carefully describe it to themselves. The theory is that the mind cannot hang on to two thought processes at once.

"Imaging" can help stop the worry spiral. A person worrying about a plane trip might see himself getting airsick or the plane crashing; instead, he should work up images of a smiling flight attendant and the interesting people he'll meet—replacing negative thoughts with positive ones. "We're trying to get people to think more realistically about the things that worry them," Robinson says. "We have people who worry endlessly about their schoolwork, yet they have always done well. We say to them, 'Look have you ever flunked a course before?'"

Another technique that Robinson suggests is "relaxation training"—going over each muscle group one by one, tensing and releasing them, helping them to relax. Whatever the technique, the point is to halt the worry cycle. People learn to do this surprisingly quickly. Usually within a week or so they have reduced markedly the time they spend worrying. "Worry is a habit," Borkovec says. "To counteract that habit we need substitute habits."

Finding substitutes is half the plan. The second half is a concept not unlike the religious tradition of prayer. Put aside a period each day when you sit down and deliberately worry about things on your mind. It is easier for most people to stop worrying during the day and concentrate on productive thoughts if they tell themselves that they'll have a chance to get back to the worry later.

The period of deliberate worry also seems to burn away the worry. Exactly how this works isn't understood, but psychologists have long known about the phenomenon of "habituation"

with regard to stimuli: if you smell meat and cabbage for a while, you stop smelling it. In the same way, worry tends to decrease during this period of enforced worry.

Researchers agreed that the worry period ought to be 30 minutes long. Don't use your favourite living-room chair, because the associations might make you start worrying every time you sit there. Nor should you have your worry period just before bed. Folensbee has his clients write down their worries to help them concentrate. The chairman of the insurance company does his worrying between 5 and 5.30 in the afternoon. He shuts his door, turns on a low light, and lies down with pad and pencil.

Some people insist that worry is useful, but there is an important difference, the researchers say, between worrying and problem-solving. "Instead of fretting endlessly over negative outcomes, we should look for positive solutions," Robinson says.

The new worry programmes are able to reduce worry in many clients by nearly 50 per cent. Such a programme can be followed at home, without formal training in a clinic, using the three basic steps:

1. Learn to recognize immediately when you've started on a worry cycle.

2. Interrupt the worry cycle by imaging, concentrating on another, positive object, or relaxing. Tell yourself you'll have a chance to worry later.

3. Set aside a 30-minute worry period each day, and stick to it.

Chances of success are better if someone checks to see whether you're following the techniques and reminds you to keep at it. Folensbee says, "People start making excuses — 'My child has been sick, and I couldn't find time for my worry period,' and so forth. This programme is effective when applied for several weeks, but the basis for it is continued application."

Nobody will ever stop worrying completely, but many people can learn to worry much less. The insurance-company executive has. Sometime back he worried about everything. Now, he says, "When I get into my worry session, half the time I can't even think of something to worry about."

Folensbee calls "grades of tendency to worry." All of the researchers feel that it isn't so much a question of how much you worry, but whether it is causing problems—costing you sleep, distracting you at work or school, or often making you feel bad.

Substitute Habits. The first task in reducing worry is to recognize when you are worrying. The second step is to interrupt this worry before it can build.

Folensbee asks clients who suddenly realize they're worrying to focus on an object—something positive—and carefully describe it to themselves. The theory is that the mind cannot hang on to two thought processes at once.

"Imaging" can help stop the worry spiral. A person worrying about a plane trip might see himself getting airsick or the plane crashing; instead, he should work up images of a smiling flight attendant and the interesting people he'll meet—replacing negative thoughts with positive ones. "We're trying to get people to think more realistically about the things that worry them," Robinson says. "We have people who worry endlessly about their schoolwork, yet they have always done well. We say to them, 'Look have you ever flunked a course before?'"

Another technique that Robinson suggests is "relaxation training"—going over each muscle group one by one, tensing and releasing them, helping them to relax. Whatever the technique, the point is to halt the worry cycle. People learn to do this surprisingly quickly. Usually within a week or so they have reduced markedly the time they spend worrying. "Worry is a habit," Borkovec says. "To counteract that habit we need substitute habits."

Finding substitutes is half the plan. The second half is a concept not unlike the religious tradition of prayer. Put aside a period each day when you sit down and deliberately worry about things on your mind. It is easier for most people to stop worrying during the day and concentrate on productive thoughts if they tell themselves that they'll have a chance to get back to the worry later.

The period of deliberate worry also seems to burn away the worry. Exactly how this works isn't understood, but psychologists have long known about the phenomenon of "habituation"

with regard to stimuli: if you smell meat and cabbage for a while, you stop smelling it. In the same way, worry tends to decrease during this period of enforced worry.

Researchers agreed that the worry period ought to be 30 minutes long. Don't use your favourite living-room chair, because the associations might make you start worrying every time you sit there. Nor should you have your worry period just before bed. Folensbee has his clients write down their worries to help them concentrate. The chairman of the insurance company does his worrying between 5 and 5.30 in the afternoon. He shuts his door, turns on a low light, and lies down with pad and pencil.

Some people insist that worry is useful, but there is an important difference, the researchers say, between worrying and problem-solving. "Instead of fretting endlessly over negative outcomes, we should look for positive solutions," Robinson says.

The new worry programmes are able to reduce worry in many clients by nearly 50 per cent. Such a programme can be followed at home, without formal training in a clinic, using the three basic steps:

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Surprising Facts About Sex and Ageing

By Morton Hunt

A NEWLY remarried man told a team of researchers that he is thankful for his wife's "freedom from inhibitions." Together, they discuss intimate aspects of their relationship. "Our new sexual activities and freedom to explore have been most satisfying," he says. What's startling about that? The man is 64; she's 54.

"When I look back on the sexual aspects of my marriage," says one wife, "I see a picture of gradual growth in sexual pleasures. There may still be new wonders to discover with my spouse." She's 60; he's 65, and they have been married for 36 years.

The general opinion in many societies has long been that older people have little or no interest in sex, and little or no capacity for it. Now the findings of a new survey of 4,246 American men and women aged 50 to 93—the largest such study ever made—explodes this myth. The survey shows that most people will, or could, remain sexually active into their 70s and beyond, and that the warmth, excitement and comfort of sexual love will still be important in these years. The survey was conducted in the US by a non-profit product-testing and consumer-information organization, Consumers Union, and is reported in *Love, Sex, and Ageing*.

The CU report is full of surprises. The major one: "What is

often called 'the sexual revolution' is going on among older people right now." Today's older people are far more interested in sex, engage in more sexual activity, value it more highly and are freer in their choice of sexual practices than almost anyone but experts in sexuality and ageing had imagined. A few examples:

- Even beyond 70, over half of the women and three-quarters of the men are still interested in sex.
- More than three-quarters of married women in their 60s have intercourse with their husbands: they average about once a week.
- The great majority of widowed, divorced and never-married people in their 50s and 60s are sexually active*. So are half of the single women and three-quarters of the single men in their 70s.

Is it possible that so many middle-aged and older people feel and behave in ways, it was thought only younger people did? Or that so many will feel and behave like that when those years are reached?

Probably fewer than the CU survey indicates. The people in it were volunteers, many possibly more sexually active than the average. The validity of the findings, then, may depend on how balanced the responses are about less-sensitive topics. In fact, these older respondents—who make up a broad segment of society—indicate they are reasonably well-educated, middle-class Americans. Therefore it's likely that they are also close to average in their sexuality. And in one key area—the number of older people still having intercourse—the CU figures are backed up by two recent authoritative studies of nearly 800 people conducted at Duke University in North Carolina.

Thus the CU survey conveys an encouraging, even inspiring, message. As one 83-year-old woman puts it: "Younger readers will thank you for giving them hope for their old age. Older readers will thank you for bringing their feelings and actions into the open." Here are some of the most significant findings:

Feelings about love and sex. Nearly nine-tenths of husbands and wives say their marriages are happy, and nearly half say very happy. Reports a woman married for 38 years: "I still get a thrill

* "Sexually active" in the report, means any sexual activity.

when I see my husband on the street or hear his voice on the telephone. And when he touches me, oh my!" A 76-year-old man says he and his wife fell in love in high school: "Love and dependence on each other have increased year by year and the 'love curve' is still upwards!"

And how do they feel about sex? A large majority of women and nearly all men, from their 50s through their 80s, are still interested in sex—some only moderately, but many others intensely. Indeed, in their 50s almost half of the women and two-thirds of the men say their interest is still as strong as when they were 40. Even at 70 and up, only a minority say they have little or no interest.

More to the point, nearly all men and most women in their 50s and 60s continue to view sex as important to their marital or love relationships. Even beyond 70, only one woman in three and one man in four feel that it no longer matters.

How age affects sex drive and sexual powers. Research shows that as we grow older, our senses of taste, smell and sight lessen, and that our capacity for strenuous work or play diminishes. Naturally, therefore, sexual sensations and the ability to perform sexually diminish. Moreover, we've all heard that arthritis, diabetes, heart disease and other ailments common in later years can interfere with sex, making it difficult or impossible; some medications can also cause decreased sexual desire.

The CU report has good news about all these points. It finds relatively little difference between the sexual activity of healthy and ailing people of the same age.

Though most people in the survey admit their sexual powers are waning, that dwindling causes far less decline in sexual activity than was the case a generation or so ago. When US sex researcher Alfred Kinsey (1894-1956) conducted his surveys in the 1940s, he found in a small sampling that considerably more than half of the men and women in their early 70s had given up all sexual activity. In the CU survey, only one man in four and one woman in three in their 70s have ceased all sexual activity. Only six out of ten married people in their 70s still have regular intercourse—(about once every 10 or 11 days), as often as people 20 years younger in Kinsey's time.

Adapting to the sexual changes of age. Many couples choose

mornings for sex, for they have more energy. But even in perfectly healthy people, ageing of the tissues and nervous system results in slower arousal, weaker erectile response, dryness or sensitivity of the vaginal lining and other hindrances to sexuality.

For some years, gerontologists and sex therapists have advised older people to deal with these changes by devoting more time to foreplay or even, if necessary, to let it serve as an alternative to actual intercourse. Some older people find that the preliminaries themselves not only yield physical contentment but enable each partner to give and receive tenderness and appreciation.

How continued sexual activity can affect lives and marriages. Among the CU sampling, nine-tenths of older husbands and wives who still have intercourse call their marriages happy. But two-thirds of the older couples who no longer have intercourse are happily married. Nonetheless, sexual intercourse is less important to marital happiness than it is in youth. Marital sex isn't a requirement for marital happiness in these years; it just adds to the chances of being happily married.

A high percentage of older people remain faithful to their spouses (92 per cent of women; 77 per cent of men), some even when they feel sexually deprived. "Trust and fidelity outweigh the satisfaction of conquest and change of partners that seems so attractive," a man of 59 writes. A 76-year-old woman considered outside sex after her husband became impotent, then gave up the idea—explaining, "I have too much respect for him. It isn't important; being together is important."

How about the relationship between sex and general satisfaction with life? The CU report reveals a strong connection. Older people may find that sex is not only a way of being close and expressing love but a source of good feeling about one's self. It gives many of them a sense of vitality, of aliveness.

The CU report ought not be taken by readers as a blueprint of what they *should* do but only as a picture of what they *could* do if they wish, assuming they have the capacity. Some people in the survey seem relieved to be done with sex; others, who still want sex but whose spouses can't or won't have it, are happily married and reasonably satisfied. But for most older people today, sex is nature's great gift that keeps on giving.

Why Men Hurt The Women They Love

By Claire Safran

"No one who has ever known me can believe what I did."

He is 35, with sandy hair, blue eyes and an innocent grin. There is disbelief in his voice as he tells of beating the wife he loved, choking her unconscious, and, at other times, pushing her face in the mud and holding a kitchen knife to her throat. His voice cracks as he remembers the young children he adores looking on in terror.

"How could I do that?" he wonders now. "People know me as a good man. I own my business. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't chase other women."

He is one of the men of all ages, races and classes who commit the secret crime that can happen next door to any of us: wife-beating. According to one survey in America, a woman is battered by a husband or boy-friend every 18 seconds. And every year, it is estimated that more than a million of these women need medical help. Every day, four die.

"The violence was hard and fast," remembers a 39-year-old man from California. "I realized that I could very possibly kill her. And what was really frightening was, I wanted to."

Wife-beating is a crime of rage and of power. "It is a pattern of coercive control," explains Susan Schechter, researcher at the Women's Education Institute in New York and author of *Wom-*

en and Male Violence. "One person dominates another, often making her afraid to do what she wants or even say what she thinks."

Many times, the batterer feels he has a right, even a duty, to control his wife. If he has grown up in a violent home, he is more likely to use violence. Between beatings he controls her with shouting, name calling, intimidation and other emotional blows. He is haunted by the fear of losing the woman he loves. To keep her, he terrorizes her. It is love gone wrong.

In a counselling group for violent men in Duluth, Minnesota, one man tells of checking his wife's car mileage daily. There are guilty laughs from the other men; they did the same thing. Another husband, jealous and possessive, disconnected the doorbell so his wife couldn't hear visitors ring.

Also in Duluth, in a support group for battered wives, someone asks: "How many of you were accused of having an affair?" Every hand goes up, though almost all of the women were innocent.

Battering is also a crime of tradition. For hundreds of years, husbands had the right to beat their wives. Only in this century did it become illegal in most countries.

Yet even today, wife-beating remains the assault for which police don't want to make arrests. "People continue to think of it as a private matter," says Judge William Sweeney of Family Court in Duluth. "We need to see it as a public concern, too dangerous to ignore."

"As I hit her, I'd yell, 'Why are you making me do this?' " says a Boston schoolteacher. "Afterwards, I'd pray to God to straighten her out, so I wouldn't have to do those terrible things."

Typically, husbands blame their wives for the violence. "If only she would change," the batterer says. Out of a bottomless need for control, however, he may want an endless list of changes. As the schoolteacher admits, "If I said, 'Jump' and she did, then I'd say, 'Jump higher.'"

Often, society also blames the victim, asking: "Why does she stay with him?" The answers differ. Some battered women still love their husbands, at least between beatings. Some try to ignore the violence. "I couldn't believe it was happening to me,"

Wife-Beating in India

FEW SOCIAL scientists have studied wife-beating in India. But the scanty information that exists suggests that the problem, perhaps the commonest form of violence against women, exists in all sections of our society. And as in the West, most wife-beaters grow up in homes where they or their mothers were physically abused.

By and large, battered wives get little sympathy in our society. The police normally take action only when the woman is seriously injured. Indeed, so strong is our reverence for marriage that in many cases even the victim's parents are reluctant to let her return to them. There are very few institutions that offer shelter to battered women; a major city like Bombay, for instance, has only three. Consequently a battered wife has few options other than enduring her husband's cruelty. However, she can get a court injunction preventing the husband from entering the matrimonial home.

One type of domestic violence unique to India is where a recently married woman's husband and in-laws, frustrated at not getting enough dowry, either actually murder her or harass her so much that she commits suicide. These are not isolated cases: in 1985, for example, there were 837 dowry deaths in the country. To combat this evil, several changes in the law have recently been made. Today, if a woman commits suicide within seven years of marriage and if her husband or his relatives had harassed her during this period, the court may presume that they are guilty of abetment to suicide unless they can clearly establish their innocence. This reverses the normal procedure under criminal law where an accused is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. Under another amendment, if a woman's husband or in-laws torture her mentally or physically, they can be jailed for up to three years.

—SHANOO BIJLANI

a young wife says. "When the bruises healed, I'd pretend everything was normal."

As the beatings continue, some women lose self-esteem. "He beat my face to a pulp," one wife recalls. "Then he pushed me in front of the mirror. 'Look at yourself!' he shouted. 'Who else would have you?'"

Fear makes still other women stay. "If you try to leave," a husband may threaten, "I'll find you and kill you." Many of the

worst injuries—and deaths—happen as women try to get away.

The battered woman often feels trapped. "Imagine you are such a woman," suggests Richard Gelles, a sociologist and author of *Intimate Violence in Families*. "Right now, leave your job. Leave your wallet, everything on the desk. Take nothing but a one-way ticket to a strange town. Could you do that? Could you also take the children?"

"WE MEN have to be dealt with," a confessed wife-beater testified in 1984 before the US Attorney General's Task Force on Family Violence. "If you don't deal with us, you're going to have the problem for ever."

What punishment fits this crime? The task force recommended arrest as "the preferred response." In a 1985 survey of America's big-city police departments, however, only 30 per cent reported that they "encourage" officers to arrest batterers.

Yet consider what happens when police *don't* arrest. Between October 1982 and June 1983, a battered wife in Connecticut, made numerous calls and visits to police headquarters, begging for protection from her estranged husband. Because it was a family matter, the police did not treat her complaints as seriously as they would have in non-domestic situations.

In the final beating, which took place outside the house, the wife was stabbed repeatedly just as a police officer, whom she'd called earlier, drove up. The officer asked her husband for the knife but did not arrest or try to handcuff him. The husband then stamped on his wife's face and ran inside the house. He returned with their young son and, in front of the boy, cursed, and kicked the woman in the head, leaving her partially paralysed.

Eventually, six policemen were at the scene. But, according to the wife's testimony, the husband was not arrested until he headed for his wife again as she lay on the ambulance stretcher.

As battered women explain, violence often starts mildly, with a push, a shove, a slap. If no one interferes, it grows worse. In the Minneapolis Domestic Violence Experiment, researchers found that a victim was twice as likely to be beaten again if there was mediation or separation instead of arrest.

Jail! I felt angry with myself, really stupid, like an animal in a cage."

says a 44-year-old mechanic. "It made me take a good look at myself, because I never want that cell door to close on me again."

In 1981 the Duluth Police Department became the first in the United States to make arrest mandatory for domestic violence—which means the police officer, not the victim, presses charges. If an officer believes there has been an assault, and the victim is injured in any way, the batterer must be jailed overnight for a hearing. The next day, most men plead guilty and choose six months of mandatory counselling over the alternative: 30 days in jail.

The Domestic Abuse Intervention Programme (DAIP) co-ordinates every Duluth agency—police, courts, women's shelter and men's counselling groups—that may deal with the couple. In a survey of women who had used the system, 87 per cent were living without violence two years later. Among the rest, the violence was far less severe and less frequent.

The goal of counselling is to end both the physical and the psychological violence. Offenders are taught to stop blaming other people for their behaviour, to forget such excuses as "I was drunk," and to assume the responsibility for their own actions. They learn to recognize their anger cues—the balled fist, the clenched jaw, the pounding heart—and to identify the stresses that trigger them. They explore ways to react without violence, such simple tricks as going for a walk. "Now, if I can't talk," says one man, "I walk."

In their counselling groups, the men talk about the "advantages" of violence. "Any batterer can tell you why he hit her," says Ellen Pence, director of DAIP. "He wanted control over her, he wanted his own way." Then they look at the advantages of changing their behaviour. In Duluth, there's the compelling advantage of staying out of jail. Some men also report that it helps them feel better about themselves.

"Until now, these men have recognized only one emotion, anger," explains Richard Stepp, a group counsellor for DAIP. "Now we talk about feeling hurt, afraid or lonely, the emotions they once covered up with anger."

"You need to feel powerful as a male. I don't know why, but it's true," says Chuck Wilder, a onetime batterer and now a counsellor for men at HAWC (Help Abused Women and Their

children) in Massachusetts. "When you work on it, you find that your power is over yourself. You don't have to drink or take drugs if you don't want to. You can go on a diet, if that's your problem. You can stop hitting, if that's what it is. You're in control, because it's your decision. That's *real* power."



Brainwave?

IN AN introductory lesson on waves, I explained to the class that long waves can pass around objects, whereas short waves cannot. I picked up a hat, held it between me and one of the boys and asked him, "Can you see my face?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does that show?" I asked, expecting some answer to the effect that light waves were short and sound waves were long.

But the boy went for a deeper truth. "You are talking through your hat, sir," he said.

— C. de Jager, South Africa

Police Action

WHEN SIR DAVID MCNEE, who headed the crack London Metropolitan Police Force, addressed the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, he gave an example of British police humour by quoting the following parody of a Metropolitan Police examination question.

"You are on patrol when an explosion occurs on the next street. Upon investigation you find a large hole and an overturned van lying nearby. Inside the van there is a strong smell of alcohol. Both occupants, a man and a woman, are injured.

"You know he is an unlicensed driver and his passenger is the wife of your inspector. A motorist stops to offer assistance, and you recognize him as a felon wanted for armed robbery. Suddenly, another man runs out of a nearby house shouting that his wife is expecting a baby and that the shock of the explosion has brought the birth imminent. At that moment, you hear someone crying for help, having been blown into an adjacent canal by the explosion. He cannot swim. Describe in a few words what you would do."

Sir David then said that one of his bright young officers was alleged to have given this problem some thought. The officer picked up his pen and wrote: "Remove uniform and mingle with crowd."

— *International Fire Fighter*.

Simple Secrets of Family Communication

By Rhea Zakich

MY DOCTOR had discovered nodules on my vocal cords. "Your voice needs complete rest," he cautioned. "It is imperative that you not speak for at least ten days. A month of silence would be even better."

Impossible, I thought. The family can't survive the day without my coaxing and supervision.

Nevertheless, I began carrying a notebook in my pocket. When my husband, Dan, asked a question, I jotted down my answer and showed it to him. At mealtime I scribbled comments on a sheet of paper and passed it around the table to him, and to our sons Darin, ten, and Dean, nine. It was a tedious process—and it didn't work. Within a week I was reduced to nodding my head to simple questions. My family and I were drifting apart.

"Your throat is not healing," Dr. Jack Sinder informed me at my next visit. "The nodules must be surgically removed." Two operations followed—in January and March 1969—and I remained speechless all that time. Then Dr. Sinder told me that I faced yet another week of silence.

"I don't want to alarm you," he said. "But it's possible the nodules will return."

As I left the hospital, an awful fear overwhelmed me. *What if I can never talk again?*

That night, I paced the dark, silent house. I'd always felt close to my family. Now, I sensed a gulf between us. I had never confided my inner feelings to Dan, or talked with him about his hopes and fears. And did I really know my own boys? I was desperate for my family's understanding, and yet there was no way to communicate my need. *Oh God, how did this happen? I wondered. How do people get this far apart? Please help me!*

For the first time since I was a child, I began to cry. Thirty-five years of pent-up emotions poured out. I'd grown up in Ohio, the eldest daughter in a working class family. My father's hard life had taught him that only the strong survive. He never allowed me to cry or show fear.

Gradually, I lost touch with my feelings—and only now did I start to gain some sense of the uncommunicative person I'd become. We all spend so much time talking, I realized, but we never really *communicate*. Slowly, I could feel a change coming over me. I decided that even if I never spoke another word, I would find a way to share my feelings with my family.

During the next few days I thought of dozens of questions I wanted to ask Dan and the boys. Was Dan ever afraid? What did Darin want to be when he grew up? What four things were most important to Dean? I also thought of things I wanted them to ask me. What made me happy? Angry? If I could live my life over, what would I change?

Then one evening I sat at the kitchen table with a stack of blank cards. On each I wrote a question. Some were serious: "What is your definition of love?" Others were lighthearted: "What do you like to do in your spare time?" By responding honestly, a person would reveal a lot about himself. Before long, I had nearly 200 question cards stacked on the table. For a while, I just stared at them. *What next?* Then it hit me: a board game.

The game would be simple. Each player would roll a die and advance his marker. The player could land on a space requiring an answer to a question card, or a space allowing a comment to another player. There would be no talking out of turn, no winners or losers, only sharing and communicating.

The next evening, Dan, the boys and I played the "Ungame." During the first round, we drew light hearted questions

us talk about dream holidays, favourite foods and movie stars. When my turn came, I jotted down my answer and showed it to every one. And they had no choice but to wait for me to finish and then read my response. I was elated. I felt as though I belonged again.

Later Dan drew a card that said: "Share something that you fear." He was quiet a moment. "With your mother ill," he said slowly, "I worry what will become of us. I don't know if I could raise you boys alone if anything happened to her."

I was astonished. My husband knew what it was like to feel frightened, to have self-doubts.

Darin, a bright student, drew the card that asked him to talk about success. "I hate it," he said softly. "Everyone expects me to do the best. I always feel pressure."

I shrank in my chair. *I constantly push him to do better*, I realized with guilt.

Then it was Dean's turn. "How do you feel when someone laughs at you?" his card asked. "I want to die," he said, staring at the floor. "It makes me feel stupid." This time, his brother, a great teaser, blushed.

Around the table we went, sharing deep, private thoughts. "I've learnt more about all of you in these twenty minutes than in the past five years," Dan announced. "Let's play again tomorrow."

Through the Ungame, I developed new respect and understanding for Dan's problems at work. I found myself being more patient with my sons. I even began to touch and hug them. In turn, they argued less. Dan talked more to all of us. We began taking Sunday drives and doing more things together.

One evening Dan invited our neighbours Joe and Alice to play the game, and they borrowed it to play with their kids. Their eldest son took it to his school psychology class, and his teacher asked for copies. Before I knew it I had begun a career as an amateur game producer.

I was calm as I returned to Dr Sinder, ready to accept the verdict. When he pronounced me cured, I felt I'd been given a special gift. But I knew I'd never revert to my old speaking habits. Over those long months, I had learnt five secrets of real communication:

1. Listen—just listen. One day during my enforced silence, Dean came home from school shouting, "I hate my teacher! I'm never going back to school again!"

Before my vocal-cord problems, I would have responded with my own outburst: "Of course you are if I have to drag you there myself." But that afternoon I had to wait to see what would happen next.

In a few moments, my angry son put his head in my lap and poured out his heart. "Oh Mum," he said. "I had to give a report and I mispronounced a word. The teacher corrected me and all the kids laughed. I was so embarrassed."

I wrapped my arms around him. He was quiet for a few minutes. Then suddenly he sprang out of my arms. "I'm supposed to meet Jimmy in the park. Thanks, Mum."

My silence had made it possible for Dean to confide in me. He didn't need my advice or criticism. He was hurt. He needed someone to listen.

Silence taught me that the listener is the most important person in any conversation. Before I lost my voice, I never really paid attention to what anyone else was saying. I was usually too busy thinking of my response. Often I'd interrupt.

2. Don't criticize or judge. As I was sitting with Jackie in her kitchen one afternoon, her 16-year-old daughter breezed into the house. "Hey Mum, what do you think of abortion?"

Jackie turned pale. "I don't ever want to hear you mention that word again!" she shouted.

Why did Jackie's daughter ask the question? Jackie may never know. And her daughter may never again try to discuss a serious or controversial topic with her. How often we parents, spouses or friends sabotage a conversation with quick comments or judgements.

Shortly after that incident, another teenager, Melissa, and her mother were playing the Ungame. When Melissa was asked to talk about an unhappy experience in her life, she related how sad she'd been when a close friend had an abortion. Like Jackie, Melissa's mother was shocked, but according to the Ungame rules she couldn't say anything until she landed on a comment space. "I didn't think that things like abortion happened to girls in your school," she said.

"You'd be surprised how many I know of," Melissa replied quietly.

When the game ended, mother and daughter walked off together in intimate conversation. It was the first time Melissa had confided her fears about sex to her mother. "I didn't realize we could have such a talk," Melissa's mother told me later.

To encourage your child or spouse to talk, check your negative reactions. Make a neutral statement such as, "I didn't realize such things bothered you." This opens the door to communication, rather than slamming it shut.

3. *Talk from the heart.* Several years ago, I was at a local park just as a neighbourhood football game was ending. "Hey, Dad, did you see me score a goal?" one ten-year-old boy yelled proudly.

"How come you lost the ball half-way through the game?" his father replied. "You need to practise your dribbling."

I watched the boy slink along beside his father, his enthusiasm gone.

The boy had used what I call "heart-talk," the language of feeling and emotions. Instead of sharing in his son's happiness, the father had responded intellectually with "head-talk." He meant well, but his response diminished the boy's accomplishment. And in the long run the boy would find it more difficult to ask his father for help.

4. *Don't assume.* Many people have preconceived notions about their spouses or children that hamper communication. Don't assume that you know another person's thoughts or feelings.

Doug and Mary had been playing the Ungame for about 30 minutes. Mary drew a card that asked if she ever felt lonely. "I feel lonely every night," she whispered. Her husband blushed.

After the game ended, Doug blurted out, "How could you say that?"

"Every night when we're in bed," Mary said quietly, "you turn your back to me."

Doug's mouth fell open. "I broke several ribs playing soccer in school and they never healed properly. I turn over so I can sleep on the side that doesn't hurt."

Two weeks later, I bumped into Doug and Mary at the

department store. "We solved our problem," Mary told me. "We changed sides of the bed."

5. *Show your love.* Actions can be as important as words. One evening, I played the Ungame with Carmen, her husband and two children. Carmen was 43, attractive and financially well-off. *Here's a woman who has almost everything.* I thought. Carmen drew a card that asked her to talk about a hurtful moment. "When I was six," she revealed to her family for the first time, "my mother told me I was too old to be kissed. I felt so bad that every morning I went into the bathroom and looked for the tissue on which she'd blotted her lipstick. I carried it with me all day. Whenever I wanted a kiss, I rubbed the smear of lipstick against my cheek."

Carmen's life had not been as perfect as I'd thought. For almost 40 years, she had endured this small, private heartache. *Can anyone ever make up for that?* I wondered.

Several turns later, Carmen's eight-year-old son landed on a comment space! Quietly, he got up and walked over to his mother. Without a word, he put his thin arms around her neck and kissed her on the cheek. Carmen's eyes filled with tears. The old hurt was gone—perhaps for good.



Spanish Lesson

ON HOLIDAY in Mexico and proudly determined to try out my night-school Spanish, I began negotiations with a taxi driver to take me sightseeing for the day. The Mexican taxi driver listened patiently to me and then said, "If you're going to speak Spanish, lady, it'll be five bucks extra." — Joyce McWilliams

Loss Cause

A WOMAN who loves chocolates was given a big box wrapped in the paper of a famous chocolate firm. She said to her husband. "You've got to save me from myself. Put it in the freezer." Six months later, she had an urge for chocolates. "Please," she said to her husband, "get the chocolates out of the freezer, I've got to have some."

Her husband went to the freezer, got the gift-wrapped package and handed it to her. When she opened it, she found a book, frozen stiff.

— Alex Thien in *Milk and Honey*

What Men Need From Women

By Annie Gottlieb

HAVE YOU NOTICED? Men and women aren't as different as they used to be. And the majority of women seem to like the prospect of a unisex world—except for one nagging problem: many of today's men, mysteriously, lack a special vibrancy, vitality, gusto, pride that we once recognized as distinctively masculine. "Much is being said among women today about the dearth of vital men," wrote American feminist Betty Friedan recently. "I go to a town to lecture, and I hear about all the wonderful, dynamic women who have emerged in every field in that town. But, frequently, whatever the age of the woman, she says, 'The men seem so dull and grey now. They're dreary, they're flat.'"

As reluctant as feminists might be to admit it, there is compelling evidence that men need a clearly defined difference between the sexes. Every human culture, until the late 20th century, has provided such a difference, creating an elaborate and often arbitrary contrast between men's and women's activities, dress and behaviour.

In her 1949 classic, *Male and Female*, anthropologist Margaret Mead says there is only one biologically based constant: women's role in all societies includes the bearing, nursing and primary care of children. Otherwise, almost anything goes—as long as it goes one way for women and the other for men.

"In every known human society, the male's need for achievement can be recognized," Mead wrote. "Men may cook, or weave, or dress dolls; or hunt hummingbirds, but if such activities are appropriate occupations of men, then the whole society votes them as important. When the same occupations are performed by women, they are regarded as less important. In a great number of societies men's sureness of their sex role is tied up with their right, or ability, to practise some activity that women are not allowed to practise. Their maleness, in fact, has to be underwritten by preventing women from entering some field or performing some feat."

It is this kind of exclusion of women that modern society no longer accepts. We recognize the injustice—to society and women—of barring women's talents from any field of endeavour. But we have *not* recognized the genuine needs of men that lay behind that exclusion.

Men's need to have a role clearly distinguished from women's can be traced to three fundamental differences between boys and girls:

1. *A baby boy is different from his mother.* As an infant boy begins to be aware that he is a separate individual from his mother, he must also learn that he is not like her. In Margaret Mead's words, "he must begin to learn to differentiate himself from this person closest to him . . . he must find out . . . that he is male . . . *not female.*" The boy must turn away from his mother to find himself. And in doing so, he needs to turn towards images of maleness that are powerful and attractive enough to compensate for his mother's enormous power over him.

The boy's need to differentiate himself from his mother has consequences for adult relationships. Men need to get away, into the world of work or the company of other men, to replenish their sense of being men. The trouble is, almost everywhere men go now there are women. According to Richard Robertiello, a New York psychoanalyst, this may be one of the reasons for male depression today. "Men *have* to spend time with other men as companions," says Robertiello. "That strengthens their masculinity."

2. *Men can't have babies.* To a small boy as to a primitive

tribesman, child-bearing is a supremely awesome achievement. He can't do it and girls can, and he needs to know that when he grows up he will be able to do something just as important that women *can't* do.

Since this will have to be cultural, not biological, it is something he will have to *do*, rather than something he must merely wait for, as a girl waits to grow up and become a mother. Hence, the importance of *achievement* to men: it is, in a sense, all they have for self-definition. When women, who have something so important and fulfilling to fall back on, compete for achievement with men, it can seem unfair. If a woman can do everything a man can do *and* have babies, what use is a man?

Fatherhood at its most involved is not the same as motherhood. Women need to allow men something equivalent, something uniquely theirs—if not an activity, then at least a quality, a style, a way of being that the culture honours as specifically masculine and that women admire, but refrain from emulating.

3. *Most males are more muscular and aggressive than most females.* This is a biological difference that most cultures have used as the raw material for a unique male role. It is a difference that shows up early in childhood. Boys engage in more rough-and-tumble play than their sisters, while the verbal and social skills of girls are more highly developed at an early age. Many researchers believe that these differences are programmed into a boy baby by the male hormone testosterone. Most boys grow up with an interest in competitive physical activities and tests of their courage and strength that markedly exceeds that of most girls.

"It is probable that the young male has a biologically given need to prove himself as a physical individual," Margaret Mead wrote in *Male and Female*, "and that in the past the hunt and warfare have provided the most common means of such validation." Since hunting and war served the survival of earlier societies, these activities were honoured, and provided a basis for men to feel pride in themselves as men. But today, "hunting," broadly understood as the exploitation of nature, and "war," the nuclear-arms race, now threaten survival.

Women can help men get in touch with their masculine roots by accepting men's need to be alone together at times and by

respecting the father-son bond. Says Robertiello: "A man needs a woman who will affirm his masculine power, enjoy it, enhance it and get something from it, rather than envy it and try to destroy it."

Some of the classic expressions of male power can be integrated into the compassionate man of the 1980s. For example:

Fighting. Every man needs to know that he has the courage to defend his wife, his children, his home, his integrity and ideals. This deep knowledge is different from the insecurity that drives some men to look for a fight. But to acquire that knowledge, most males need to find out that they can win a fist-fight or climb a mountain. Once that confidence is established, it takes the form of a fearless relish in the *thought* of fighting to defend what is dear.

Sports. Athletics are ritual enactments of territorial defence through physical prowess. As such, they are harmless celebrations of masculine capacities that helped our species survive. They make men feel good about being men.

Gallantry. When a man opens a door for a woman, he is making a symbolic statement that his superior physical strength will be used to assist and protect, not harm. Apart from their sexual anatomy, greater muscular strength is men's unique human possession. They should be allowed to use it in a particularly masculine form of support.

To these classic expressions of masculinity we need to add two new qualities that men have learnt in the past decade: the capacity to be friends and colleagues with women—and to have truly open, loving friendships with other men.

There is an enormous overlap between the sexes. Intelligence, talent, courage, ambition, compassion, emotional vulnerability—all are human qualities that we share. If each sex brings to these qualities a different style and a special flavour, it can only make all of us richer.



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3. While rummaging in the cupboard, Mrs C finds a bundle of love letters her husband has kept from a love affair predating their marriage. When asked, he explains, "It's just part of my past, like my college album." How would you react in Mrs C's place?

4. Mrs D's old boy-friend is coming to town and has written to her to suggest they meet somewhere for a drink. She accepts, saying to Mr D, "After all, we're old friends." If you were Mr D, would you be jealous?

5. Mr E had a brief extramarital affair that caused a serious marital conflict. It's long over and forgiven, but he still has to see the other woman for business reasons, and they occasionally choose to discuss business over lunch. How would you feel about that if you were Mrs E?

6. Mrs F sometimes talks at length on the phone to a lifelong male friend about personal matters : mutual friends, family problems, career. Though they have never had a sexual relationship; would you be jealous if you were Mr F?

7. Mr G has a son and daughter by a previous marriage, and meets with his ex-wife to discuss the children. Sometimes they prolong a meeting to talk about old friends and other topics of mutual interest. If you were Mrs G, how jealous would you be?

8. At a large Christmas party, Mr H sees his wife, in a dimly lit bedroom, warmly kissing a man. She explains that it was only a passing impulse and was never intended to lead to anything more. If you were the husband, how would you be affected?

9. Mr I confesses to his wife that while he was away on a long business trip, he fell into conversation with a woman in a restaurant and, having had no sex for weeks, wound up in bed with her. He says it was a one-time, purely physical thing, with no emotional involvement. If you were Mrs I, how would you feel?

10. Mr J discovers that his wife has been having an affair for months with another man. When he confronts her, she admits it but swears that her love for him hasn't diminished. She says that she needs and loves both him and the other man in different ways, and begs him to let things continue as they are. If you were Mr J, how would you react? -



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1. Most panelists thought that Mr A has good reason to feel slightly — or even somewhat — jealous. Mrs A's dancing with the other man throughout the evening makes Mr A feel excluded, and looks so to others. But what Mr A does with his jealousy is crucial : either bottling it up or raging at his wife is likely to do only harm. For jealousy to be protective, it should be put to constructive use. Mr A should discuss his feelings with his wife.

2. The panelists thought that it would be reasonable for Mrs B to feel at least slightly — and perhaps even intensely — jealous. One felt that Mr B's being *interested* in an attractive woman is no ground for jealousy, but his *flirting* with her — where Mrs B can see him — is a real offence and suggests that he's trying to antagonize his wife. Mrs B's jealousy — if properly used — may repel the threat and get Mr B to change his ways.

3. and 4. The majority opinion is that serious jealousy is not called for in either case. Only slight feelings of jealousy — and no action — are warranted by Mr C's keeping old love letters. One panelist's sensible comment : "Relationships that predate a marriage are important parts of a person's history; he shouldn't be expected to discard those parts when he marries."

Most panelists said that Mr D might reasonably feel a trifle jealous of his wife's meeting an old boy-friend for a chat, but a strong reaction isn't in order. Mrs D has a right to her past as long as it doesn't imperil the present. Still, Mrs D's former boy-friend may seem a competitor, and Mr D may feel he's being left out. If so, he might tell his wife and ask to be part of the get-together.

5. A nearly unanimous response : jealousy on Mrs E's part would be a normal response to Mr E's having business lunches with his ex-lover. Unlike a premarital lover, a former extramarital lover was once a real rival — and might be again. While the experts disagreed as to how strong a reaction would be reasonable, the majority opted for intensely — or at least somewhat — jealous. If the ex-lovers discuss their business in an office, jealousy would not be called for. Electing to meet in a social

situation seems to imply something else.

6. Most panelists said it would not be reasonable for Mr F to feel strongly jealous when his wife has an intimate chat with a lifelong male friend. Some of them, however, did feel that Mr F might experience some jealousy. A common cause for jealousy is the fear of being shut out of an important part of a mate's life. If Mrs F tells her husband about the conversation, he has no reason to feel shut out that way.

7. Most panelists agree that some jealousy would be natural; a former wife seems a potential rival. One expert summed up the dilemma : from Mr. G's point of view, talking to his ex-wife is legitimate — and from the present Mrs G's point of view, jealousy of long meetings is legitimate. The only solution is for husband and wife to discuss their feelings openly.

8. The majority of experts said Mr H would be justified in feeling either somewhat or even intensely jealous. One panelist's acerbic comment : "Her explanation is not credible. Either she lacks insight into her motivation or is dissembling. Once launched, sexual behaviour has a momentum of its own." Another said, "What's threatening to Mr H is her acting on impulse, as she herself put it. It's hard to trust such a person."

9. Almost all panelists say that a jealous response to even a casual, one-time fling by one's spouse would be a normal reaction, and most felt that it would be fairly strong. One expert thought that the explanation given — a long time without sex — is phony : "If a pledge of sexual fidelity is taken seriously, deprivation is not an excuse. Masturbation is an outlet that does not threaten the marital bond." Most people don't see casual sex as merely scratching an itch but as an act with emotional potential — and therefore as a trespass or invasion of marriage.

10. In this case, intense jealousy and anger would be the natural response. The affair was secret until discovered; it is thus a violation of trust besides being potent competition to the husband-wife relationship. As one panelist said, "It's duplicity at a classic level. The plea that the relationship be allowed to continue means she needs him only in order to carry on the affair with the other man."

The unanswerable question, however, is whether overt jealousy can preserve the marital relationship in this case. Even if

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The unanswerable question, however, is whether overt jealousy can preserve the marital relationship in this case. Even if

used in the form of thoughtful discussions and bargaining, jealousy may do no good, depending on the strength of the unfaithful spouse's commitment to the affair. But to feel or show no jealousy would seem to say that there was nothing worth trying to protect or preserve.



If Elected...

DEMOCRACY is a system that gives people a chance to elect rascals of their own choosing

— Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate

A SUCCESSFUL politician is someone who can stand on a fence and make people believe it's a platform

— Quoted in *The Optimist Magazine*

CRIME must pay or so many politicians wouldn't be seeking re-election.

— Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate

Jumping to Confusions

MY FAVOLRITE spot to eat in our town was Romano's, a small, family-run Italian restaurant. Often, the owners' son Frank and I chatted as he prepared my favourite dish. His mother, who spoke little English, would watch curiously from the kitchen.

Once, I went to the restaurant, and Mrs. Romano was working by herself. I ordered my usual. When I'd finished eating, she emerged from the kitchen with a box and a loving look on her face. My mind raced. How could I refuse her gift? How could I explain that I had no romantic interest in Frank?

Without a word, she opened the box. Inside was a hand-knitted shawl. I took a deep breath and asked, "For me?"

"For you," she said. "Twenty dollars."

— Dian Wilson

Holding Company

WHILE I was shopping in a large department store, my active two-year-old wandered away. After a short, tense wait, I was told where to find him. My anxiety quickly subsided when a grandmotherly clerk, with my son in tow, explained to me, "We found him in GLASSWARE, but we were holding him in LINENS."

— Anita Ringen

WE SAT in the theatre waiting for the film to start. Suddenly, the worried voice of the manager came from the back of the auditorium: "Will the owner of a Great Dane please come to the snack bar — quick?"

— Mark Bruce

Why Our Hair Turns Grey

By Lowell Ponte

THAT FATEFUL day marks a turning point in most lives. You look in the mirror — and notice your first grey hair.

In centuries past, the grey was a mark of sagacity. "Everyone wants to look old," said a lady-in-waiting of King Louis XIV's powder-wigged court, "for that is to appear wise." Today's youth-loving culture, however, spends millions every year on hair-colouring products. Today 40 per cent of US women and eight per cent of men dye their hair, often to conceal the grey.

Though we associate the change with old age, your first grey hairs may have sprouted from your temples at about the age of 15. By 30, roughly a quarter of men and women have discernibly greying hair. Even so, only 28 per cent of us ever become completely white haired. And a few of us will never get a single strand of grey.

What determines grey hair? Race is a factor. Caucasians begin to turn noticeably grey at 34 on average and have a 50-per-cent chance that half their hairs will be grey or white by the age of 50, according to Dr Jerome Litt, assistant clinical professor of dermatology at Case Western Reserve University in Ohio. The average black begins showing grey at the age of 44. Heredity is another factor. You are likely to turn grey at about the same age, and in the same pattern, as your parents or grand-

While it may look vibrant in any colour, hair is actually dead matter made up of the same keratin proteins found in fingernails. Three months before birth you possessed all the hair follicles you will ever have. At the base of each follicle sits a hair bulb drawing nutrients from the second layer of skin, the dermis. In this bulb a cone of tissue — the papilla and matrix — assembles the chemicals that will send up a hair.

When a hair is still forming, it is impregnated with thousands of tiny packets of melanin pigment. Cells called melanocytes produce and blend only two basic "paints" to produce the exotic palette of different colours we see in human hair. One pigment, eumelanin, tints our locks deep black to the lightest brown. The other, pheomelanin, turns the hair blond to golden brown or red. By varying the size, shape, illumination and density of the pigments, human hair becomes an assortment of colours.

Many people are born with blond hair but it slowly grows darker as their melanocytes become more active. Gradual darkening often continues into midlife, with many youthful blonds shading towards brown and redheads turning auburn. As we pass our 20s, melanocyte production slows down. Emerging hairs, possessing only a tiny amount of their former pigment, begin to appear grey. When the melanocytes go completely dormant, hair grows out with no pigment at all and takes on the natural colour of hair protein: white.

Three-Phase Cycle. What we perceive as grey is often an optical illusion produced by a blend of coloured hairs with newer white ones. Depending on your hair's colour, "50 per cent of the hairs on your head could turn white before their contrast with darker hair creates apparent greyness," according to Dr Coleman Jacobson, administrator of the Baylor Hair Research and Treatment Centre in Dallas. Because of the stark contrast, grey and white hairs are noticed earlier in people with dark hair — although those with light hair are far more likely to become totally grey.

Various diseases also prod the body to produce grey hair, including herpes zoster, typhus, malaria and influenza. Other causes are severe trauma, exposure to certain kinds of radiation, hyperthyroidism, diabetes, malnutrition, ulcerative colitis and

anaemia.

To explain how hair turns "white overnight," you have to understand hair's natural growth pattern. It develops in a three-phase cycle. In the anagen, or growing, phase, the new hair emerges at the rate of about 13 millimetres per month. After growing for two to six years, it pauses for a few weeks in the catagen, or resting, phase. Then for about three months the hair is in the telogen phase, in which it separates from the hair-fabricating machinery of the papilla. When the next anagen phase begins, the emerging new hair pushes out the old.

Occasionally, an autoimmune disorder called alopecia areata, often triggered by stress, strikes at the roots of hairs far along in their anagen phase. If its victim has many dark hairs and a number of unnoticed white ones, the malady can cause the older, darker hairs to fall out within a week or so, leaving a much higher proportion of white hairs behind. The hair appears to have turned grey or white within days.

Science used to assume that once hair turned grey it would never turn black. But recent research shows that dormant melanocytes can be triggered to once again paint the hair with natural hues, in some cases restoring its original colour.

Range of Options. Greying caused by disease, medication and nutritional deficiencies often can be reversed if treated, says Litt. Some non-steroidal anti-inflammatory agents reportedly induce repigmentation of the hair. And, in anaemic patients, taking Vitamin B-12 has restored original hair colour after greying.

"Within ten years we hope to have a product that can reactivate the colour-making cells," says Leszek Wolfram, vice-president of research at a prominent US hair products company. In a few years his company will market a product that chemically generates natural pigments in the hair shaft. The resulting colour, he says, is impregnated into the hair, using natural melanin. It is far more real-looking than today's hair dyes and can be bleached or lightened to almost any shade.

What's the best thing to do if you notice grey hairs today? "Don't let it go to your head," says psychologist Thomas Cash. "Some people focus on grey hair when their real problem is low self-esteem. Changing the grey will make people feel better only

if they have a reasonable perspective on life."

Researchers have found that many people who resist the temptation to colour their hair soon feel comfortable with their natural colour.

But for those who want to control their hair colour, there is a steadily expanding range of options. Grey hair, after all, is neither a blessing nor a curse. Whether you cover it or flaunt it, you should view its onset with equanimity. "Just because there's snow on the roof," says the adage, "doesn't mean there isn't fire in the furnace."



Losing Propositions

OUR LITTLE boy heard his father tell me that he was starting an exercise and diet programme. My husband added that if he didn't see any results within two months, he would quit. When his dad left the room, my son asked, "Mum, what are the results that Daddy wants to see?"

"His feet, dear."

— Patricia Walker

AT OUR weekly weight-loss meeting, a guest speaker was lecturing on the hardships of appetite control. "We're surrounded by temptation," she said. "Just look at all the restaurants displaying pizza, chicken, doughnuts and ice cream. What do you call that?" she concluded, banging on the table.

A voice from the back was quick to respond: "Paradise!" — Marion Mack

Acting Their Age

I THOUGHT I had won a spirited argument with my teenage daughter until she told me, "It's a mute point."

"Don't you mean moot point?" I replied. "And I don't think it is."

"No, Dad," she said. "I mean mute point. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

— Jim Baumgardner

ONE YEAR when I was senior-class adviser, the students decided to prepare a spaghetti supper to raise funds for their year-end trip. One patron explained why she left the dinner early. Soon after she was seated, she heard voices coming from the kitchen. One was shouting, "Serve it! Serve it!" Another was yelling, "Throw it away! Throw it away!" Then a third called out, "Get it up off the floor!" and that was when she left.

— Reverend Charles Thomas

Marriage Is Not a Fifty/Fifty Affair

By Carol Tavris

I ASKED a friend recently if he thought he had a 50-50 marriage. "Why, certainly," he said. "She does ninety per cent of the cleaning and I do ten per cent; I do ninety per cent of TV-watching and she does ten per cent. I suppose that averages out to fifty-fifty." He was only half-joking.

For years we've been hearing about the ideal of the equal marriage. It sounds nice in theory, but what's today's reality?

In the last 20 years, men have indeed become more involved in family life. According to recent surveys, American men are doing more around the house, and feeling greater psychological well-being and happiness from their families nowadays than from work.

Yet they still aren't doing very much, and this is true even when their wives have full-time jobs. On an average, working wives in the US spend 26 hours a week on housework; their husbands spend 36 minutes. (The one household activity that men are likely to do is shopping.) Working women in India, too, do a disproportionate share of the housework.

What does this mean for the ideal of the 50-50 marriage? Should we women forget about it and leave the men snoring on the sofa? Or should we keep striving for a perfect partnership--and feel miserable when we fail to achieve it? Neither is necessary if two traps are avoided.

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What does this mean for the ideal of the 50-50 marriage? Should we women forget about it and leave the men snoring on the sofa? Or should we keep striving for a perfect partnership—and feel miserable when we fail to achieve it? Neither extreme is necessary if two traps are avoided.

Trap 1 is the assumption that a marriage can be 50-50 in all spheres, all the time. Marriage is not like that; it changes constantly, like the ocean. You may have the emotional upper hand this week because he is grateful for the long nights you've spent typing his overdue memos, and lose it next week when his favourite sports event is on. Even the most egalitarian marriages aren't 50-50; they're 2-98 this week and 98-2 next week.

Trap 2 is the assumption that all kinds of 50-50 marriages are worthy. In recent years we've heard about several model relationships. There was the *togetherness* marriage, in which husband and wife shared every activity, decision and waking minute (except when she was feeding the baby, and he was out with his friends). Then there was the *shared-duties* model, in which husband and wife divided up every family task (except when he asked to be excused because he didn't know how to cook). And there was the *emotional-balance* model, in which husband and wife didn't care what each did, so long as they loved each other equally (except when one was grating on the other's nerves).

Well, not all equal marriages are created equal.

Harsh Realities. The *togetherness* ideal flopped because it ignored individual preferences. "When my husband took up photography," says my friend Grace, "he insisted I join him on his expeditions to photograph buildings, boats, whatever. He even wanted me with him when he *developed* his photos. Have you any idea how boring that is?"

Grace truly wanted to share her husband's pleasure, but it took her—and him—a long time to realize that some joys are solo activities. The idea that an equal marriage meant identical experiences for both husband and wife put a terrific strain on many couples.

The *shared-duties* model also ran into harsh realities. When my friend Marcie got married eight years ago, she and her husband drew up a meticulous division-of-labour contract. They calculated how much time each would spend doing various household chores, and when. It drove them crazy and lasted only four months.

"I'm pulling about 75 per cent of the household load these

days," Marcie says. "But he does a lot of things I can't or don't want to do. I haven't forgotten the original dream—I've just revised it a little." Like togetherness, the shared-duties ideal suffered from rigidity and extreme expectations. But we need not give up the idea entirely.

Sharing Authority. The emotional-balance model collided with problems over power-sharing. As one young woman told a researcher, "My husband was brought up in a totally husband-domineered situation. The wife never did anything except to say, 'Yes, dear.' Women have changed a lot since then, and they aren't going to go back again. This has ramifications for everybody's marriage." It certainly does.

There are still some happy, "yes dear" marriages, but they are becoming rare. In survey after survey, most American couples report that a "yes-dear" marriage is a recipe for argument, bitterness and frustration. When decisionmaking and power are concentrated in the hands of one spouse, the other is almost bound to feel unhappy.

How close are we to reaching this form of the 50-50 ideal? Closer than we may realize. In the last decade of inflation and change, many men have been willing to share the economic burden with their wives. They haven't been as happy about sharing authority, but that's changing too.

My friend Kathy has been married for 23 years, and her marriage could be a barometer of the times. "When we got married," she recalls, "I was expected to stay home and be ready to be 'together' with my husband at a moment's notice. We had many arguments when I wanted to go back to college for a degree in social work; it was an insult to his pride to have a wife who would be working. But by the time my studies were completed, it was okay with him if I worked—as long as I didn't make much money. Later on even that changed. Now I think he'd be happy to let me support him!"

Equality That Works. The problem with the 50-50 marriage ideal lies in the unrealistic notions many people have of it. No two people can split a marriage in half as if it were an apple. No two people can be identical in emotions, interests or responsibilities. And no two people can divide their authorities and skills in some identically "fair" way. But emotional equality

where both partners feel equally loved, share in family decisions, and feel they contribute equally to the family's well-being—is the kind of equality that really works.

What is important in marriages is the spirit of 50-50, with flexibility and give and take—whether in dish-washing, decision-making, child tending or any other activity of love.

Endearing Innocence

As I tucked my daughter into bed, she gazed intensely at me and said solemnly, "You know what, Mummy, I would risk my life for you."

I gave her a big hug, and said, "And you know what, Eliza, I would risk my life for you, too."

There was a moment of silence while we digested each other's pledges, and then from the plane of my shoulders she said, "Mummy, I just have one question."

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"What does 'risk' mean?"

— "Metropolitan Diary," in *The New York Times*

Sturdy Cereal

SCIENTISTS from Third World countries and the United States are experimenting with the promising qualities of the amaranth, a cereal that could well contribute to the solution of the world's food problems.

Cultivated in Central and South America about 8,000 years ago, the plant was a major staple of the Aztec diet until the sixteenth century. The cereal has significant advantages: it resists extended drought; its leaves and seeds contain a balance of unusually high quality protein, particularly of lysine, an essential amino acid insufficient in most cereals; the edible leaves, which have a mild taste of spinach, remain soft and tender right through the summer; and the flour from its nut-flavoured seeds can be used in bread and pastries.

— Keith Hindley in *Science News*

True Confession

SYDNEY J. HARRIS: The willingness to admit ignorance, or inexperience, which is much the same thing, is often an endearing trait, and it is surprising how, in so many cases, our pride and vanity inhibit us from the frank admission that we do not know.

A great man, Sir William Osler, would make the grand rounds of a hospital, followed by a troop of admiring acolytes. Sometimes he would stop at a bed, examine a patient, and then scribble on the chart the initials "G.O.K." Later, one of the students was bold enough to ask the distinguished physician what "G.O.K." stood for. Osler, with a smile and a shrug, replied, "God Only Knows."

— *Clearing the Ground*

Warning: Smoking Endangers Your Sex Life

By Dr David Reuben

WHAT could be more masculine than the Marlboro man astride his powerful stallion, or the fellow in the Camel cigarette ads — chiselled features, firm gaze as he contemplates some difficult challenge? Cigarette ads frequently suggest that smoking is "macho." The ultimate irony for America's almost 25 million male smokers, according to new studies, is that smoking can increase the risk of impotence.

Researchers believe that by 50, more than 25 per cent of men rarely or never achieve a satisfactory erection. Because these men seldom talk about it, no one knows how many marriages are destroyed by this condition, or how many desperate victims turn to alcohol or drugs.

Only a decade ago, doctors blamed nine of ten cases of impotence on emotional problems. Today we know that at least half the time the primary cause is physical.

The link between impotence and tobacco use was first suspected when medical researchers noticed an unusually large number of smokers among men with impotence caused by vascular problems. In a study of 116 such men, done at the University of Pretoria, South Africa, and reported in 1986, 108 were smokers. Two bigger studies independently found that almost *two-thirds* of impotent men smoked, nearly twice the smoking rate of the general male population. (One of these

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screened for possible surgery 353 men complaining of impotence. They used nearly a dozen noninvasive tests to pinpoint the cause. Besides obvious disease of the large vessels, abnormal blood flow to the penis was significantly associated only with cigarette smoking.

Given this long-term effect, did smoking also have an immediate effect on sexual response?

For this, a group of researchers from Southern Illinois and Florida State universities tried an interesting experiment. They fitted each of 42 male smokers with a device that measures the speed of an erection, while different instruments recorded other indicators of peripheral vascular disease. To eliminate any influence by power of suggestion, the researchers told the subjects that they wanted to measure the effect of cigarettes as a sexual stimulant. To rule out distortion from the act of smoking itself, the researchers used both high-and low-nicotine cigarettes. As a triple check, they gave a third group mints instead of cigarettes.

After smoking one cigarette or eating a mint, each man was placed in a private room and shown a two-minute erotic film while his sexual response was monitored. Then he waited ten minutes, smoked two more cigarettes or ate another mint, and watched a different erotic film, again being monitored.

The results: men who smoked high-nicotine cigarettes had slower erections than those who smoked low-nicotine cigarettes or ate mints.

Gradual Process. While the effects of nicotine are immediate, chronic impotence rarely happens overnight. The victim gradually notices either that it takes him longer to obtain an erection or that his erection seems weaker than usual, and sometimes he may lose it completely for no apparent reason.

Will giving up smoking help reverse impotence? The answer is suggested by a six-month study by Dr Mitchell Edson and colleagues in the department of urology at the Washington Hospital Centre in Washington. For two nights, they recorded the erections of a group of 60 impotent men while they slept. Normally men have frequent erections during sleep, but most patients in this study had inadequate erections, usually an indication of impotence due to physical damage. After the test,

studies was done by the Centre d'Etudes et de Recherches de l'Impuissance in Paris, and reported in the British medical journal *Lancet* in 1985; the other was done by Queen's University and Kingston General Hospital in Ontario, Canada, in 1986.). But these findings didn't define how smoking contributes to impotence. For this, scientists still needed laboratory evidence of real damage to the sexual apparatus caused by tobacco use as opposed to factors such as age and alcohol consumption.

Obstruction. To understand the difficulties of obtaining this evidence, consider the complex, still imperfectly understood physiology of an erection: inside the penis is a pair of long, thin reservoirs that act like balloons. In essence, each has two sets of valves — one allowing blood to flow in, the other letting blood flow out. During sexual stimulation, the "in" valves — rings of muscle around the penile arteries — suddenly relax; the balloons inflate and crowd the "out" valves, pinching them partly shut. With more blood flowing in than out, the organ soon becomes rigid.

Basically, the erection will last as long as the balance between inflow and outflow is maintained. But if even one of the major "in" vessels is obstructed by as little as 25 per cent, erection may fail.

Scientists have long known that years of smoking can obstruct blood flow to the body's extremities. According to surveys, nine of ten persons with peripheral vascular obstructions are smokers. Might vascular disease also affect the penis? In 1986 psychologist Michael Condra, director of the Canadian study, and his colleagues from the departments of psychology, urology and psychiatry, looked into the question. Using a tiny blood-pressure cuff, they measured pressure in the penile arteries of 178 impotent smokers and non-smokers. With this test and a comprehensive series of other tests, they found that one in four of the smokers had poor circulation to the penis, while only one in 12 of the nonsmokers did. According to statistical standards, this meant that the link between smoking and damage to penile circulation was over 90 per cent substantiated.

Other research projects, though preliminary, have confirmed the link. In a two-and-a-half-year study published in 1987, seven researchers at George Washington University Medical Centre

screened for possible surgery 353 men complaining of impotence. They used nearly a dozen noninvasive tests to pinpoint the cause. Besides obvious disease of the large vessels, abnormal blood flow to the penis was significantly associated only with cigarette smoking.

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20 of the patients who were heavy smokers were instructed to stop smoking for six weeks and return for retesting.

When the "sleep erection" test was repeated six weeks later seven of the men who had stopped smoking had adequate sleep erections.

Smoking isn't the only cause of impotence, of course. The French study reported in *Lancet* identified four main risk factors for impotence caused by poor circulation: smoking, diabetes, elevated cholesterol and high blood-pressure. But smoking was by far the most important, compounding the harmful effects of the other factors.

Controlling diabetes, hypertension or high cholesterol can be expensive and uncertain — with some cases resistant to treatment, especially in the short term. Stopping smoking can be immediate. A man who smokes and has problems in bed would do well to toss his cigarettes into the nearest trash can. That may restore his potency — and save his life.



In Other Words

AN INDIAN scientist, who had just been awarded his doctorate in astrophysics, was taken by his proud parents to visit some of the older folks in the family. After a lengthy and complicated explanation of his field, he looked around to see if he had got his message across. His grandfather smiled warmly at him and said, "Son, in our days we called it astrology." — Oscar D'Souza, Bangalore

Blank Expressions

MY HUSBAND bought me an automatic dishwasher for my birthday. In filling in the guarantee, he came across the question, "What year and model dishwasher did you replace?" He wrote: "Wife — Age 24."

A PARIS art gallery has a visitors' book. Under "Reason for visit," one noted: "Torrential downpour."

IN THE car park of a forest-fire laboratory, we saw a large family piled into a Volkswagen bus. When we signed the guest book, we were amused to find that the entry under the heading of Organization was the entry under the heading of Organization: "Very little."

The Real Test

By Suzanne Chazin

I HAD NO notion of what lay in store for me the first time I stepped into David Marain's advanced-maths class at Tenafly High School in New Jersey. It was a warm September day in 1977. Someone had opened one of the windows, but I was in a cold sweat. Maths terrified me.

At precisely 8am, a young rail of a man with black horn-rimmed glasses, a wild floral shirt and dark, receding hair bounded into the room, a black vinyl calculator case strapped on his hip.

"My name's Mr Ma-rain, emphasis on the second syllable," he said brightly. "Not, as I've sometimes been called, Mr. Mor-on, emphasis on the first." The class giggled.

I had heard from other students that Mr Marain had almost completed a doctorate in mathematics. It didn't surprise me. He seemed to possess the wit and self-confidence of some one who, without trying, always ran ten steps ahead of the pack. As he bantered with the brightest kids, I sank deeper in despair.

Though my high school brimmed with the precocious children of doctors and lawyers, I was not one of them. At 16, I had no special talents, yet inside I was burning with desires and frustrations. Already I had vowed that by the time I was 30 I would become a novelist, songwriter and world traveller. ~~Me~~

never figured in my future. I was in Mr. Marain's class for another reason.

Advanced maths was a prerequisite for calculus and the Advanced Placement calculus test. Passing the AP exam could earn a student up to a year of college maths credits — a big help in keeping down tuition costs. To my parents, this was an incredible bargain. I didn't want to disappoint them.

Mr. Marain scribbled a theorem on the blackboard and asked us to prove it. Carefully, I copied the line of x's, y's and numbers into my notebook. But after a few steps, I was stumped.

Mr. Marain scooted around the room, looking over student's shoulders. I tried to cover the mostly blank sheet of paper with the billowy sleeve of my peasant blouse. Once Mr Marain realized I wasn't a maths whiz, I was certain he'd encourage me to drop out.

Suddenly, from the corner of my eye, I could see him hovering next to me. *This is it*, I told myself. But, instead, he bent down and scratched an equation on the page.

"Try this," he said gently. I did, and from there the theorem seemed to prove itself. "Very good," he said, beaming from behind his glasses, as though I'd arrived at the answer on my own.

I was baffled. This was, after all, an honours class. Why was he taking the trouble to give so much attention to an average student like me?

Later I began to hear stories about how Mr Marain quietly helped kids deal with all sorts of pressures. He intervened on behalf of students when marks failed to meet a demanding parent's expectations. If someone couldn't afford a calculator (an expensive item in those days), Mr Marain loaned his.

He seemed kinder than any teacher I'd ever known, never belittling a student for falling behind in class and never scoffing at a question, no matter how obvious or irrelevant. Most surprising of all, Mr Marain seemed to make no distinction between the class whiz kids and those who barely scraped by. We were all praised and prodded in equal measure.

Once when the end-of-class bell rang, I walked up to Mr Marain's desk to ask for help. He smiled expectantly as I approached, but when I opened my book, a shadow of disap-

pointment crossed his face. "I thought you were coming to join the maths team," he said.

"Me?" I asked, taken aback. Our school's maths club regularly ranked among the top five in state-wide competitions. I belonged on it about as much as I belonged on the football team.

"Why not?" he dared. "You can do it."

I looked at him in disbelief. How could he know the choking fear I felt? Nightly I would struggle with problems, only to discover others had solved them during lunch. But if Mr Marain could consider me for the maths team, perhaps I had a chance after all.

"You Won't Fail." Nevertheless, it was clear I was one of the slowest in class. On our first major exam, I just scraped through. That afternoon, I went to see Mr Marain. "I don't belong with the other students," I said, near tears.

I hoped he might find a way to minimize the importance of the marks. Instead, he leaned on his grey metal desk and fixed me in his gaze. "What do you want out of this class?" he asked.

"I don't want to fail," I mumbled.

"You won't," he promised. "And I won't let you quit, as long as you are willing to do your very best." He suggested coming in after school for reviews of the classwork.

For the first time in my life, I was being asked to probe the limits of my potential. Mr Marain was demanding excellence from me.

Over the coming months, our after-school reviews took on the regularity of athletic training. "I know maths is a struggle for you," Mr Marain said once when I put down the chalk in disgust, unable to solve a problem. "But struggling against obstacles makes us stronger."

I didn't give weight to what he said. What could he know about struggling and frustration?

Later, I took a scholastic aptitude test and fared poorly. I was convinced then I'd never be accepted to college or get a decent job.

"Will you feel better if I tell you I had a hard time with tests too?" Mr Marain asked when I told him the news. "I struggled every bit of the way," he said. "I had to. And so will you."

A Matter of Skills. With Mr Marain's help, I got a "Good" in advanced maths. But I knew that next year's calculus would be an even greater struggle.

My fears were well-founded. First semester I got just "Fair."

"Don't give up" Mr Marain said. "A grade doesn't tell the whole story."

It always surprised me that, for a man whose life was numbers, he never accorded them absolute power. Once I got an exam paper back with a score of 85 percent. On one problem I had the right answer, but Mr Marain hadn't given me credit.

"You got the answer through luck, not skill," he said when I complained. "But getting lucky works only once, and I don't want you to count on luck in life. I want you to rely on your skills."

My skills were put to the test one Saturday morning in May 1979 when I took the Advanced Placement calculus exam. Weeks later, the results came in. On a scale of one to five, I'd received a four — high enough to get a year of college maths credits and save my parents thousands of dollars in tuition fees.

I thanked Mr Marain, even wrote a letter to the Board of Education about him. But I knew I would never crack another maths book. And if I didn't, what reason would I have to think of him again?

Speaking From Experience. Yet I did think of him. In my 20s, I became a magazine writer. Life seemed full of limitless opportunities. Then I turned 30, and suddenly I realized I had yet to write the novel or publish the song I had promised myself I would. I couldn't shake a nagging feeling that I'd stalled somewhere along the way.

It had been a long time since someone had demanded the best of me, and I yearned for that again. So I went back to my high school to find Mr Marain, hoping he could help.

I recognized him instantly as he bounded out of the faculty office. His ring of hair was now grey, his glasses stylishly sleek. Gone were the loud flowered shirts, but otherwise he looked exactly the same.

We talked for a long while, about former times, old friends, struggles and disappointments, mine and — surprisingly — his too.

"I was once in a position similar to the one you're in now," he said.

His father had been a pharmacist who lost his store during the Depression of the 1930s, and the family had been poor. A fat little boy with glasses, he was accepted by other kids only because he could help them with their homework.

The only way he could go to college was on scholarship, so his parents pushed him to excel. He felt overwhelmed at times. "Everyone assumed I was brilliant," he said, "but inside I felt like a fake. I only looked smart because I worked so hard and so much was expected of me."

He graduated as valedictorian of his high-school class and went to college on a scholarship to study chemistry. He got a summer job as a lab assistant, but he was too clumsy to work with the delicate glassware, and the chemicals made him ill. No matter how hard he struggled, Mr Marain confided, he realized he would never be a chemist.

Sinking into despair, he dropped out of college the following year, disappointing his parents. He returned later, though, switched to maths and set out in the hope of completing a PhD.

Later he suffered another setback. His scholarship money began to run out, and he had to accept a teaching job.

In school I never understood why Mr Marain had such compassion for the underdog. And what could he know about struggling to overcome obstacles, I had asked back then. Now I realized he had been speaking from experience.

But with all his setbacks and disappointments, didn't he feel that he had failed?

"I suppose you might think that," he said, "For a while I had regrets. But is changing direction really failure?" I thought he was now attempting to cushion my own disappointments.

"When you encounter an obstacle in life, what do you do?" he asked, once again the teacher.

"I try to overcome it," I said.

Do Your Best. "What if you can't? What if it's like an equation that can't be solved?"

I knew he was developing a chain of reasoning as logical as any maths theorem. But where was he headed?

"If you can't overcome it," he said, "you must strike o-

a new direction with everything you've got."

"You see," he added, "we all have failures and regrets. The question is what we do with them. No one can always be the best," he said. "But if you do your best — give everything you've got — you'll either overcome your obstacles or find a new, possibly better direction."

"That's where real success comes from — working hard at something with all your heart and soul."

Then, realizing he was late for a meeting, he rose and embraced me warmly. "Keep reaching for the things you want," he said. "Let time take care of the rest."

A few days later, an envelope arrived. Inside was a poem Mr Marain had written years ago, called "Ode to a Calculus Class." I remembered him handing it out at the end of my final year. Now I reread the final lines with new-found appreciation:

*But the real test of whether
it was worth the pain
will come in a decade or two,
If a few return and say: "You know,
I've learned a lot since then,
but I still remember you."*

Here, I thought with a smile, was a David Marain test I would never fail.

Multiple Choice

As a laboratory technician in a community hospital in Canada, I sometimes assist with certain procedures. One day I was called to the busy emergency department, but instead of the usual one or two nurses to help the doctor and me, there were none. Our patient spoke little English and was very restless for a procedure that required her to remain motionless.

While the doctor and I attempted to do our best, we overheard a nurse in the next cubicle gathering information from her patient, a young woman who complained of dizziness and blurred vision. "Can you see me clearly," the nurse asked, "or are there three of me standing here?"

The struggling doctor lifted his head. "Three of you?" he called to the nurse. "Then send one over here!"

— Cathy Scinocca, Canada

*FUCK.
NOT*

5 Sex Secrets Women Wish Husbands Knew

By Kathleen McCoy

HOW CAN my husband and I love each other so much, yet have such an unexciting sex life?" asked a friend, a school science instructor who, ironically, teaches sex-education classes.

Had she discussed the problem with her husband, a physician, to whom she's been married for 12 years?

"I seem to be able to talk to him about everything *but* our sex life," she said at last. "I don't know how to tell him what I need without seeming to criticize."

Women of all educational levels and life experiences voice similar sentiments. "Most married people lack basic information about their spouses' sexual preferences," says Pamela Shrock, a therapist at the Northwestern University Sexuality Programme in Evanston, Illinois. My own informal survey of 60 wives found a myriad of needs they wanted to share with their husbands. But, as one woman told me, "It's difficult to know how to begin."

Later I talked with six top sex therapists and was surprised at how often they agree with the wives about what women would like to tell their husbands. Here are the five most frequently cited "sex secrets":

1. Great sex—for a woman—begins with her life as a whole. Most women need good feelings and experiences during the day as well as the night.

in the marriage to have satisfying sex. "Gary just didn't understand this," says Vicki, 29 and married seven years. "He was under a lot of stress at work and was impatient and withdrawn, not wanting to talk or show any affection. He'd watch TV until midnight, then come in the bedroom and grab me. If I wasn't instantly responsive, he'd get upset."

How a man treats his wife out of bed can greatly influence her response in bed. Hurtful words, inattentiveness and criticism can make it difficult for a woman to be an enthusiastic, passionate lover. This puzzles some husbands.

According to sociologist Lynn Atwater, "Women see everything in their lives as interconnected. Men tend to compartmentalize, feeling that a stressful time can be parked mentally and separated from sexual actions."

"Sexuality and affection *can't* be compartmentalized," says Virginia Johnson Masters, a world-renowned sex researcher. "Good sex is a continuum of closeness and affection."

Noted therapist Ruth Westheimer agrees: "It's important to act loving even when you're not about to have sex. If a husband surprises his wife with flowers or a gift for no particular reason, if he takes the children for a day, this thoughtfulness may improve the couple's sexual pleasure—and the marriage."

Speaking up in a firm but gentle way about hurts can help too. When Vicki told her husband about her need for attention and conversation before bed, they reached a new understanding. "We save an hour just for us before bedtime," she says. "We talk or listen to music or I might give him a back rub if he's had an especially tough day. Now both of us feel happier and more loved."

2. *Many women find talk a turn-on.* Good conversation over dinner or while the two of you are relaxing can be an aphrodisiac. Sexual sharing later is enhanced by tender words. A man might tell his wife how much he loves her, might also whisper her name—reassuring evidence that he is mentally with her during sex.

Lynn Atwater found that 75 per cent of women she interviewed who had extramarital affairs sought a lover *not* primarily for sex, but for warmer communication. "One woman knew her lover was impotent, but his tender talk gave her something

her husband wasn't able or willing to give her," says Atwater.

"For many women, talking and feeling loved are more important than sex," says psychologist Lonnice Barbach, a clinician at the University of California Medical School at San Francisco. "Especially for a woman busy at home with children, an intellectually stimulating conversation can be a real pleasure."

3. *Women, too, have performance anxiety.* Studies show that only about 60 per cent of women have orgasm more than half of the times they have intercourse. But many women feel pressure—from partners and themselves—to have orgasms.

"People forget that physical closeness with a loved one is sometimes a wonderful pleasure in itself," says Westheimer. "Many men believe that a good lover is one who brings his wife to dramatic sexual satisfaction. But these moments, while wonderful when they do happen, aren't always necessary."

"Goal-oriented sex is like setting off on a cross-country trip and focusing on reaching the opposite coast without noticing all the wonders along the way," says Barbach. "The goal of sex is to be loving with each other. That's all."

Worry about physical attractiveness is another frequent cause of performance anxiety. "I've gained 12 kilos since we got married ten years ago," says Stephanie, 39, a mother of two. "It scares me to think Dan might find me unalluring. I undress only under cover of darkness."

How can a man reassure his wife? "Don't lie and say she's gorgeous if she's not," says Pamela Shrock. "But praise what you *do* find attractive—the softness of her skin, perhaps. Tell her that you love looking into her eyes, or whatever you appreciate most about her."

Playfulness can also help. "Many couples are far too serious about sex," says Dagmar O'Connor, director of the Sex Therapy Programme at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Centre in New York. "They forget to laugh, to have fun. Sex doesn't always have to be an expression of endless, abiding love and passion. It can also be mindless or naughty or funny."

4. *Warm attention after sex can be vital to a woman's satisfaction.* "I sometimes feel lonely after sex," says Connie, 44, married 21 years. "Paul falls asleep without even saying good-night."

Many women have complaints like Connie's.

husbands are loving and attentive after sex, find this a time of special joy.

A woman's need for tender moments tends to extend beyond the actual lovemaking. And if a husband can't avoid falling asleep, experts say, he might at least drift off while cuddling her.

It's also important to avoid saying the wrong things at this time. "A man shouldn't criticize in any way," says Barbach. "And the worst time to talk about sex is in bed."

"Wives, too, need to be careful about conversation after sex," says Steve, 39, married 16 years to Felice. "Once, when we'd just made passionate love, Felice asked, 'Did you remember to pay the gas bill?' We laugh about this now. But it is best if both partners, for a few minutes, shut out the rest of the world."

5. *Women need non-sexual touching and tenderness.* "Frank doesn't touch me except in foreplay and sex," says Sheila, 32. "Sometimes I'd like to kiss and touch just for fun. I don't understand why it's so hard for him to do this."

"What's so terrible about touching leading to sex?" Frank confides later. "Touching Sheila excites me. I would think she'd see that as a compliment."

This conflict is not unusual. "Women want romance, cuddling, handholding and kissing," says Atwater. "But many women report that their husbands never kiss them—in or out of bed!"

"A woman can help a man realize the joy of touching," says Shrock. "Practise touching with no sexual goal. Stroke your partner's face and hair. Hold hands. Massage backs. As men experience these sensations, they may begin to understand, and reciprocate more."

"Couples should also learn to show tenderness in other non-sexual ways," says Barbach. "Tell your spouse what makes you feel loved. You may be surprised. A man may see his wife's cooking as an expression of love. To a woman, just the words 'I love you' may suffice."

"Love doesn't make you a mind reader," says Shrock. "Love is trusting each other enough to ask openly and answer honestly."

This can take time, a scarce commodity today. But making

time for non-sexual as well as sexual pleasure is vital.

"Your marriage is the most important relationship in your life," says Barbach. "Intimate time must be a top priority. This doesn't always mean making love. It means showing each other, with words, with touch, with thoughtful gestures, that you care. Make dates for time alone. Planning for intimate times together not only makes these moments more likely to happen, but also lets you look forward to the pleasure you'll share together—whatever that pleasure may be."



Book Cases

A DISCOUNT store advertised a new plant-book department, so I made a point of browsing through it, looking for tips on the care and feeding of my living-room jungle. My day was made when I reached the bottom row, where a clerk—with either great literary ignorance or a great sense of humour—had stocked volume after volume of Alex Haley's *Roots*. —D.L.E.

THE MERRIEST news item I've read in a long time is that *Animal Farm*, George Orwell's satire on totalitarianism, got behind the Iron Curtain—included in the quota of farming books. —S.J.H.

Mistaken Identity

EVERY US Second Lady knows how Barbara Bush felt the night she and the then vice-president greeted guests at the Swedish Embassy in Washington. Three guests, in particular, stood out. "One looked surprised and said, 'Who are you?'" Mrs Bush relates. "Another person smiled with great recognition and said, 'Well, HELLO, Mrs Schultz.' But the person I like best of all took my hand, held it warmly and said, 'Welcome to our country!'" —Joan Gelman in *Women's Day*

What Was That Again?

Report in the *The Times of India*: "A tribal woman from a village near Nagpur chased a tiger last week for about 100 years to rescue her seven-year-old son from its clutches." —A. Maroondar, Bengaluru

News item in the *Sunday Mid-day* about air travel: "Economy class passengers never have a choice of meals or good cheer to go with their wives." —Bernice Petrina, Bombay

Simple Ways to Slimmer Thighs

By Jane Sands

BECCA COFFIN thought she knew how to trim her thighs. A registered nurse, she watched what she ate and walked regularly. Still, Coffin had only limited success. "I had the occasional chocolate bar or handful of wafers," she recalls, "but I thought I was cutting enough calories." Then a colleague gave her even more reason to slim down: her cholesterol was too high. So Coffin increased her walking, started working out with weights, and went after the fat in her diet.

"In three months," she says, "my cholesterol dropped from 227 to 178, my weight fell from 58 kilos to 50" — giving her the slimmer thighs she wanted. Two and a half years later, Coffin's cholesterol and weight are still down, her confidence, comfort and energy are up, and her thighs are still at their bathing-suit-best.

Thick thighs are one of the biggest challenges in weight control. If they run in your family, you're likely to have them. Also, lower-body fat — stored in the buttocks, hips and thighs — can be especially hard to lose, says exercise physiologist Douglas Ballor. Lower-body fat doesn't move in and out of fat cells as readily as fat in other parts of the body does.

Achieving slimmer thighs may not be easy, but the strategy is simple. Experts recommend a three-prong approach:

1. *Exercise properly.* Many people who are worried about their

thighs and buttocks think that if they work those areas hard, they'll solve the problem. "But that thinking only leads to a lot of injured men and women," says Dr Mary Pullig Schatz, who teaches therapeutic exercise. When you lose weight, you lose it all over your body. Still, you're better off choosing an exercise that works on the legs. Exercising large muscle groups, like those of the thighs and buttocks, burns more calories overall.

The best aerobic exercises that work thigh and buttock muscles are walking, cycling (on a stationary bike or outdoors) and stair climbing.

"Jogging or running is also good for overall fat burning, but may not be the best choice for people with heavy thighs," says sports medicine authority Dr Thomas Rizzo. "They may find running difficult or uncomfortable and may not want to stick with it."

One solution, Rizzo suggests, might be a walk-run programme; you primarily walk, but alternate with running short distances. "Then as you get stronger," he says, "you might try running for longer periods of time."

One popular aerobic exercise that may *not* do much for thighs is swimming. "This requires relatively little from your legs," Rizzo explains. "If you want to use a pool to get your legs in shape, try running in the shallow end, or in the deep end supported by a life vest. The water's natural resistance will work on your legs without subjecting them to the stressful pounding that road runners experience."

For thigh-thinning, how often should you work out? Twenty minutes of aerobic exercise three times a week is fine for cardiovascular fitness. But to burn more fat and help shape your thighs, some experts suggest working out 20 to 30 minutes at least three to five times a week. Or consider daily physical activities such as walking or gardening.

Stick to exercise of low-to-moderate intensity — up to 60 percent of maximum effort. Working out at this level will burn more fat. If you have trouble sustaining that pace, slow down. How hard you work isn't as important as how long. To lose fat, walking for an hour yields the same benefits as running for 20 minutes.

Before you begin exercising, check with your doctor. The

start at a level that's comfortable and doesn't leave you tired or sore the next day. At first, increase your workout time by only ten to 20 percent a week, suggests Dennis Humphrey, a specialist in exercise science. "The human body is remarkably adaptable, but it doesn't like to be surprised," he says. "When you surprise it, you're going to feel bad." People should recover from their exercise within an hour, he claims. Otherwise, they have done too much. To boost your chances of a pain-free workout, start with a brief warm-up; jog in place for a few minutes, then do stretching exercises.

Even timing is important. Walking after meals will also burn off calories — but after eating, your physical activity must be mild, so blood flow isn't shunted away from the digestive system to the muscles.

2. *Strengthen properly.* As essential as aerobic exercises are for general weight reduction, they must be complemented with other exercises that strengthen and shape the thigh area. Strengthening thighs improves the tone and firmness of the muscle, making the area more compact and giving it better shape.

Leg lifts are one of the best thigh-strengtheners. Get down on your hands and knees, and, keeping your back straight, extend one leg backward until it is parallel to the ground. Or, from the same starting point, bring the leg out laterally at a 90-degree angle while keeping it bent. Try three sets of ten repetitions on each leg. If this gets too easy, try more repetitions or add light ankle weights.

Leg lifts can also be done while lying on your side. Simply lift your leg straight up, away from the one that's closest to the floor, until the elevated leg is at a 45-degree angle to your body. As part of the same workout, lying in the same position, support your top leg at a 45-degree angle on a table or chair and then raise your bottom leg to meet it. This will target the inner muscle of your thigh, rather than the outer muscle worked during the previous exercise, and thus ensure balance and symmetry.

Once you've mastered leg lifts, try some "step squats." Take one long stride forward until your back knee is about 15 centimetres off the ground; then step back up. A good start is two sets of ten repetitions on each leg. As this routine gets

easier, you can do more repetitions or even try holding weights in your hands. As with any exercise, start slowly and devote equal time to each leg. One benefit of thigh-strengthening is that even if you don't reduce your thigh circumference, much of the old jiggle will be gone — and that alone can make a big difference in appearance.

3. *Eat properly.* Sharon Mathers poured most of her thigh-thinning efforts into exercise and simple calorie-counting. She was soon running 15 kilometres per day and consuming fewer calories; and, sure enough, she began losing weight — from her arms, her face, everywhere but her thighs.

"My diet seemed sensible," she says, "but running wasn't working. So I added mountain biking, which would exercise both the front and back of my leg muscles. Before long, I was pedalling about 20 kilometres per day, but I was still not getting the results I wanted." Although Mathers had achieved her desired weight, her thighs remained a problem.

Mathers realized she was focusing too much on exercise and not enough on diet: she was still eating too many fatty foods. While her calorie intake was down, the fat content in her diet was almost as high as ever. Once she corrected this, her thighs became trimmer — like the rest of her body.

"The real non-successes I've seen in thigh-reduction are usually built on megadoses of exercise," says health expert Bryant Stamford. "Sure, these people might have cut calorie intake sharply, but when that happens, the body just knuckles down and more closely guards those areas where fat typically collects. It's better to combine exercise with a low-fat diet that still includes plenty of calories, largely from carbohydrates."

"I eat as much now as I ever ate before," Becca Coffin says. "But I concentrate on grains, vegetables and fruits. And it's still working." At the same time, cut back on red meat and fatty snacks. "Exercise is important in trimming thighs," Stamford says. "But the ratio of results you'll see from diet and exercise compared with exercise alone is five to one. You can't run away from a bad diet."

BECAUSE a certain amount of fat accumulation is hereditary, even the best diet and exercise programme won't guarantee perfect

start at a level that's comfortable and doesn't leave you tired or sore the next day. At first, increase your workout time by only ten to 20 percent a week, suggests Dennis Humphrey, a specialist in exercise science. "The human body is remarkably adaptable, but it doesn't like to be surprised," he says. "When you surprise it, you're going to feel bad." People should recover from their exercise within an hour, he claims. Otherwise, they have done too much. To boost your chances of a pain-free workout, start with a brief warm-up; jog in place for a few minutes, then do stretching exercises.

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Because a certain amount of fat accumulation is hereditary, even the best diet and exercise programme won't guarantee perfect

results. The goal is simply to reach an optimum level and then maintain it. The process is simple — and the result will not only be trimmer thighs, but better overall health.



Write-Minded

ON A visit to Kona, Hawaii, we were driving along a beautiful highway overlooking the Pacific. To our dismay, we spotted spray-painted messages on the black-lava rock: "Stan Loves Debby," "J R & B T" and finally "Aloha."

Upon closer examination, however, we discovered that nothing was permanently defaced. Each message had been written by painstakingly placing tiny white pebbles and seashells in the cliffs. Not only did the stone graffiti express a celebration of life but they reflected the Hawaiian respect for nature as well.

— S.W.

My six restaurant tables were full. I had 30 people to serve at once, and ten of them were teenage boys, all of whom ordered banana splits and milk shakes. These are items which I have to make myself, but somehow I managed.

When the boys left, I went to clear their table. All the plates and glasses had been pushed to the sides, and down the length of the double table a huge message, "THANKS," had been spelt out in knives, forks and coins.

— J.L.W.

My Fair Lady

WHATEVER else goes on in one's life, there lurks always a secret, impossible love — for the film star who appeared in the first romantic dream one ever had. For me it was Katharine Hepburn all the way — from *Little Women* to *Pat and Mike* to *The African Queen* and anywhere else she chose to go. The Lana Turners and Hedy Lamarrs were for other boys; for me there was only Hepburn. She was one of a kind — indomitable, independent, intelligent, unconventional and yet so warm, funny and vulnerable — the kind of woman who never existed in real life during my boyhood.

Some time ago, on what seemed like a perfectly ordinary morning in New York City, I pulled up at a red light next to a taxi. I glanced into its back seat and found Katharine Hepburn looking out. I smiled at her, and in that smile were 30 years of a special and faithful love. She tossed a smile back to me — and held it — and for the 15 seconds it took for the light to change, I was sure that she had read every message I had written into my smile.

Things went very well the rest of the day.

— Dr R.E. Gould, quoted by Glenn Collins in *The New York Times*

Lesson of Lifetime

By Hans Christian von Baezler

I HAD just turned ten the summer I visited my Aunt Helga in the Alps. I boarded a train in Basel, my home in the north of Switzerland, and sat by a window watching the landscape roll by. Soon we were climbing among the mountains, where waterfalls fell from towering cliffs and goats filled the fields. Finally the train reached Disentis, the village where my aunt lived hemmed in by snowcapped peaks.

It was an adventure being in this strange place far from my family. But sometimes I felt lonely, and I would seek solace in the stream that churned in an icy froth near Aunt Helga's house.

One morning I collected some wood and hammered together a water wheel. The paddles were thin boards nailed to the sides of a post. At each end of the post, I had carved a circular groove so it could ride in the crotches of two Y-shaped branches.

I installed the wheel at the end of a sandy channel, where the water tumbled into a shallow pool. But the flow presented problems: either it was too swift, and the device was washed downstream, or too feeble, and the wheel wouldn't turn.

It was then I noticed the monk standing on a rock, watching intently. His presence startled me, but his black habit and shaved crown weren't a complete surprise. Monks were a part of village life. Just beyond the stream rose the abbey of Disentis.

the oldest Benedictine monastery in Switzerland.

I was a proud lad, and I wanted to show this stranger what a smart city kid could do. With freezing fingers, I continued to work—but again and again my construction collapsed. At last the monk scrambled down to the channel, squatted and reached into the current. With great patience he built a bulwark of sand and pebbles, then planted the water wheel in the stream.

Making Friends. Still, the machine balked. Frowning a bit, he searched a pocket in the folds of his habit and extracted a small knife with a shimmering blue handle. It seemed the most marvellous instrument I had ever seen.

Eyes twinkling, the monk unfolded the blade and widened and smoothed the grooves in the axle. Then he fitted the wheel into its cradle. Now, at last, the engine came alive, clicking merrily, dipping and splashing in the cascading stream, regular as a metronome.

After we climbed out of the stream, I shook the monk's hand, bowed my head in schoolboy fashion and thanked him for his help.

"My pleasure," he replied. "And what is your name?"

I told him and asked for his.

"Father Beatus," he answered.

We chatted about water wheels. Then he offered to show me his home, the abbey of Disentis. Now here was an adventure. For a Protestant boy, a Catholic monastery conjured up hooded figures, dark corridors and cold cubicles. Above all, I imagined silence — profound, leaden silence — a suffocating thought to a lively ten-year-old.

But this friendly man, who could whittle like a carpenter and build dams like an engineer, put me at ease. So I accepted the invitation.

I don't remember much of what I saw that morning more than 40 years ago. But we entered the abbey through a tall wooden door and crossed a cobbled courtyard. Off to the left was the church, an imposing structure with two towering steeples, and straight ahead lay the dormitory: large, solid, silent. We climbed a broad granite staircase, worn by generations of monks and scrubbed almost white. The hallways were illuminated on one side by ancient windows and lined on the

other by rows of doors that seemed to conceal deep secrets.

At last we came to the cell of Father Beatus. He opened the door, and what I saw was astonishing. Sunlight poured into a big room with a tiled stove. Bookshelves reached to the ceiling, and the narrow bed was covered by a quilt. A prayer niche with a crucifix and the smell of incense were the only reminders that we were in a monastery.

But there was something else — something so strange it rendered me speechless. Father Beatus owned not one but two pianos. "I love music," he explained, "but most of the time we have a rule of silence here. So, I got this special instrument."

He walked over to one of the keyboards. "This one is electric. I can turn the volume way down and practise as much as I want." With that he sat and played. The music was barely audible, and perhaps for that reason, it sounded like a far-off choir of angels.

At noon a bell called Father Beatus to monastic duties. He promised to look for me on his morning jaunts, and that summer we became fast friends. He told me he was a scholar and that languages were his subject. His speciality was Romansch, the fourth national language of Switzerland, after German, French and Italian. Often he laboured into the night, searching ancient texts for traces of the tongue. Its preservation was his life's work.

But his first love was music. The most wonderful thing he described was a project that combined his two interests: he had re-created a Latin Mass with chants in Romansch, and in two weeks it would be celebrated in the monastery chapel. Would I care to attend?

I said I would ask my aunt. She was thrilled, and so, dressed in our best clothes, we went.

The ceremony was remarkable for its pageantry. The bishop of the region had travelled to the abbey to celebrate the Mass, attended by priests and acolytes in colourful vestments. Gathered in striking tableaux near the altar, they intoned the old hymns that Father Beatus had salvaged. I followed along on a typed sheet he had given me with German translations of the songs.

LATER that summer, on our last walk in the mountains, I asked the monk about his name. He explained that, as an ordained priest, he was called Father, and that *beatus* is the Latin word for happy. What a perfect choice, I thought, for such a peaceful man.

As a parting gift he gave me the blue knife I had admired. I buried it in my trouser pocket and ran towards the creek where we first met. I never saw Father Beatus again.

Back home I treasured that knife. But nothing lasts forever, especially in a boy's pocket. Through carelessness I lost the last link to my special friend.

I didn't realize until years later that Father Beatus had given me a more important gift, a precious lesson that would last a lifetime. In his patience with a primitive water wheel, in his enlightened obedience to the monastic rules, he was simply making the most of everything that came his way. He neither fought the unpredictable currents of existence nor was defeated by them. His genius lay in adapting to prevailing conditions.

The electric piano was part and parcel of Father Beatus's resourcefulness. By accepting the strict conditions of the monastery, he had devised a way to adapt them to his ends. Just as a water wheel extracts order from chaos, Father Beatus drew music from a sea of silence.

Even his name was of a piece with this perspective. It reflected his deliberate choice to be happy. In all he said and did that summer so long ago, Father Beatus taught me that we are the architects of our own fortunes, and that our happiness depends, in the end, on ourselves.

Agribusiness

MY NEPHEW, a farmer, announced that he and his girl-friend were engaged. I asked if they had set the wedding date. His reply: "Some time between the wheat and the beans."

— Mrs P. Garland

FOR SOME TIME, our daughter and son-in-law considered buying some cattle for their small ranch. Their thoughts were diverted, however, towards my daughter's birthday present. After considerable shopping and looking, they settled on an expensive wristwatch. Our daughter was admiring the gift when our son-in-law said, "Be careful with it, dear. You realize you're wearing four cows!"

— J.R. Lopez

Make Hard Times Work for Your Marriage

By Carolyn Jabs

SEVERAL YEARS ago, a tornado demolished John and Elizabeth's home. He responded by drinking and withdrawing. She developed a phobia about storms and blamed John for not "being there" when she needed him. Within a year they were divorced.

About the same time, Robert and Amy watched their house burn to the ground and then spent five stressful months living in a motel room with their three children. Today their marriage is stronger than ever.

What made the difference?

Although people get married for better or worse, "worse" is what tests a relationship. Hard times can make a husband and wife closer than ever--or can rip a relationship apart. Unfortunately, in times of trouble, it's easy to undermine your marriage and jeopardize a crucial source of strength.

Avoid Finger Pointing. When something bad happens, most of us instinctively look for someone to hold responsible. And it's your spouse who is likely to be standing right in your line of vision. "When you marry," observes marriage counsellor Norman Paul, "you get a readily available scapegoat." But as psychiatrist Frank Pittman says, "There's no way to win against your spouse. You both win or you both lose."

Often couples find it helpful to think of the problem

something outside their relationship. Many experts agree that when one person suffers from a serious illness, the couple does better if both treat the disease as a third party they can gang up on. "Instead of saying 'my' cancer, they talk about 'the' cancer," says family therapist William Doherty. "Then they can feel united against a common enemy." Joining together for a mutual purpose is one of the best ways to keep a marriage intact during a crisis.

When one person does have a larger share of responsibility for a problem, both spouses need to acknowledge that burden. "In a crisis, a spouse doesn't need a cheerleader," says Pittman. "We feel closest not to the people who constantly tell us how wonderful we are, but to those who know how human we are and love us anyway." During rough times, that sense of being loved despite our mistakes is crucial.

Express Yourself. "When spouses don't tell each other how they feel, it's as if there's an elephant in the room that never gets talked about," says Doherty. Communication, however, cannot be coerced. Often a predicament pushes couples into an all-too-familiar rut: she thinks he doesn't have feelings because he won't talk about them; he thinks she's too emotional because she won't talk about anything else.

Before putting pressure on your spouse to talk about feelings—and instead of interpreting silence as indifference—remember that sometimes talking is simply too painful. In such cases, couples might seek out groups of people who have been through similar experiences. One man whose wife was raped withdrew angrily from her. After he joined a group of partners of rape victims, he began to understand that his response was a defence against his own sense of helplessness. Then he was able to share his feelings with his wife.

Body language is often more eloquent than talk. One woman whose husband was reluctant to discuss her miscarriage found that when he held her, she could feel the caring that he couldn't express in words.

Accept Differences. When husbands and wives are able to talk to each other, they are often shocked at how differently they see things. The same event may make one person angry, another depressed, another hurt or frightened.

Unfortunately, a response that's unlike your own may seem inappropriate to you. One woman who spent weeks in the hospital tending a seriously sick child felt distant from her husband. "He was going alone with 'business as usual' while I was a wreck thinking about how we might lose this child," she says. In such situations, it's necessary to talk about your perceptions and give each other the benefit of the doubt. The woman discovered that her husband felt he had to keep things normal precisely because she was so upset. What she perceived as indifference was actually his way of showing support.

Be Flexible. Awareness of a spouse's perspective may make it easier to handle the inevitable changes that an emergency forces on everyday life, such as the reshuffling of routine responsibilities. The hard part is thinking of these new tasks as a challenge rather than a burden.

One woman who had cancer became too weak to go out, so her husband took over all the shopping. Rather than being annoyed, he took satisfaction in performing a necessary service, and he gained a new appreciation for his wife's activities.

Flexibility also extends to emotions. It's all too easy for couples to become rigid in their emotional roles—he always complains; she's always stoic. Such "typecasting" can be crippling in a crisis. In one family, where the teenage son had been arrested, the parents were polarized: Dad was the disciplinarian, Mum the comforter. "Rather than collaborating as parents, they had evolved into opposite positions," says psychologist J. Scott Fraser. "Both resented it. The mother wasn't getting respect from the child, and the father wasn't getting affection."

Both partners need freedom to express a wide range of emotions, and may find themselves trading points of view. One day, he'll rail against the injustice of his company's closing while she is reassuring. The next, she may worry about paying the bills while he is comforting. The important thing is that over time, each is the consoler and the consoled.

Be Kind to Each Other. Finally, spouses who endure tough times say how much they love each other—often. "This is the worst time to assume the other person knows how you feel," says therapist Charles Figley, who finds that partners in healthy marriages actually express their positive feelings *more often*.

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when circumstances are difficult.

While emphasizing their positive feelings about each other, these spouses also downplay their negative ones. "Couples have to realize that the problem is not 'us' but the situation," says Doherty. Although a quarrel may bring temporary distraction from the real predicament, it also wears down goodwill.

Obviously, you shouldn't wait for a crisis to work on these skills. In good times, forgiveness, openness, acceptance, flexibility and kindness will enrich your relationship. In bad times, they will keep your marriage strong—just when you need it most.



Classified Classics

WANTED-TO-BUY. — "Hearing Aid. Dial 555-4601. Let it ring long and strong. Then shout."

AVAILABLE: "PUPPIES Mother St Bernard — Father very remarkable cocker spaniel."

IN A shopping guide: "Wanted — one grandma in exchange for room and board. Must be experienced in hugging."

"FOUND: Full set of dentures. Owner may claim by explaining how they got in my strawberry patch."

NOTICE: "The Absent-Minded Association will have its monthly meeting at

PERSONAL AD in *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "The Moores wish to announce that they have paid off their mortgage. While not ungrateful for the financial assistance rendered by their erstwhile mortgagees, nor for the service and advice of the mortgagees' financial agents, they do, nevertheless, wish to inform the senior officers of the two companies that they may now jump into the coldest, deepest and muddiest parts of lakes Winnipeg and Ontario respectively."

Feline Fetish

DEZSO SZOMORY, a brilliant but eccentric and misanthropic Hungarian writer of an earlier generation, had little time for human beings, but loved and respected his cats. When he returned home one night, he found one of them sitting on a sheet of paper he had placed on his desk preparatory to writing. So, I am told, he wrote around it.

— George Mikes, *How to be Decadent*

Kids Who Beat the Odds

By Claire Safran

IT WAS a parent's worst nightmare. From a window across the road, a gunman watched as the shouting, happy children poured out of a school in Los Angeles. Suddenly, he began shooting.

The sniper fired round after round at the children. Some youngsters ran screaming across the schoolyard, trying to escape the rifle fire. Others hid behind playground trees or garbage cans, or dropped to the ground. Finally, the sniper turned the gun on himself, and the shooting stopped. One young child and a passer-by lay mortally wounded. Eleven other children were injured.

The rest of the children were unhurt, but none escaped the terror of that day in February 1984. More than a year later, youngsters who had crouched close to the dying child were haunted by bad dreams, unable to study or play normally. Many others remained nervous and frightened.

Some children, however, recovered much faster. Dr Robert Pynoos, a psychiatrist at the University of California at Los Angeles, studied 159 of them and found that a few seemed to have an inner strength that sustained them through their terrifying ordeal.

To learn more about such resilient children, researchers have been examining boys and girls to whom the very worst has

happened: the survivors of poverty, war or abuse; kids with parents too ill, too drunk or too disturbed to care for them. But instead of looking at sick or troubled children and asking "What went wrong?" they are studying healthy kids who have beaten the odds and asking "What went right?"

The answers are important to all children—and their parents. While some children seem to be born resilient, others can become that way. "Luck plays a part," explains Dr Lyman Wynne, psychiatrist at the University of Rochester Medical Centre, "but there are things parents can do to make luck more likely." For example:

Begin with love. When Emmy Werner, a University of California psychologist, began studying 700 poor and middle-class children in Hawaii, she found many kids who had the odds stacked against them. One was baby Michael, a premature infant born into poverty, with a 16-year-old disinterested mother and an absent soldier-father. But Michael's paternal grandmother and other family members gave him the loving care and attention that a little child needs.

When Michael was eight years old, his mother abandoned him, but the boy drew strength and confidence from the strong bond he had with his grandmother. This protective shield helped Michael to grow up self-assured, winning a college scholarship and becoming a successful business professional and a happily married father of two.

Michael belonged to the resilient minority. Three out of four high-risk children in Werner's study developed serious learning and behaviour problems. The infants who, among other difficulties, did not get enough love and attention are now the adults who are still floundering, some with broken marriages, some in trouble with the law.

Accentuate the positive. Often, the difference between an emotionally strong child and a weak one is how well parental expectations match the child's capabilities. A mismatch can leave a child naked to misfortune.

Psychiatrists Stella Chess and Alexander Thomas studied a group of middle-class children from birth to maturity. One child, Tim, could not do what his father wanted—stick to a task for hours on end. "You have no character," the father raged,

"no will-power." Finally, the boy decided his father was right—he had no character, nothing. So he simply gave up, dropping out of school and drifting as an adult.

Another family came close to the same disaster. Their daughter was born with a difficult temperament, intense and explosive. The parents labelled her a "rotten kid," and she played the part by developing behaviour problems at school. Then, at the age of eight, she showed signs of musical and dramatic talent. As teachers praised her, the girl's parents decided her explosiveness was nothing more than an "artistic temperament." Once they began to focus on her strengths, the girl flourished.

Encourage a hobby. When eight-year-old David comes home from school, he often goes to the attic to play. The rafters are hung with model planes, and David can tell his friends about the special features and history of each aircraft.

It's "only a hobby," but for children like David it's a survival secret. In the midst of family turmoil—a mother with mental illness and a depressed father who have recently divorced—David has a refuge. He knows he has at least one thing he can rely on: his hobby.

In study after study, researchers find that resilient children all had a special interest or activity.

Nurture friendships. Even in a healthy family with loving parents, a child can draw added strength from a favourite aunt, a teacher or coach. Some children find it hard to reach out to others—and that's where parents can help.

"Children learn from the things their parents do," says Dr Alvin Rosenfeld, director of psychiatric services for the Jewish Child Care Association. "If we bring other adults into the family circle, if we reach out into the community, we teach the child that the world can be a friendly place. If we are open to the world and show good judgement, that helps children find the people who will help enrich their lives."

Share responsibility. Clinical psychologist J. Kirk Felsman of the Dartmouth Medical School analysed a study of 456 Boston boys. In the study, a youngster named Bill was asked why, unlike many other boys in his neighbourhood, he did not steal.

"I don't have to steal," Bill said quietly. "I can earn what I need." At the age of nine, working after school at jobs such as

delivering newspapers and shining shoes, he kept a little for spending money and gave the rest to his mother.

Bill's after-school jobs gave him something money can't buy: a sense of his own power to deal with his life—and a feeling of responsibility. In a dark and crowded building, with the children sleeping four in a bed, Bill and his family shared "a sense of being a family unit," says Felsman, "a strong 'we' feeling."

Children learn co-operation and confidence from chores or a part-time job. In the process, they have to manage their time, solve real-life problems and be more independent. Surveys show that children who have chores at home do better in school.

"A lot of children have so much done for them," says Felsman, "that they miss out on the opportunity to become competent. A child needs to feel he's an important member of the family, with something real to contribute. Then he needs rewards and praise, but only for a job well done."

Instil stick-to-itiveness. As part of a developmental test given in Emmy Werner's study, little children were asked to build towers of wooden blocks. When the tower fell, a few children rebuilt it. When one thing didn't work, they tried a different way. Years later, looking back at those early tests, Werner could see that the persistent children had become the successful adults.

"Like most things, parents teach persistence by example," she says.

Inoculate against stress. To protect children against mumps or measles, we give them little doses of the toxin to build up their immunity. "In a similar way, we may be able to teach children how to deal with stress," suggests Ann Masten, a University of Minnesota psychologist. "A series of small challenges may protect children against the larger crises of life."

Success is the key. "Provide just enough challenge so a child can grow but also can succeed at it and gain confidence," Masten recommends. Good teachers plan their lessons so a child can master one thing before going on to a more difficult challenge. This is also what wise parents do at home, watching, waiting, giving a child the freedom and responsibility he's ready for.

For an older child, the prospect of going off to college can be stressful. A daughter who's never been away from home for periods of time may need small doses of being on her own. A few weeks at summer camp, a long bike trip or a visit to friends or relatives in another state can help. Each separation becomes the confidence injection she needs for the next challenge.

Provide information. At the age of two, like many other small children, Joey was afraid of the roar of the vacuum cleaner. When his mother opened the tank and let him look inside, he could see there were no monsters hiding there. Together, they pasted a "smile" face on the tank. The scary machine was now the child's friend.

At any age, information can be a tool against the terror of the unknown. "A child needs to be prepared for a crisis, like going to a hospital to have his tonsils out," explains Dr Rosenfeld. "If you tell the child the truth about what's going to happen, tell him you'll be there and then give him a chance to ask questions, he will have a better sense of control."

Judith Wallerstein is the principal investigator of the California Children of Divorce Project, a study that has followed 131 children from 60 divorcing families for more than ten years. This landmark study showed that children did much better in the immediate aftermath of marital disruption when they knew exactly what to expect—that both parents would continue to love them, and also where everyone would live, where the toys would be and where the children would go to school.

Impart hope. Why does one slum child take to crime, while another goes to college? Why do some battered children grow up to be batterers themselves, while others become model parents?

In a survey of the many ways in which children successfully deal with disaster, paediatrics specialists Patricia and David Mrazek of the National Jewish Centre for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine found one overriding trait: "a basic life view of optimism and hope." For the most part, they say, a youngster acquires this outlook from parents and the family environment they create. So if you are a hoper and planner, chances are your child will be too.

Control Your Crisis

By Reynolds Dodson

IT CAME from out of the blue. Aloha Airlines Flight 243 had just left Hilo, Hawaii, for Honolulu and was levelling out at 24,000 feet (7300 metres) when, with a loud bang, the cockpit door blew off. Captain Bob Schornstheimer, an ex-US Air Force pilot and 11-year Aloha veteran, turned around to see rows of wind-tossed, bloodied passengers and blue sky where the first-class cabin's ceiling had been. The ageing B737, a victim of metal fatigue, had just lost almost a third of its roof.

There was no known way for the pilots to handle such a bizarre event. Their left engine was dead, and several warning lights glowed ominously. But Schornstheimer and co-pilot Mimi Tompkins stayed cool. They donned their oxygen masks, and the captain turned the plane towards the island of Maui, the nearest landing site.

With 90 passengers clinging to their seats, the plane descended, its weakened tail section wagging up and down like the flukes of a whale. After the wheels touched down, Schornstheimer applied the brakes. Then he joined Tompkins in shutting down the engines and dousing them with a flame-retardant. Within minutes, all passengers were evacuated.

As a writer who has covered the airline industry for years, I've often been struck by the coolness and aplomb displayed by pilots in emergencies. But after talking with experts in other

high-pressure fields — from firefighting to corporate crisis management — I've learned that there are certain techniques anyone can use in times of trouble. Here are seven ways, if not to triumph over adversity, at least to push the odds greatly in your favour.

1. *Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.* According to fire officer Fred Crocker, "People who have prepared for a fire are much more likely to survive than those who haven't." He remembers an incident in which a house was suddenly engulfed in flames. "Normally, when we arrive we find chaos," he says. "No one knows where anyone is, and parents fear their children are trapped inside. In this case, however, every member of the household was standing calmly on the sidewalk."

The father explained to Crocker that one of his children had heard a safety lecture at school and suggested the family draw up a fire-evacuation plan. "We did that one night instead of watching television," said the father. A few months later it saved their lives.

Planning for a crisis can be as simple as updating an insurance policy or imagining what you would do if the car ahead of you suddenly stopped. Just considering worst-case scenarios puts you mentally on your toes — and that's three-quarters of the battle in mastering a crisis.

2. *Look first, then act.* We have all heard the saying "Don't just stand there — do something!" But experts contend that in a crisis the better advice may be "Don't just do something — stand there!"

This lesson was brought home to Paul Epperlein and other volunteers at an emergency medical training centre. On a training exercise, Epperlein's team was confronted with a staged "accident" in which a car lay crushed under a tanker truck. "We did everything perfectly," recalls Epperlein. "We pried open the car, stabilized the victims' bodies with vests and neck braces, and placed them on stretchers. Then our supervisor said, 'Nice job, men—and you're all dead.'"

He took the trainees around to the far side of the tanker, where a broken power line lay across the vehicle's fender. "That wire could have carried 10,000 volts of electricity," the supervisor told them. "No disaster is so dire that you don't have time

to look and think before taking action."

People in law enforcement call acting without thinking a "reflexive response." Says police officer Peter Ruane, "In our training rooms recruits are confronted with doors that swing open and windows that fly up. Behind some are cutouts of criminals with guns; behind others are pictures of innocent civilians. On the beat, shooting too quickly can spell the end of a policeman's career."

3. *When you do act, act forcefully.* "Too often, people respond to crises by exerting the least amount of effort deemed necessary to do the job," says Rob Flaherty, senior vice president of a public relations firm that counsels companies on crisis management. "They do that in the hope the problem will go away — which, of course, it rarely does."

Acting forcefully does not contradict the principle of hesitating before acting. Confronting a crisis, say the experts, is a little like entering traffic on a fast-moving highway. You have to stop and look, but once you've decided to move, push that accelerator.

4. *Seek help.* Just as police are trained to call for help during emergencies, so the rest of us should guard against acting entirely on our own if help is available.

When fire was reported in an office building in Fred Crocker's area, firefighters were startled to see how far the blaze had progressed by the time they arrived. Construction workers on the scene had tried to put the fire out themselves. "By the time they called the fire department," says Crocker, "smoke was up to the third floor. It was surprising nobody died." Crocker points out that the proper sequence is to call for help first, and then try to handle the problem.

"Even when the crisis is psychological or emotional," says Nancy Napier, a marriage and family therapist, "recovery can't begin until the person asks for help. Look at Alcoholics Anonymous. It's completely dependent upon people helping other people who have been through similar circumstances. Those who act alone are in for a very rough time."

5. *Don't get diverted by details.* Emergency medicine specialist Dr Neal Flomenbaum says that in emergency departments, team leaders learn not to get overly involved with individual

medical procedures that might prevent them from supervising others. "It's important that someone stand back and keep the whole situation in view," he says. "Otherwise the patient's life can slip away unnoticed."

Aloha pilot Schornstheimer told me that of all the things he and Tompkins did to bring that plane down the most crucial was not losing sight of the "big picture." "We had so many things going wrong," he said, "rapid depressurization, engine failure, conflicting hydraulic and flight-control indications, landing-gear worries. But we knew that our top priority was landing. In accomplishing our many emergency procedures, we did not allow ourselves to get preoccupied with any one of them."

6. *No matter how bad things get, be truthful.* When a crisis is of our own-making, the temptation may be to lie or cover up. But "that's not only unethical, it's bad arithmetic," says Corinne Shane of Shane Associates, another firm that advises corporations in crisis. "When something goes wrong, you've got one problem. When you try to cover it up, you've got two." Moreover, if people unearth the truth, the lie will probably haunt you far more than your original error.

"Answering painful questions truthfully may cost you your job, a court case, or even a friendship. But you have to set priorities. Losing a job or a court case is equivalent to losing a painful battle. The *war* is your career, your reputation, your long-term happiness."

7. *Look for the silver lining.* Gerald Meyers, former chairman of American Motors and now a professor, points out that many crises are nothing but the acute need to face a long-simmering problem.

"In business, almost every bankruptcy and product failure has been preceded by a 'precrisis' in which executives ignored early warnings," says Meyers. "Crises force the change that the executives should have made in the first place."

What is true in business is often true in our personal lives — whether the event is divorce, confrontation with a loved one, the loss of a job, or a disabling injury.

Only after a serious automobile accident ended his hopes of becoming a soccer player did singer Julio Iglesias find his true calling. While lying injured in a Madrid hospital, he learned to

play the guitar and sing. Five years later he won an international singing contest and went on to sell more record albums than any other vocalist on earth. He attributes his success to lessons he learned while facing his crisis.

"As hard as it may be at the time you're going through it, try to keep in mind that a crisis presents an opportunity," says Dr Seymour Rosenblatt, a professor of psychiatry. "If you lose, you will at least be a wise person for having suffered the ordeal. If you win, it could be the greatest triumph of your life."



Mother Knows Best

A classic story about the Marx brothers concerns the Greenbaum banking firm, which held the mortgage on the Marx house. The payments always worried their mother. In the early days of their act, she'd stand in the wings and when the nutty brothers strayed from the script (it was inevitable), she'd shout: "Greenbaum!" The word snapped everyone back to reality.

— Irv Kupcinet, *Kup's Chicago*

Modern Maxims

It's no longer just the principle of the thing. It's the interest.

— Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate

But... are they who hunger and thirst, for they are sticking to their diets.

— Troy Gordon in *Tulsa World*

The greater distance between two points depends on who is giving directions.

— M.B.

A FATHER was heard describing his teenager as "surly to bed and surly to rise."

— R.G.W.

US actor Vincent Price has made much money acting in horror films. "The end," he says, "justifies the meanness."

— Adam Di Petto in *New York Sunday News Magazine*

Spoilsport

ICE-CREAM vendor to reluctant customer in cinema-hall showing suspense thriller: "You'd better buy one, otherwise I'll tell you who the killer is."

— P. Vijay Kumar, Calcutta

Questions Couples Now Ask About Sex and Marriage

By Joyce Brothers

MANY OF the questions couples ask me have changed in recent years. A decade ago, the first reaction when a marriage hit rough times was, "I want a divorce!" But today the men and women I talk to are more likely to want permanent relationships. They are also more prone to seek professional help when problems arise. Here are some of the most frequent new questions I hear:

1. *My wife and I both work and take care of the kids. How do we find time for sex?*

The usual response to this question is: hire a baby-sitter and run off to a hotel for a week-end. And there's nothing wrong with taking a mini-vacation from the children and household duties every now and then. But I find that couples who don't have the time and energy to enjoy marital relations when they're in bed together are hardly likely to go away for a week-end of lovemaking.

Sex is usually energizing, not exhausting. So, as I hear couples recite the busy schedules that keep them out of reach other's arms, a line from an old song comes to mind: "I'm in the mood for love, simply because you're near me."

Too many busy couples are *never* near each other. She cooks

Joyce Brothers holds a PhD in psychology from Columbia University. Her latest book is *The Successful Woman*.

- Never hit each other.
- Don't walk out in the middle of a fight.
- Don't suggest ending the relationship.

The successful marriage is not one in which there are no fights, but one in which fights are turned into opportunities for greater honesty and understanding.

3. *In think my wife fakes orgasms. Why?*

One myth is that women fake orgasms because they don't want their husbands to know they don't enjoy sex. Actually, women sometimes do this for the same reason men occasionally have difficulty in bed. Our culture puts pressure on both to perform sexually on demand, like trained seals. So they perform, and part of the performance for women may be a faked climax if they are too tired or distracted—or if, as frequently happens, they are not receiving sufficiently direct tactile stimulation.

If a man thinks his wife is faking orgasm, he should sit down with her one night and give her a slow, sensual massage, with no pressure for sex. He should let the sexual invitation come from her, then ask her to show him, by guiding his movements, how best to please.

4. *Why is my spouse jealous? Is there a cure?*

After their wedding, Sarah, who fell in love with Scott for his intelligence and self-confidence, grew very dependent on him. At first, this made Scott feel protective and manly, but finally he felt smothered. By the time they came to me, Sarah was upset because Scott was no longer her dependable protector, and Scott was trying to break away from her.

Sarah's jealousy of Scott's attention came from her feeling of inadequacy. The way to raise self-esteem, I told her, is to become more independent. She was afraid to assert her independence at first. Then I got her to try it just once. She went to an afternoon movie, and wasn't home when Scott called to say he'd be late for dinner. He was shocked—Sarah's dependency had annoyed him, but it had also been reassuring. When Sarah returned, she simply said "I had something to eat on the way home."

Gradually, Sarah began to live a life of her own and build up her self-esteem. Today, she has no need to be jealous of his

attention. And Scott has found he doesn't really need her dependency to affirm his manhood.

5. *My spouse had an affair and now wants me to forgive and forget. How can I?*

By the time Thea discovered that her husband, Tom, was having an affair, it had been going on for almost a year. Like many victims of infidelity, she felt not only betrayed but humiliated.

The first thing I said to Thea applies to anyone whose mate is cheating: "The affair isn't your fault. You aren't having it. The affair belongs to your partner. You can't turn off his feelings towards someone else. But what you can and must do is decide what result you want from this crisis."

I recommended thoughtful evaluation of the marriage. If you feel the marriage is worth saving, fight for it.

Thea decided to try to salvage her marriage—and succeeded. One woman I counselled, Emily, concluded her husband could never be faithful and left him. She had financial hardships (most divorced women do), but eventually became a prosperous real-estate broker.

If a marriage is to be saved, both partners have to work at restoring trust and communication. To do this, psychologists K. Daniel O'Leary and Hillary Turkewitz, recommend these rules:

- Ask for positive changes in behaviour instead of attacking negative behaviour. Be specific.
- Respond directly to criticism instead of making counter-charges.
- Confine conversation to the present and future. Don't speculate on motives or analyse character.
- Listen!

When you are trying hard to forgive and forget, remember that many a couple celebrating a 50th wedding anniversary has survived an affair. Take heart.

6. *After 15 years, our marriage is dull. How can we get the spark back?*

That question used to be asked after six to ten years of marriage. Today couples are postponing childbearing, so they are often still contending with young children—a great stress on any marriage—by their 15th anniversary.

I like what researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson have to say about successful relationships: love and physical desire wax and wane throughout a lifetime. "This can be accepted, even enjoyed, if partners can communicate."

But if a dull marriage is getting to be a habit, heed psychiatrist R. William Betcher, who says most people underestimate "the role of play in marriage."

Remember when you first fell in love? You played silly games and called each other pet names. Your love was full of fun and laughter. Then, about the time you became parents, you began taking yourselves very seriously. I've advised many suffering couples to try playing again. It brings partners closer and allows them to express their desires, and even criticize, in ways that don't hurt each other.

Sometimes it's not easy to start playing again when you're out of practice. But it's well worth the effort.



Patience Please

NOTE TO a small girl who had addressed a question to Einstein through her mother: "There has been an earth for a little more than a thousand million years. As for the question of the end of it I advise, wait and see!"

— Albert Einstein, *The Human Side*, edited by Helen Dukas and Benesh Hoffmann

Fame Game

ACTOR Kirk Douglas in his autobiography, *The Ragman's Son*, writes: "I dash across Hollywood's Wilshire Boulevard and wave back to some construction workers. I answer the call of a passing taxi driver — 'Hi, Spartacus!' I think. I hear a timid voice say, 'Mr Douglas,' so I stop and turn around and see a very pretty young girl. I can spare a minute of my time for her, a fan hoping for my autograph. She looks up at me adoringly and says in a velvet voice, 'Wow! Michael Douglas's father!'"

— Published by Simon & Schuster

SAYS COMEDIAN George Burns: "I was at the television studio en route to do 'The Tonight Show' when a woman stopped me. 'Aren't you George Burns?' she asked.

" 'That's right,' " I said.

" 'I can't believe it. This is the first time I've seen you alive!'"

— Dr. Burns' Prescription for Happiness

I tell her? she wondered.

She decided to tell Craig first. "We'll just have to take care of it," Craig said, as if "it" were a flat tyre. "I'll get you a doctor's appointment, and the problem will be over."

"But, Craig," Kate pleaded, "it's a *baby*."

"Look, I've got a good job and a good reputation," Craig said. "I'm not going to throw it all away just because you got pregnant."

A week later, Craig called and told her to meet him in a car park and bring everything he had ever given her. He arrived late, grabbed the bag of his belongings, thrust a wad of money into her hands, and walked off. Shattered, Kate sat crying in her car, wondering what to do.

THOUGH Barbara was just 26 and Jim was 33, they weren't like most couples their age. Instead of trendy discos, Jim often took Barbara to a cozy, old-fashioned restaurant. Barbara liked Jim for being so, well, sentimental. They made wedding plans and plotted their future together.

"Six kids, no more, no less," Jim teased.

"A prima ballerina!" Barbara insisted.

After their honeymoon they bought a four-bedroom house in the suburbs. "This is where our little ballerina will sleep," Barbara said of the little room with the window seat. Jim smiled.

For six months Barbara tried unsuccessfully to get pregnant. Her sister-in-law, a nurse in an infertility clinic, suggested routine tests to "give you both some peace of mind." At the clinic, Barbara learned about Day 14, the day of the monthly cycle when conception is most likely to take place. Barbara and Jim were filled with hope.

"If it's a boy, we'll name him William," Jim said, "and if it's your beloved little girl. . ."

"Oh, hush," said Barbara, laughing. "We've got plenty of time for that." *Think positive*, she told herself, and for the first year she did.

In their second year, Barbara took powerful hormone pills and injections. She had major surgery. She was examined by numerous doctors, and each doctor had a different theory.

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After two years Barbara was still not pregnant. "I'm starting to feel we're laboratory specimens," Jim complained one day.

That evening Barbara sat in bed and prayed, "Please God, if I could just have a boy and a girl. Then our family would be complete." But four years passed with Barbara's prayer unanswered. By now she was crying herself to sleep.

KATE LEFT College and went to California, where she moved in with a girlfriend. More and more she felt ambivalent about what to do. "There's no way I can have this baby," Kate would tell herself, and five seconds later she'd be patting her still-flat stomach tenderly. "Even if I wanted an abortion, I couldn't afford it," she told her friend.

"Are you kidding?" replied the friend. "You can get it for two dollars."

Kate was astonished. A hamburger and potato chips cost more than that! She went to a welfare office. A clerk told her that a clinic would charge her a dollar for a sonogram and a dollar for an abortion.

Kate went for a sonogram, which would reveal the size of the foetus and help determine the abortion method to be used. Kate looked at the image on the screen, but couldn't make out much.

Then she overheard the doctor tell his assistant, "This one would have been female."

The words jolted Kate. She pulled on her clothes and dashed out. In the doctor's office, a nurse handed her an appointment card setting the termination date of her pregnancy.

Trembling, she boarded a bus. When it passed a cathedral nestled in a grove of orange trees, she jumped out and ran in. "Please, God, tell me what to do," she prayed. "I can't handle this alone. I'm putting it in your hands." After a few minutes of solitude, Kate crumpled the appointment card and left it in a pew. Walking out of the cathedral, she felt herself at peace. She had made her decision.

That night Kate wrote a letter: "Dear Mum, I need to tell you something: I am pregnant. I had a fleeting thought of abortion, but I just can't do that. I know you are disappointed in me, and it hurts me so much to hurt you. But here I am, four months pregnant, alone and scared. All I want right now is a big hug

from you. Mum, please help me."

A few days later, she received a phone call from her father, who said little, except that an airline ticket would be arriving in the mail. Within a week, she was headed home. Her brother met her at the airport and when she walked in, her mother and father were watching television. Their talk with Kate was awkward, sparse and strained. They said they would "support her decision" but could not provide for the baby financially.

One day, at the grocery, Kate wandered over to the baby-goods aisle. Baby formula was over three dollars for a big can, a bag of diapers about \$12. *How am I going to pay for her?* she thought.

At night she sat in her room, hugging her teddy bear and thinking about the childhood. She remembered how her dad would fuss over her, and how her busy mum would always have time to kiss a scraped elbow or help with a maths problem. *It's bad enough my little girl won't have a father,* Kate thought. *She won't have much of a mother, either, with me working all day and going to college at night. And even with that, we'll have to live on welfare.*

The next morning, as her mother was leaving for work, Kate finally said the words she had only dared to think before: "Mum, what if I put my baby up for adoption?"

Her mother's shoulders dropped. For minutes, she stared at the floor. When her reply finally came, it was fast and hard to say: "Whatever you decide, honey, I'm with you." Her voice caught. "I love you, Kate." She looked away and hurried out of the door.

FOR MORE than two years, Jim would often catch Barbara staring longingly at babies in shopping centres. When they got home, their house seemed too big for a childless couple.

One day, Barbara was sitting idly at the kitchen table, fiddling with a silk-flower arrangement, when she was hit by a strange and powerful realization that there would be a child. "Suddenly I knew that God had children he wanted us to raise, but they wouldn't come from my womb." It was a turning point in her life. "I knew we had a specific mission," she said later. "It gave me an extraordinary peace."

She and Jim began searching for the right adoption agency. They wanted a non-identified (confidential) adoption, in which the birth mother and the adoptive parents do not meet. They also wanted a place where the birth mother would receive good care, during and after the pregnancy. The Gladney Centre in Texas seemed right. When their application was accepted, they were told the wait could be as long as two years. But Barbara didn't worry. "I felt that something larger than Jim or me or even the Gladney Centre was operating in our lives. I wasn't about to rush God."

KATE, too, wanted a non-identified adoption. She called dozens of agencies, and learned that the reputable ones would find a family even for a baby with a medical problem. She also learned she would have the option of keeping her baby if she changed her mind. When she called the Gladney Centre, they responded with so much warmth and concern for what she was going through that she knew her search was over. Two weeks later Kate's parents drove her to the centre.

Kate felt happy and safe at the modern, college-like dormitory. She saw her caseworker daily, attended childbirth classes, read books, and even took a correspondence course. One night while lying in bed, she felt an ever-so-light movement in her belly *she was there*. Her darling little girl was alive and well. Kate had never felt happier in her life.

For two years, Barbara and Jim waited and prayed. Then they got a call from Gladney. "Good news! Nine days ago a little blue-eyed, blond-haired boy was born. . . ."

Tears streamed down Barbara's cheeks. "William is here," she whispered to Jim. "He's coming home."

If ever a child was worth the wait, it was William, a bright, happy and affectionate child. He and Barbara were inseparable.

Though they had intended to adopt two children, Barbara wondered, was it fair to take another when so many other lonely couples struggled with infertility? *Do I deserve two miracles?*

It was William, now 2½, who supplied the answer. "Mum," he said one day while playing among the mountains of toys in

their family room, "don't you think this house is too quiet?"

KATE WOULD not meet the adoptive parents, but she could designate the kind of people she wanted them to be. She jotted down her thoughts in a notebook: "Must have an older brother or sister. College-educated parents. Live near a big city. Love God. Father very important."

One morning Kate felt the first stages of labour. She called her mother to tell her the news. "Be strong, and I'll call you back at ten o'clock tonight," her mother said. Kate wished her family didn't live so far away. At nine o'clock, Kate started looking at her watch in anticipation of her mother's call. Then it was ten, then 11. Not a word.

The pains intensified. By midnight, Kate was crying. Suddenly the door burst open. Kate could not believe her eyes. Her mother and father had travelled for hours to be with her.

The next evening she delivered a healthy 2.5-kilo baby. "the most beautiful little girl I have ever seen."

BARBARA ANSWERED the phone. "Would two car seats fit in the back seat of your car?" asked the Gladney caseworker. "Your little girl is going to need one."

William looked up at his mother's wondrous expression. "Barbara, are you there?" the caller asked.

In a daze, Barbara thanked the woman and hung up. She and William drove to Jim's office, where she collapsed into his arms and wept. Her dream had come true; their family was going to be complete.

KATE HAD signed the relinquishment papers before her nursery visit. "I wanted to make my final decision about adoption with my head, not my heart," Kate said. Now she sat on a couch in a small room off the nursery, waiting to have her first and last visit with her little girl.

The door opened, and her caseworker stood before her holding a baby wrapped in a white blanket. The caseworker lowered the warm bundle into Kate's arms, and Kate looked into the tiny, precious face.

When she was left alone, Kate opened the blanket. She

counted fingers and toes, looked at each leg and arm, studied the baby's miniature ears. She was perfect. Then Kate took her baby into the bathroom and held her up to the mirror, their cheeks touching. *She looks exactly like me*, Kate thought. For a moment, Kate wanted to climb out of the window and take her baby with her, to some place where no one could find them. But her feet did not move, and she looked again, for many long minutes, at the two faces in the mirror. "I love you, my baby," she began — but it was too hard to say more. She called for the caseworker.

As Kate's mother drove her home that night, Kate gazed at the canopy of stars, wondering who was holding her little girl. *Please, she prayed, let them be happy.*

THE DAY after their caseworker's call, Barbara, Jim and William sat in the placement room at the Gladney Centre. A door swung open. Barbara and Jim leaped to their feet and ran to the white bundle in the caseworker's arms. Their daughter was crying. Barbara thought *I have never heard a more beautiful sound.*

AFTER A long drive home, Jim turned onto their street — and stopped in amazement. Neighbours, friends and family filled the street. A wooden stork in their front yard carried the message "It's a girl!" There were pink streamers and balloons all over the house, and the air was filled with cheers. By glistening, Barbara and Jim presented Elizabeth to her new world.

Early the next morning, Barbara awoke to the sound of baby's cry. She lifted Elizabeth from her bassinet and carried her downstairs to get a bottle. This wasn't a dream or a fantasy; it was real life. Upstairs her son was sleeping peacefully. And here, in her arms, was her darling new daughter.

As Barbara held Elizabeth close, rocking her in the little rocker with the window seat, she thought of the woman who was holding this baby, and she was overcome with gratitude and tears. "Thank you," she whispered in the early-morning light. "Thank you."

KATE IS now a department manager in a clothing and accessory store.

store. She is also attending college full-time, working towards her degree in elementary education.



Quick Quips

MY HUSBAND and I were shopping at a mall when I noticed a sale in one of my favourite dress shops. As I moved quickly to the sale area, with my husband trailing behind, I heard a saleswoman ask him if she could help. Without breaking his stride, he replied, "No. I'm just following my cheque-book."

— Jenny Cooper

TWO FRIENDS were having lunch at a cafe in New York's Grand Central Terminal. They noticed a man sitting alone at an adjoining table. When the waitress approached him, they overheard her ask, "Are you waiting to be joined by a tall, thin woman with long, blonde hair?"

He answered, "In the larger scheme of life, yes. But today I'm meeting my wife."

— Helen Wrobel, quoted by Ron Alexander in *New York Times*

No Problem

I ACCOMPANIED a friend to the hospital, where she was admitted for surgery. After she had settled in her room, a nurse came in with some questions. Asked if there was a family history of heart trouble, my friend said, "No." When the nurse left, I suggested that my friend had given out misleading information. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Didn't both your parents die of heart attacks?"

"Well, yes," she admitted, "but they just had a heart attack and died — it wasn't any trouble."

— Sister Jeannine Schep

MY HUSBAND was at the doctor's for a follow-up examination. When asked if he'd any problems since his last visit, he thought for a while. Then he answered, "Now that you mention it, I did have a flat tyre a couple of weeks ago."

— Betty Bishop

Sibling Rivalry

WHEN MY wife placed dinner before five-year-old Michael and seven-year-old Sandra, Michael asked, "Why does she always get more than I do?" My wife explained that this was because Sandra was bigger. Michael again compared the two plates. "At this rate she always will be," he concluded.

— Alan Viall Australia

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—Alan Viall, Australia

These Good Guys Finish First

By John Tompkins

T HE BOAT BUILDER

When Walter Meloon founded Correct Craft in 1925, he set out to make fine boats and to abide by the golden rule. As he said: "If you have made a decision based only on money, you have made a bad decision." Through thick and thin, that belief has stood Correct Craft in good stead.

One of the company's proudest moments came near the end of World War II. General Dwight Eisenhower had requested storm boats from Washington — to be delivered by early March 1945 for an assault on the Rhine. On February 9, Correct Craft promised to build 300. The Orlando-based company hired people from all over Florida and instituted longer shifts. But material shortages and inexperienced employees made the job seem impossible.

A nervous army expeditor decided Correct Craft had to go on a seven-day-a-week schedule. Meloon politely refused. "It's not God's plan to work seven days a week," he said.

When the expeditor insisted, Meloon offered to give back the contract and face the financial penalties. The expeditor relented, and on February 24 — four days ahead of schedule — the job was done.

In 1957 the company had won a military contract for 3000 fibreglass assault boats. Discussing the arrangements, the chief government inspector quietly noted the lack of a special "expense account" — a bribe. Meloon ignored the hint.

Two weeks later, when boats began coming off the production line, the inspector marked many "defective." Walter O. — the second-generation Meloon to head Correct Craft — recalls, "Dad was tempted. The bribe didn't amount to much compared with what we stood to lose. But he knew it was just not right."

The punishment for not paying was heavy: 640 boats rejected for a loss of \$1 million, plus \$500,000 in debts. The company filed for bankruptcy protection.

"The court ruled we had to pay only 20 cents on every dollar we owed," says Walter O., "but Dad wanted to honour all our debts."

As sales sagged, the Meloons cut their life-style to the minimum. The family moved back to the old house behind the plant where Walter N., the current president, had been born. Several of his uncles mortgaged their homes and sold their cars; the women in the family worked the office switchboard.

Then, in 1960, an unsolicited order arrived from Pakistan. One of the assault boats Correct Craft had built for the US Army wound up there as part of an aid shipment, and the government of Pakistan wanted to buy more. The Meloons began shipping boats that the corrupt inspector had rejected — knowing they were actually perfect. Week by week cheques arrived from Pakistan — until 239 boats had been bought for \$139,000.

Whenever there were a few thousand dollars extra in the till, the Meloons repaid one more creditor. Some didn't believe it when they received the cheques; others would laugh or cry. Often they were widows or children of the original creditors. By 1984 the family had repaid every penny of the original \$500,000 debt.

In 1991, as the recession deepened, company executives did a study demonstrating that if the company switched to new suppliers it could save at least \$40,000 a year with no less quality. Walter N. read the report and then pointed out the current suppliers had helped keep inventory costs low. "They've

done good things for us," he added, "and I don't want to change just for the sake of money."

Today Correct Craft has ridden out the recession with hardly a dip in sales, while several of its competitors have failed. To Walter N., the secret of this success is simple: "It all comes down to treating others as you want to be treated."

THE CLOTHIER

As the great-great-grandnephew of the founder of the best-known name in the US clothing business, Robert Haas was terrified when he took over as chief executive of Levi Strauss & Co in 1984. Sales were dropping. A five-year programme of buying other apparel companies wasn't working.

In the past, Levi Strauss had prospered while doing good. When its original factory was destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, the company paid all its employees while it rebuilt. And during the Depression, sales plummeted, but there were no layoffs. Now, Haas wondered, could the clothing manufacturer prosper again without sacrificing the golden rule?

Levi Strauss, the inventor of blue jeans, was a Bavarian Jew who tramped the hills of Kentucky in the 1840s, peddling needles, thread and fabric. The California gold rush lured him west, where he hit on the idea of using tent canvas to make sturdy pants for miners.

From his earliest days in San Francisco, Strauss was a generous contributor to Jewish, Catholic and Protestant charities. He was known as a man of fairness and integrity.

Strauss had no children, so when he died in 1902 a nephew took over. Today the family credits Walter Haas, Sr, who ran the company during the Depression and World War II, with training his sons and grandsons to do good.

In the early 1960s, before the US Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Levi Strauss took over a factory in Blackstone, Virginia, where black employees were segregated. The company made it clear that had to change, but some workers and others in the community were stubborn about maintaining segregation. Finally, they agreed to Levi Strauss's demands, as long as toilet facilities were kept separate. The plant manager said no. Then the resisters suggested an aisle down the plant floor, with

blacks on one side, whites on the other. Again the company said no.

Walter Haas, Jr, took over in 1958, when jeans were becoming a worldwide rage. The company had a hard time keeping up with demand. But in 1984, when Robert, Walter's son, took control, Levi Strauss faced decline rather than explosive growth, and he had to do the unthinkable — close plants and lay off workers. It was a wrenching experience, but it was done with generous severance packages, extended health-care benefits and continued funding for community projects and social causes.

These tough times have not changed the company's commitment to doing good. In 1991 the Levi Strauss Foundation awarded \$6.7 million to employees' favourite causes. It was an early supporter of AIDS research. And it has funded studies on racism, child care, and economic development.

"A company's values are crucial to its competitive success," says Robert Haas. "You can't be one thing and say another. People can detect fakes unerringly. They won't put values into practice if you're not practising them."

TIN MANUFACTURER

No one at the Truline Bearing plant in Chesterland, Ohio, remembers exactly when it happened, but sometime around November 1987 the company's terrible-tempered owner turned into a nice guy.

Employees were accustomed to seeing Frank Durkalski stalking the aisles of his plant, tongue-lashing workers for generating too much scrap or taking too-long breaks. By the end of 1987, he had begun walking the factory floor smiling, patting people on the back and asking how he might be helpful.

Durkalski's wife, Joanne, says, "It was dramatic. He even stopped yelling at the TV set."

The son of Polish immigrants, Durkalski grew up on a Depression-era dairy farm. His father worked hard at farming. His mother did housework in town, as well as all the canning, sewing, cooking and cleaning at home.

When Frank was 16, he worked the night shift in a steel-tube mill, came home and farmed all day, got a few h

"Poverty put something into me," he says, "a drive that made me push, push, push. I hated to see people waste time."

After leaving the farm and serving in the army, Durkalski came to Truline in 1957 as a machine operator; 20 years later he bought the company. Today Truline has annual sales of \$3 million — ten times what it had when Durkalski took over.

What prompted the miraculous change in Durkalski? He decided to follow Christ's teachings.

In early 1987 an evangelist came to a nearby town. "I went to hear him one night," says Durkalski, "and there was so much warmth and light and love I knew it was what I'd been missing all my life." Then in September a church was started in Chesterland, and Frank and Joanne joined. Later that year, Frank read about the Fellowship for Companies in Christ, a group that urged managers to use the Bible as a guide to running their firms. When Frank became a member, his attitude towards his employees changed.

Then a violent death put the capstone on Frank's conversion. At 3am on June 9, 1990, the Durkalskis' youngest son, Dean, was riding his motorcycle on a highway when a truck ran into him. Dean slammed into a guardrail and was killed.

Dean's death forced Franks to see that, compared to a human life, power and prestige are of no value. The new Frank Durkalski realizes that everyone makes mistakes and that wrong-doers need help, not punishment. In a job where perfection is critical, this compassionate approach has paid off. "The quality of the product is higher because the workers care more," says Durkalski, and that improves the company's net profits. With an experienced, loyal work force turning out zero-defect products, Truline has become fiercely competitive in an ever tougher marketplace.

Hot Line

OUR SON'S first day as a courier kept him busy learning the meaning of terms such as "regular, hot, rush and aggressive" as they apply to the speed with which a delivery is to be made. Just as he began to feel comfortable, he received a call from the dispatcher to pick up three "hots" at a certain address.

Although he had initially got lost, he wasn't far from the client's when the dispatcher called again: the customer was asking why the courier was late. He assured the office he'd be there shortly.

Arriving at his destination, he darted out of his car, already flustered due to his tardiness and dashed into the office. "Who's got the hots for me?" he asked loudly.

— Judy Westhaver, Canada

Bring Fun Back to Your Marriage

By Edwin Kiester, Jr. and Sally Valente Kiester

AFTER dusting the photo album, Marian decided to open it. Tears welled in her eyes as each snapshot reminded her of the fun she and Chuck used to enjoy as sweethearts and newly-weds. Here they were on a ski trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, Chuck playfully hoisting her above the snow. Here she held a dandelion Chuck had just given her. And here was the happy couple on the day of their wedding.

Where did those good times go, she wondered? Where are the smiles we used to bring to each other's faces?

It wasn't that their marriage had turned completely sour. Chuck was in many ways a model husband, and she couldn't imagine life with anyone else. They had a handsome home and two bright children. But they seldom spent time together and never seemed to laugh any more. Whole evenings passed in silence. Even their sex life had lost its fun. Marian summed up the marriage in three words: Dull, dull, dull.

A marriage like this suffers "dry rot," says Sarah Catron, executive director of the Association for Couples in Marriage Enrichment of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. She compares such a relationship to a house whose structural framework is slowly crumbling. "Externally, everything looks fine," Catron says, "Yet something has slipped away, and no one is aware that it is gone. That something is fun. And it

not by decision but by default.

Fortunately for Marian and Chuck, the album of memories helped them recognize their deepening rut and pull out of it. Others wake up too late, their marriage burned out.

In his book *Intimate Play*, Boston psychiatrist William Betcher stresses that a spirit of fun is crucial to a fulfilling relationship. "Couples who have fun together are really saying, 'I trust you to love me even when I'm being silly,'" he explains.

The joy of marriage is easy to lose in today's go-go world, but it can be brought back if both partners are willing to try. It doesn't even require a great deal of time—just commitment. If your marriage has lost its spirit of fun, here are suggestions from experts on how to bring it back:

1. *Let your guard down.* Too many couples consider marriage a deadly serious matter, a cheerless routine of budget balancing, Parent-Teacher Association (PTA) meetings and other duties. They have been told so often to "work at marriage" that they never let up.

"One couple my wife, Nancy, and I counselled hadn't taken a vacation by themselves in ten years," recalls Michael Spring of the Marriage Enrichment Centre in San Rafael, California. "They felt guilty about 'having a good time' with so many 'important' things to do. They 'put the children first' without thinking that the children would suffer most if the central core of the marriage didn't survive."

So the first step for a couple is to grant themselves permission to have fun.

2. *Plan to be spontaneous.* "Planned spontaneity sounds contradictory," Catron says. "But you can't be spontaneous if you don't have time to be. Carve time for yourselves, away from other distractions, to do whatever you like. Take an afternoon off and drive out to see the winter snowscapes, just the two of you. Go to the zoo, buy balloons and feed the monkeys."

One busy lawyer set aside an evening a week to "date" his wife. He would hire a baby-sitter, but never tell his wife in advance where they were going. Once he took her to an amusement park, another time to a rock concert. One evening he had a candlelight dinner catered and served at home.

"The point wasn't where they went or what they did,"

Michael Spring says. "It was the message that time was reserved just for her."

3. *Be playful.* Remember how you used to call each other pet names? Or giggle for no reason, just because you were happy together?

Yet is often the first casualty in marriage, says psychiatrist Betcher. "After they're married, people say to themselves, 'Grow up! Act your age!' Or 'George! Not in front of the children!' But playful intimacy is something that transcends age."

Above all, intimate play is a matter of reinforcing a relationship by touching. The affectionate pat, the sudden hug, the teasing tickle can say "I love being with you" more effectively than words.

4. *Surprise each other.* "Doing something unexpected for your spouse shows that you've been thinking of him or her," explains Bruce Itkin, a San Francisco marriage counsellor. "A surprise says, 'You have been in my thoughts even while we were apart.'

It doesn't have to be a new car. The surprise one woman remembers best is the spring morning her husband got up early, plucked the first rose of the year from their garden and put it by her bedside.

5. *Laugh together.* Many couples once laughed together frequently, but rarely do so any more. Yet there are ways to recharge relationships with mirth. One man makes an effort to remember the jokes or quips that amused him at the office during the day so he can tell them to his wife at night. One woman sticks cartoons to the refrigerator another posts comic signs. Couples with VCRs can rent the comedies they once laughed at together.

A shared joke draws couples together and says I know you well enough to understand what makes you laugh. Indeed, one study reported by *Psychology Today* indicates that those couples who laugh at the same jokes are more likely to remain together. A common sense of humour reflects shared values.

6. *Bring joy back to your sex life.* Of all aspects of marriage, sex is most likely to fall into a predictable routine, area most difficult to change.

But variety is the spice of sex. "Why must sex be limited to the 11th hour of the night?" asks a Stanford University psychiatrist. "Why not early morning?"

Good sex doesn't always start in the bedroom, either. Touching, patting, cozy remarks all carry sexual overtones and heighten the pleasure of the act itself. One couple found that showering together was an exciting prelude to sex. Another couple sent the kids to Grandma's, snuggled down before a roaring fire in the fireplace and made love.

Too often people concentrate on the act of intercourse itself and ignore other ways of giving pleasure. "For most women," says Itkin, "cuddling and closeness may be most important of all."

A marriage thrives on the sunlight of familiarity and routine, but the water of novelty and spontaneity is also needed to keep the relationship from withering. People who laughed together once should never allow joylessness to overtake their marriage.

As William Betcher says, "Fun is important." Sarah Catron adds, "The best marriages have an atmosphere of lightheartedness."



Dire Necessity

"DOCTOR, you must help me. I swallowed a gold coin ten years ago," a man said.

"Good heavens!" said the doctor. "Why didn't you seek help before?"
"I didn't need the money then," said the man. — Central Daily News, Taipei

Yours, Mine and Ours

ISABELLA BEETON, author of the nineteenth-century best-seller *Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management*, was born at the centre of one of those elaborate knots which make Victorian family history so different from our own home life. Her father died young, leaving his widow with four small children to provide for, which she promptly did by marrying his best friend, Henry Dorling. Dorling, who also had four children by a previous marriage, proceeded to father another 13, making 21 children in all. When her husband would ask why there was always such a frightful din in the corridors, Mrs Dorling would reply, "That, Henry, is your children and my children fighting our children."

— Hilary Spurling in *The Observer Review*, London

Sunflower Summer

By Sheila Stroup

I AM in the house where I grew up, sitting on the living-room floor going through a box of old photographs—of carving jack-o'-lanterns, of birthdays and days at the zoo. Here is Mother as a child, and here is a sepia-toned picture of Pa, my grandfather, a short, spare man with the hint of a smile in his eyes. He is standing in front of this house when both he and the house were young.

My grandfather built this house for his family in 1910 and lived here until Grandmother died in 1941. Then he turned it over to my parents and went to board with an old widow-woman who let him use her backyard for a garden. The house looks pale and naked in this old photograph, like a sunbather on the first hot summer day. No tree casts a shadow. But my grandfather was a planter of trees. Today his maples, oaks and pines stand shoulder to shoulder, huge patriarchs that spread their sheltering branches above the house.

Finally I lift out the photograph I've been looking for. It is tinted with pale yellows and greens, its frame corroded with age. The picture is of me. I stand with one leg crossed in front of the other, my arms folded. I am wearing bib overalls and nothing else. Behind me six huge sunflowers bend under weight of their golden heads and embrace me. I am sunny and grinning wildly. Yes, this is the summer of my si-

year, my sunflower summer.

It is June, and school is out. Swimming lessons don't begin until July. I go up to the Methodist Church for my piano lesson once a week, and I walk down the avenue to the library. Everyone else in the family is busy, busy, but this summer I am too young or too old to do anything. I drift through the long June days while everyone else paddles purposefully.

Gardening. One morning while I am sitting on the porch reading, Pa drives up in his white car. He waves to me as he walks up the footpath. He is shrunken, brown from hours in the garden, and at 76 he seems incredibly old to me. He is nearly deaf, although he won't admit it, and hard to communicate with.

He sits on the porch with me. "It's a beautiful day, Sheila. Warm . . . feels good." Pa wears flannel shirts even on the hottest days. His eyes are veiny, like old marbles, and his breath has the musty smell of an attic.

"Want to go to the library with me?" I ask.

"No," he says. "Too nice a day for reading. Come with me. I've brought you something."

We go out to the back of the house. He gets the hoe and a small spading fork from the garage and leads me to the far corner of the garden. He shows me how to crumble up the rich black earth with the hoe.

"Best spot in the garden. Try not to chop up any worms," he says. My hoeing is awkward. Pa is careful to stay out of my range.

"Fine, fine," he says. He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and carefully unfolds it. In it are a dozen zebra-striped seeds.

"Plant these. Make them as far apart as your elbow is from the end of your finger. Just poke them into the earth." I get down on my knees. Measure, poke. Measure, poke. The warm soil feels good to my fingers. I carry the sprinkling can over to our little row and water my fingerprints.

When Pa leaves, he reminds me to water the seeds and tells me he will be back in a week. I water the row often and when Pa returns, all 12 seeds have sprouted. They lift their tiny leaf-arms to the sky. The first thing I do after breakfast is go out to

check the row.

Yellow Brilliance. Pa shows me how to weed very carefully around each plant, and he makes me pull up two stems that are smaller than the others. Why? I must know. They have become my children.

He explains that the earth can only nourish so many plants. I can have my choice — a few beautiful, healthy plants or a lot of unhealthy ones.

We find the remains of a dead blue jay in the cucumber patch. We give it a decent burial at the base of one of our plants. Pa tells me the bird will feed the flower, in a way turn into a flower. A bird becoming a flower! The thought leaves me feeling light-headed.

"Pa, what kind of flowers are these?" I ask. "You never did say."

"They're sunflowers. My favourites." He seems surprised, apologetic that he has forgotten to tell me.

Suddenly the stems are as tall as I. It is July. The stalks soon tower over me. They form heads that bloom a brilliant yellow and follow the summer sun across the sky. In the morning when I look out of my bedroom window, they nod at me. In some strange way I feel they are a part of me, and I in turn am part of them. When they are at the height of their glory, Mother takes our picture together.

Summer ends. The lightning bugs are gone and nights grow cool. The smells of new saddle shoes and crayons, school corridors and burning leaves hang in the air.

Secret Treasure. One Saturday Pa comes to visit. He wants to show me something in the garden. "Bring a paper sack," he says.

We walk back to the sunflowers. They are ugly and dead-looking now, with heads bent over at odd angles. They are hollow-stemmed and shrivelled; I have abandoned them in their old age.

Pa reaches up and cuts off one of the heads with his pocket knife. He hands it to me. It is much heavier than I thought it would be. His hands lovingly show me the row upon row of tightly packed seeds. Hundreds and hundreds of them! He pops some of them out into my hand. They look just like the

we planted months ago. One little seed turned into all these seeds! I am stunned by what Pa and I have done. How can one seed become so many?

Pa shakes his head. He doesn't know. "All life is a miracle," he says.

We cut the seedy heads off the stalks and put them one by one into the sack. Pa tells me to save them to feed to the birds after the snow falls.

"Let's go inside," Pa says. "Winter is coming. I'm cold." As we walk along together, I began to realize that Pa is like the sunflowers. Past beauty and prime of life, he still holds a secret treasure. Shyly I take his hand.

The Door to Heaven

WHAT DOES your front door say about you? Does it welcome visitors with its gaily painted exterior, or do heavy bolts and a dark colour spell "Keep Out?"

The choice of a front door colour is very important, according to image consultant Mary Spillane, and linked to personality. Unlike the choice of colours for interiors, which are affected by many factors, front doors say everything about a person.

Friendly, outgoing types will splash a bold red or yellow on their door. They don't want to be missed, even if they have a small flat. Then there is the subdued blue and green brigade, who are asking for their privacy to be respected. Folks who stick to stripped wooden doors with shiny brassware are concerned about conformity and appearances, while anyone with a white door is welcoming, without shouting about it.

— Nicole Swengley in *The Times*, London

Little Cops

PREM SAGAR is a policeman on duty in Bhopal. But Prem does not battle robbers and rioters. He is a chocolate-eating nine-year-old. Prem is one of nearly 400 boys between the ages of six and 18 in the Madhya Pradesh police. Like their older colleagues, the youngsters wear the regular uniform of khaki cotton shirt and trousers, black belt with a shining buckle, navy blue cap and epaulettes. They also attend parades.

But unlike regular policemen, these children, officially designated "boy orderlies," attend to light office work — fetching and carrying files and running small errands. They go to school before or after office hours. During examinations, they are given time off to study.

Most boy orderlies are sole breadwinners in their families, and are often sons of policemen who died in active service.

— Manjeet Singh, *Sunday Observer*

Requiem for a Friendship

By Don Snyder

ONE AFTERNOON in the spring of 1979, a friend telephoned me at the news office of the Portland (Maine) *Independent*. An author had moved to town whom I might want to interview, he said.

I found Finis Farr in a sunless, sparsely furnished flat near the waterfront. He was wearing an old shirt frayed at the collar, a shapeless necktie and a mud-coloured tweed jacket. The room had a typewriter set on a card table, a narrow cot in one corner, a canvas-backed chair with a sagging seat, and many books—books on loan from the library. "A writer's got to travel light," he told me. "You've got to be perched for flight."

He had a great deal to say that made a lot of sense to me, and over the next three years I kept going back. "Good of you to stop by, old man," he would say. Then we would talk about everything under the sun but mostly about writing books. I was a young writer struggling to get somewhere, and he could tell me what it would be like—struggling and perhaps getting there.

Finis Farr had written nine books, among them a popular biography of novelist John O'Hara. Now 74, he had moved to Portland looking for a peaceful place to write.

A struggle. His current project was a personal history of the 1930s. He thought he could finish this book in two years, and it would be his best. It would say just about everything he ever

had to say about life in America, about people following ambitions, holding on to dreams and learning to accept their share of happiness and disappointment.

He knew something about disappointment and spoke about it with a courtly detachment: "You've got to struggle against disappointment. There's so much of it around. I can tell you that the great thing is to hang on to personal dignity. If you stay impersonal about disappointment you will be very glad you did when enough time has elapsed and your feelings, disarranged as they were, have settled back into calmness and repose."

Finis found calmness in his work. He found repose in books and could quote effortlessly from Wordsworth and Dickens and writers I'd never read. That first year we met several times a week in his flat and then one of us suggested we go out for lunch every Thursday. "It's a good idea to get out every once in a while," he said. "Writing is such lonely work."

So every Thursday we would go to the Caffé Domus on Exchange Street. Neither of us had any money, but the proprietors let us take up a table while we drank black coffee. We sat there surrounded by business people and lawyers, marvelling at their lunches—towering salads, bottles of wine and rich desserts.

Finis managed to find humour and irony in this: "Perhaps it's part of the romance of a writer's life—not being able to buy a respectable lunch. But soon after enough oversized meals these prosperous people you see here will become oversized themselves, and when they deposit their outgrown suits in the Salvation Army bins you will be the beneficiary of their excess."

Looking Forward. He liked making me laugh. And he wanted to show a decorous exterior. It wouldn't be long, he said, before he had a contract on his book and with it an advance of enough money to keep him going.

But months went by and there was no contract. The editor at his publishing house wanted to see a detailed outline, and Finis prepared it in a few weeks. Then the editor wanted a lengthy treatment of the book, chapter by chapter, and that took Finis two months. "You have to expect delays," he said. When I asked what the trouble was, he changed the subject to the old,

"better" days.

But I knew that those days were far away for Finis; I had glimpses of the rough edges of his existence. One bleak winter day when there was a vicious wind tearing down the street, I spotted a man trudging up the hill, his shoulders pitched forward. He looked frail and lonely. It was Finis. He was carrying his bag of books, and one fell on to the ice-covered pavement.

I watched him bend down slowly three times before he managed to pick it up. On the last try a glove fell from his coat pocket. He didn't notice the glove and walked on towards the library. I waited and then went and got the glove, which had holes in two of the fingers. The next morning when I visited him I dropped it on the floor while he was in the other room.

By summer there was still no contract. Finally, in the autumn, after months of revision and waiting, the publishing house decided they did not want the book. "They sent me packing, old man," he told me when I called him. "But my agent plans to send the outline to a dozen houses. Soon we'll be in business."

By lunchtime that Thursday I had worked out an assignment from the Maine Sunday *Telegram* to do a story on Finis. They agreed to pay \$200 (Rs 1,800) for an interview and I planned to split the fee with Finis.

We had a lot of fun with that interview. We went to the Atlantic House Hotel in near-by Scarborough. As we walked along the beach, I had never seen Finis so animated and hearty. "Ah, that sound—the sea breathing in and out," he said. "It makes you think everything will be all right."

It was late afternoon when we got back to his flat. When he sat in his chair, I suddenly realized how out of character it was for him to rake the seat without first offering it to me. The colour had drained from his face, and I saw that something was wrong as he looked up at me. "Say, are we going to go to the shore to do that interview today, old man?"

It took three months for several major publishing houses in New York City to reject his proposal for the 1930s book. He told himself that in the past, before publishers were obsessed with "best-sellers," his *good* book would have been accepted. But that was a cold consolation, and so he turned his attention to *my*

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writing as I began having some modest successes.

A Rejection. In early July 1981 an editor at a major publishing house called to say he was recommending my first book for purchase. Finis and I went out to celebrate at the Atlantic House Hotel, where we were now having our weekly lunches. He was spirited and enthusiastic again that afternoon. "There's a lot to talk about. I want to review the bidding with you. Don't let them try to settle for less than thirty thousand dollars on the advance. You've got to get the ante up high so they have some incentive to promote the book."

Three weeks later when we were again at the Atlantic House I had to tell him that the sale of my book had fallen through. Finis set his jaw. "Well, so now you learn to take a blow to the belly, and to get back up on your feet. You've got to come back fighting."

The rejection had shaken me, and I had almost nothing to say. "Perhaps we ought to get together again tomorrow to see where we go from here," he said.

"I'll give you a call," I told him.

But he called me in the early morning. "Would you be able to drive me to the hospital?" he asked.

Late that afternoon he was lying in a bed in the cardiac-care unit of Mercy Hospital. I stayed with him until I thought he had fallen asleep and then stood up to leave.

He called me back to the bed. "You have to write your books," he said. "You must never let them say you gave up." I think he was saying that for both of us, and when I looked into his eyes I saw that he was frightened. In a clumsy, shy way we held hands for the first time. I said, "You're a good friend, Finis." "You're about the best friend I've got, old man," he said.

Day-Dreams. Finis recovered from that attack, and throughout the autumn he worked on his book. "I've decided I ought to finish it. God puts writers on this earth to write books, not worry about selling them. And besides, when I get it done it'll be so damn good they'll have to publish it."

We both felt that 1981 had been the hardest year we'd ever lived through, but of all the things Finis and I did together, the finest was our lunches at the Atlantic House every Thursday that summer. We would eat by the front windows in the dining-

room, looking at the sea, talking like two privileged passengers on some grand ship. We did a lot of dreaming out at that hotel.

Finis used to say, "When I get some cash-money I'm going to check in here and stay for a whole month. I'm going to walk down to the water every day, for a solid month." I used to tell him that when my first book sold I was going to buy a house near the water and he would have a room there.

That was my dream—to get him up close to the sea, to hear him working away in a sun-filled room in a house that would feel like a home to him. But he left too soon. On January 3, Finis died after suffering three heart attacks.

On January 8, ten young people, mostly writers and artists, stood together under an empty blue sky on the porch of the Atlantic House Hotel remembering Finis Farr as a fine writer, a humble, gentle man. We came together there to place one of his books in the hotel's library and to show our respect.

IRONICALLY, a publisher, unaware of Finis Farr's death, offered to publish his book just a week after he passed away.



Oops!

SEEN IN a newspaper's entertainment section: "Special Holiday Times Tonight — all movies starting after 7 pm will not be shown."

FROM A dentist's notice regarding periodontal care: "When we ask you to come in more often, it is likely you have deep pockets. . . ."

ITEM ON a Chinese-restaurant menu: "Jumbo shrimp sautéed with ginger and onions in Szechuan sauce. Hardly recommended."

Click-Change Artist

MY DAUGHTER Lynda wanted to take pictures of the autumn foliage to send to a friend in England. We went to a nearby park, and she suggested I sit on a bench in front of some colourful bushes. As I walked towards it I picked up a handful of leaves and threw them high in the air, thinking the leaves floating to the ground would make an interesting picture. I did this a couple of times with great gusto, and finally looked back to see if Lynda had captured it on film. To my chagrin, I saw her back was to me, and she was photographing the people watching me.

— E. Vaughan

Bring Out the Lover in Your Spouse

By Anne Mayer

WHEN MY doctor blithely told me six weeks after my first child was born that I could "resume sexual relations as usual," I felt angry. Sex as usual? Life as usual? He had to be joking!

My husband and I love our daughter dearly, but her arrival turned our lives upside down. Suddenly all our usual ways of doing things—even the way we felt about each other—had to be altered.

Children can bring great joy to a marriage, and they deserve our love and attention. But there is great harm in boxing ourselves into a role of "sexless servants of children." We mistakenly think that the children of course can't take care of themselves, but that the marriage can. When time together as a couple is at the bottom of the priority list, not only do we suffer, but our children suffer too.

You *can* have passion in your love life again if you strike a happy balance between your needs and those of your children. Begin by acknowledging that you are lovers as well as parents. Staying lovers with your spouse is, in fact, essential to keeping harmony in the family.

"Romance, on the scale of human needs, may not rank quite as high as food or shelter," writes author Laurence Shames. "But it does not fall much further down—it's one of the things

we live for."

It's easy to forget this. When we become parents, many of us suddenly feel we must be serious, no-nonsense people. But who doesn't desire a little zip in marriage? To create that romance; that spark, the key element is surprise.

My husband often makes business trips out of town. We hate to say goodbye and always miss each other. During one trip I was wondering how I could somehow touch him so far away.

Exciting Investment. Suddenly an idea struck, and I called the concierge at his hotel. When my husband walked into his room, the first thing he saw was a bottle of wine, a fruit basket and my love note, which said I hoped he'd had a nice flight and how much I cared. He was deeply appreciative—and not about to be outdone.

The next day, I received an airline ticket and a note asking me to spend the week-end with him. My heart soared as I thought of the possibilities. But my brain kept bringing me down to earth: *Can I get a baby-sitter on such short notice?* I wondered. *How can we spend the money so frivolously?*

Finally, I let my heart do the talking. I called our baby-sitter, and told myself that the money was an investment in my marriage, and ultimately in my family. The excitement my husband and I generated from pulling off our tryst was as thrilling as the "high" we felt when we first fell in love.

When Merle turned 35, she and her husband went away together for two nights in San Francisco, California. "We had a terrific time!" she recalled. "I didn't want it to be over. But you know, you always pay for it in the end."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you end up feeling guilty because you had so much fun away from the kids," she replied.

Merle, like many other parents today, carries around with her an unrealistic sense of parental duty that can put a damper on a potentially enjoyable evening. For some couples, it prevents them from going out together, except to attend weddings, funerals or school meetings. But to maintain romance and intimacy in your relationship, it is crucial that you set aside time to have fun together and not sabotage the occasion with guilt.

Not long after the honeymoon is over, and even more so after

the kids are born, we fall into a rut of unrealistic expectations, assuming our spouses can read our minds to discover what we really want and need. When they don't, we're disappointed and assume the zest has gone out of our marriage.

Real life is not a romantic fairy tale. The baby cries a lot. There are bills to pay and washing to do. No one can be Prince or Princess Charming all the time, but you *can* create an environment that is conducive to romance, and bring out the lover in your lover.

We all have faults. So stop blaming your spouse for what he is or is not, what she does or does not do. A happy marriage and sex life are possible. But it takes some courage—to admit when you're wrong, to break down walls that separate you, to tell your spouse what you really want and need.

Erotic Fantasy. One friend of mine, Joyce, felt her marriage was in the doldrums. I asked her, "If you could have a perfect romantic evening, what would it be?"

"I'd send the children to my mother's house and greet my husband at the door wearing something sexy," she began. "We'd sit by a cozy fire, then have an intimate dinner. Eventually we'd stroll to the bedroom, give each other a massage and make wonderful love."

"That sounds terrific," I told her. "Have you set a date?"

"Are you kidding?" she replied. "Ron would think I'd gone crazy. We've been just 'Mum' and 'Dad' for so long."

It took Joyce several days to get up courage to tell Ron about her fantasy. Once she did, she was surprised at how receptive he was.

After couples have been married for a while, spouses often get the notion that the hunt is over. They stop trying to make themselves attractive and stimulating.

"I never assume that I've caught my man," relates a mother of five. "There are so many temptations that I never let go of my efforts to be appealing for my husband."

Looking good for each other makes you want to be closer emotionally and physically. This is how you caught your spouse's eye in the first place, and it's a good way to keep each other interested. Gestures of love also add a feeling of courtship: They can be serious or silly or sexy, as long as they let your spouse

know how much you care. We all like to be put on a pedestal sometimes and told how wonderful we are. One man calls his wife several times a day just to tell her he loves her. "It's a nice habit to get into, and makes us feel connected," he says.

Or you can do what Malcolm, the father of two pre-teen children, did. One night he sneaked out of the back door and rang the front doorbell. When his wife answered, he gave her a single rose and asked her for a date. "I felt like a schoolgirl again," she told me.

There are dates; then there are *dates*. If you spend the whole evening out discussing the kids and problems at work, you are missing the point. Often there is a need to talk about those things but couples who have fun limit discussion of family issues. At dinner, talk turns to current events, books, music, art, good times and even sex.

Terrific Antidote. "We talk about when we were younger and some of the risks we've taken, like going rafting down a river and making love on the river bank," recalls Julie, mother of two little boys. "That kind of reminiscing sets us up for an exciting evening."

Another mother with five children, aged nine to 21, told me: "One night my husband and I were both exhausted. He got into bed before I did. Later I flopped down next to him fully clothed. He sat up, startled, and asked, 'Aren't you going to take off your clothes?' 'No,' I said. 'That's *your* job.' " Her little gimmick generated quite a spark between two tired people.

Create a fun evening for yourselves in such a way that you become a couple again, not Joey's dad or Janie's mum. One twosome I know studies the wine list and discusses selections they have and haven't tried. My husband and I always start with a toast to our love for each other—and to successfully getting out of the house!

Parents need to allow themselves time to have fun—to laugh and enjoy themselves. Feeling and being sexy, creating romantic moments can be a terrific antidote for restlessness and discontent. When couples make the effort to generate enthusiasm in their relationship, they build a powerfully intimate connection, one that invigorates a mature love with a young romantic love.

A Box Full of Home

By David Rochford

OUTLINED against the lingering traces of daylight, the roof-tops and chimney pots of London seemed to rise about me like the battlements of some enclosing prison. The scene below my second-storey window was no more reassuring: grim-looking backyards and stunted, leafless trees poking through the gloom. In the distance a bell was tolling the hours.

Each booming stroke seemed to sharpen the realization that for the first time I was far from home. It was 1953, and I had just come from Ireland to seek my fortune. Now homesickness overwhelmed me, a shattering feeling of being suffocated by some great weight.

I slumped down on my bed and stared at my suitcase. Perhaps I should unpack, I told myself. The act of sorting out my belongings might help me establish a sense of order and longed-for familiarity in these strange surroundings. Later, I decided. At that moment I lacked the heart even to remove the coat I'd been wearing since I'd arrived that afternoon. Glumly I sat staring at the window, more despondent than I'd ever been in my life. Then came the unexpected knock on the door.

Tea for Two. It was Mrs Biggs, my landlady. I had met her only briefly when she had shown me to my room. Tiny, white-haired, she peered up at me when I opened the door, then

glanced into the unlit room.

"Sitting in the dark, are you?" Only then did I realize I had not bothered to switch on the light. "And still wearing that heavy coat." Mrs Biggs made reproving noises as she tugged at my sleeve with motherly concern. "You come down and have some hot tea. Goodness knows, you look like you could use a cup of tea!"

Mrs Biggs's parlour was a scene right out of Charles Dickens. Every bit of wall space was covered with faded English landscapes and sombre family portraits. Huge, ornate furniture was everywhere. Thus surrounded, Mrs Biggs appeared a silvery-haired elf.

"I've been listening to you," she said as she busied herself with teapot and cups. "Didn't hear a peep. Noticed the tags on your suitcase when you arrived. Been taking in roomers all my life. Suspected you were feeling low, I did."

As I sat talking with this Florence Nightingale of wayfarers, bit by bit my gloom was washed away by the cups of tea she kept plying me with. How many scared newcomers before me, I wondered, had sat in this crowded parlour and received her intuitive help.

When I finally told Mrs Biggs I must leave, she insisted that she had something to show me. She placed a worn-looking cardboard box on the table. It was about half the size of a shoebox, obviously very old and tied with frayed twine. "My most treasured possession," she explained, caressing the box almost reverentially. "It's more valuable to me than the Crown Jewels!"

I assumed the faded box held a wealth of cherished mementos. Even my own suitcase held a few simple objects that were, sentimentally speaking, priceless.

"My dear mother gave me this," she told me, "on the morning I first left home in 1912. Said to always treasure it, that it would mean more to me than anything else."

Priceless Legacy. Nineteen hundred and twelve! That was over 40 years ago, more than twice my age. Events of that time flashed through my mind: the *Titanic* . . . Scott at the South Pole . . . faint rumblings of the First World War.

"Been through two world wars, it has," Mrs Biggs continued. "The Kaiser's zeppelins in 1917, then Hitler's bombers. I've

taken it down in the shelters with me. Rather lose the house than it."

By this time I was thoroughly mystified, and Mrs Biggs was enjoying herself hugely.

"Tell you something else," she said. "Not once in all that time have I taken the lid off that box." She peered at me amusedly over her spectacles. "Can't guess what's inside there, can you?"

Bewildered, I shook my head. Her most treasured possession must be something exceptional. She busied herself with pouring more steaming tea, settled herself in her armchair and looked at me in silence, as if choosing her words.

When the words came, they were astonishingly simple: "Nothing," she said. "It's just an empty box."

An empty box! For what reason on earth would a person treasure such an unlikely object, and for 40 years? I had a faint suspicion that this kindly old lady was slightly peculiar.

"It does seem odd, doesn't it?" Mrs Biggs said. "Me treasuring what seems like a useless thing all these years. Well, it's not *really* empty."

At this point I gave up trying to make sense of the whole thing and laughed aloud.

"It's true," she said earnestly. "When my mother tied that box shut over 40 years ago, it was the last thing she did before I left my father's house in Yorkshire. She tied it shut, filled with the sounds and scents and sights of the sweetest place on earth—home. Not once since have I opened the box. To me, it is still filled with those priceless things."

A box full of home! Of all the remembrances to carry away, it was surely unique—and enduring. Long after photographs had faded and flowers dissolved into dust, home would be as close as one's fingertips.

Mrs Biggs was no longer watching me now. She was staring down at the faded package, her fingers lightly touching its lid. Remembering.

Later that night, I looked again at the city. With its myriad lights gleaming, it appeared a far more friendly place. Gone was much of my loneliness. It had been swept away, I thought with a wan smile, by those steaming cups of Mrs Biggs's tea. But it was more than that. It was knowing that people everywhere

leave a little of themselves behind when they leave home—and that it is possible, as Mrs Biggs had done, to keep a little of home with you, always.

Casting the First Weapon

A CLIENT, who lived alone with five cats, brought one of them into my veterinary clinic. The man explained that Gambit, the most timid of the five, had been swiped by a passing car. I straightened Gambit's leg and set it in a plaster cast.

Four weeks later, when my client brought Gambit in for removal of his cast, I asked how the cat had coped. "He was irritated by his plaster to begin with," replied the man, "but he will be devastated when you remove it."

"How come?" I asked, puzzled. It turned out that Gambit, in defence one day, had swung his plastered paw at one of the other cats and had accordingly begun to assert himself. No more bullying for Gambit, who had apparently realized he had the ultimate weapon.

—Dr James Brownlie, South Africa

Bald Statement?

AT A genealogical meeting, I told a fellow researcher that my great-grandfather, Thomas Head, had married a Margaret Hair, and commented that they must have endured many jokes about their names.

Quick as a flash, he replied, "I hope they didn't come to a parting of the ways."

—Beverley Clark

Drawing Attention

A COLLEAGUE of mine taught a special class of troubled elementary school children. One day he asked the class to draw a picture of the teacher. As my friend was strolling through the class looking at the drawings, he reached Robert. The child had drawn a very small figure in the lower corner of the sheet and a very large figure, with one arm raised menacingly, dominating the rest of the paper. Intrigued, my friend asked Robert to tell him about the picture.

"That's you," he replied, pointing to the central figure. "And that's me," he added, indicating the little one.

"Why do I have my arm stretched out like that?" my colleague asked. "Am I a policeman?"

"No, sir," Robert said. "That's your arm. I hope you like me enough to put it around me sometime." My friend did just that.

—R.N. McGregor

Joy Along The Way

By Jean Bell Masley

AUNT MARG lived at the foot of a mountain in an ancient house wreathed by dense bushes and bracketed by cedars. The last half a kilometre leading to the house was a gravelled creek bed. Aunt Marg considered this natural road a bountiful gift. If there was water in the creek, so much the better. It washed the buggy wheels.

During summer, Mama allowed my sisters and me, one at a time, to go and stay a week with Aunt Marg. The visit was to help her out, for, as every one agreed Aunt Marg had a lot to do. Yet the phrase "to help her out" was said as if there might be more to it.

When, at the age of nine, I came down the rickety, narrow staircase on the morning of my first visit, Aunt Marg greeted me with, "Oh, I've got the busiest day today!"

"What do you have to do?" I asked shyly, for Aunt Marg was new to me and I didn't know what to expect. She was tall and bony, her face a network of fine wrinkles.

"I've got to take the wind chimes to the top of the mountain," she told me.

"I'll help," I said, wondering what wind chimes were and why they had to be taken up the mountain.

I thought we'd get started right after breakfast, but first there was the cow to be milked. Then there were the chickens to feed.

"Not the best layers," Aunt Marg said. "But see here." She picked up a grey feather from the chicken yard and pointed out the silver scalloped lining. "Now that's *something*," she said.

As the day wore on, I wondered why Aunt Marg hadn't said, "I've got to work in the garden" instead of "I've got to take the wind chimes to the top of the mountain." Gardening seemed the major chore of the now hot and sticky day. But finally, in mid-afternoon, she went upstairs and came back with a box tied with twine. It rattled like broken glass.

Magical Mountain Top. Even then we didn't go straight up the mountain but zigzagged. There were many things for Aunt Marg to check on.

"Now right over there ought to be my sheep." Aunt Marg pointed through thick brush and trees to a little clearing.

"I didn't know you had sheep," I ventured.

"Oh no, child. They're really the neighbour's. But I call 'em mine," she chuckled.

In the clearing were a dozen or so sheep and one lamb. They came to meet us. Though they all looked alike to me, they took turns nuzzling Aunt Marg's hand when she called each one by name.

Leaving them in the mountainside meadow, we resumed the climb. Suddenly Aunt Marg stopped. "Wild roses," she said. I looked around and couldn't see any. "They'll be right over there." She pointed a finger and, even before they came into view, I began to smell their fresh spiciness.

At a rocky outcropping, Aunt Marg stopped again. "Isn't it just wonderful!" she exclaimed. But all I could see was the valley below. From this height the spring creek looked like a silver ribbon rippling across the cow pasture. Thin blue woodsmoke arose from invisible chimneys in the folds of the hills. A wagonload of hay creaked along the gravelled road.

On, up and up we went until we reached the tip-top. "Just wonderful!" Aunt Marg breathed once again. She waved her hands in a circle to indicate the whole visible world. Then she sat down, untied the package and took out the wind chimes.

"I made 'em myself," she said, rather proudly. There were little circular bands of wood, looking very much like embroidery hoops. From them, dangling on different lengths of string,

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"I made 'em myself," she said, rather proudly. There were little circular bands of wood, looking very much like embroidery hoops. From them, dangling on different lengths of string,

were glued-on pieces of broken glass. Even as she took them from the box and began to sort them out, I could hear the fairy-like music they made as they brushed against one another. Then Aunt Marg attached the wind chimes to the branch of a pine tree.

Embroidered Thoughts. Capricious breezes gently tossed the pine and spun a spell of magic. The thin, clear music of the chimes began to reach something inside of me that had not been touched before. After a while it utterly possessed me, calling up a merry bubbling so strong and compelling that I seemed to be dangling from some unseen string myself—light, helpless with happiness, yet in the firm grasp of some sustaining power.

Soon the sheep had come up the mountain, perhaps called by the wind chimes, to lie by us. The lamb was close to me. I put out my hand, and it jumped up and leapt over clumps of mullein, twisting in mid-air and coming down stifflegged as if putting into action all the enchantment of the mountaintop. Mentally, I named the lamb "Wind Chimes," then told Aunt Marg of my naming.

She said she'd speak to the neighbour about it. "But, of course, they're ours, too, you know," she reminded. She looked at me sceptically as if I were too young to understand, but I think I did. I had seen the lamb's fancy frolic and felt the warm sunshine on its fresh new fleece. I sensed the innocence, the suggestion that all things should leap for joy. Indeed, the whole world seemed mine alone.

Aunt Marg carefully took down the chimes, put them into the box and we started down the mountain.

When I returned home, my sisters asked if I'd helped Aunt Marg, and I nodded silently, unable then to put into words what the visit had meant.

But I know now that Aunt Marg held up before us, in her own uncomplicated way, the uncommonness of the common. By stating that she had to do pleasurable things, she implied that this was our duty also. She taught us always to keep something to look forward to, to let it "embroider" our thought as we go about the business of living. Most of all, she taught us that when we see some little frills like mountainside wild roses or a chicken feather's scalloped lining, to stop and wonder if

they aren't put there for our delight, to provide joy along the way.



Silencers

MY HUSBAND was in a crowded lift when one of the occupants launched into a rapid monologue. As the lift slowly made its way towards the ground floor everyone had to endure the woman's life story, her opinion of the concert she had just attended and of music in general. When at last the doors opened, she was saying, "I play seven instruments myself, you know."

My husband smiled sweetly and delighted his fellow sufferers by saying, "And I'll bet they're all wind instruments too." — Judith Player

Like It Is

BAD NEWS travels fast. Good news takes the scenic route.

The virtues of hard work are extolled most loudly by people without calluses.

Middle age is when you wish you could have some of the naps you refused to take as a kid.

The only thing that's more discouraging than waiting two months for a dental appointment is getting one the next day.

— Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate

Bolt From the Blue

EVERYONE told my friend that she would end up an old maid. But she always said the man she'd marry would turn up. "Come on," we all said, "he's hardly going to drop from the sky!"

But my friend did marry a parachutist who accidentally landed in her garden.

— A. Fara, France

Wrong Head

AT ONE 19th-century Rothschild stag dinner in England, the story has it that two cabinet ministers sat next to each other, one bald, one blessed with a full though artificial head of hair. While serving, a footman caught his sleeve button in the toupee and saw it drop to the floor. With more speed than discernment, he picked it up to replace it — on the wrong pate. The bald excellency had suddenly become hairy, the hairy excellency bald, and the entire dinner company a good deal merrier.

— Frederic Morton, *The Rothschilds*

How to Maintain An Erotic Marriage

By Paul Pearsall, PhD

HURRY!" Mary screamed as the medical team rushed into her husband's hospital room. Carl and Mary had brought up children and cats, developed their careers and faced many pressures. But they had never considered a premature end to their life together.

"Please hurry!" Mary yelled again, scanning the bedside monitor for any sign of life. She prayed for just one more chance to love and hold Carl again. Perhaps too late, she realized their marriage was the only thing in her life with meaning. Now there was no time left.

As the medical team worked, the monitor began to show sharp steady-peaks—life had returned. Mary stood motionless, tears in her eyes.

"Another chance," she said softly. "I will never take us for granted again. We will be first, not some afterthought, some social convenience, a pair of people who happen to be together." She embraced her husband and together they cried.

Until this moment, Mary and Carl had forgotten to share loving-together, not just living-together. They had forgotten to touch each other, to nurture sexuality and intimacy. They had never enabled their marriage to grow into something special but had allowed it to become de-eroticized.

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Through my clinical and counselling work with 1,000 couples,

I have developed a system for super marital sex. Most of it concerns marriage of minds and not the connection of bodies—but if the first is achieved, the other will follow. I conducted personal interviews with each husband and wife and the couple together. There were treatment sessions for sexual problems, and five-year follow-up interviews. Here are some of the comments from these couples:

"It's funny how they say that you 'get married.' I mean, you really don't 'get' it, you have to learn to 'do' it. And learning to do it has been the most difficult thing I have ever tried. We never did learn the sex part."

RULE ONE

Recognize that super sex in marriage is not something you "get" for nothing. It's something you have to earn over time, by sharing dreams and paying attention to each other more than the job. Sex is more a matter of priorities than genitals.

I HAVE tried for years to make our marriage one long affair. Well, you know what? She ended up having an affair, all right, but not with me."

RULE TWO

Never try to make your marriage an affair. Affairs are short, intense, immature imitations of a love that is only possible in lasting, mature relationships:

Super marital sex depends on making the entire marriage sexual, not separating sex into a category of obligatory marital duty. Mechanically separating marital sex from marital love results in a form of "extramarital" affair within the marriage rather than an "intramarital" intimacy.

Sex with a person other than your spouse has received good coverage. Of the couples I have treated, more than 70 per cent of husbands and 40 per cent of wives report sex outside their marriages. But seldom do you read that extramarital sex falls far short of the intimacy and fulfillment available within marriage. Super marital sex is developed not by variety, adventure,

mystery and treating marriage as an affair, but by learning the relationship of sexuality to lasting, comforting, fulfilling love.

"I GET up. He gets up. I eat. He eats. The kids eat. He leaves. I leave. Reverse it at night. That's it. Welcome to the world of our marriage."

RULE THREE

Any part of the marriage that is ignored will disappear—particularly sex. For most couples, the amount of enjoyment they derive from their sexual relationship corresponds with the amount of attention they pay to it.

Super sex also depends upon accepting the erotic cycle that emerges between two persons over time. Having sex every Saturday, for instance, may be taking advantage of one of your mutual marital cycle days for sexuality, and not a sign of boredom at all. These cycles evolve when partners tune in to each other. All things in life are cyclical, and super sex results from awareness of, communication about, and learning from these cycles so that changes can be made together.

Take a good "look" at your marriage. Do you remember why you married this person in the first place? Recall all that has happened to you together, and what might happen in the future. Try to find excitement from within the marriage itself, the unique combination of the two of you. Cherishing this sense of familiarity will pay a powerful sexual return.

"I'D SAY we spend about ten minutes together alone per day. When we finally get to bed for the night, we are too tired to do much."

RULE FOUR

The marriage comes first. All other people and events come after the marriage. Children, parents, work and play all benefit most by marital priority instead of marital sacrifice because the marriage is the central unit. The stronger that unit, the stronger the rest of the system.

If it is true that we reap what we sow, then marriages are in big trouble. If we put as little time into our work as we allow

for our loving, we would end up unemployed.

A test of more than 5,000 couples in my clinic showed that of available time left to a couple after work, sleep and other constants, less than one per cent of it was spent together.

"I DON'T remember how it was before we had kids. They seem to be everything now."

RULE FIVE

The kids do *not* come first! Kids are the best and the worst thing that happens to a marriage. Kid priority can overburden marriage, resulting in doing for, instead of with, children, applauding only them instead of each other.

Until we learn that children are not special, but equal in importance to all of us, we sacrifice our marriages. After all, wasn't one of your greatest wishes that your own parents would be happy? Think of giving that gift to your children.

"We just seem to be out of step. We can't get together on anything, especially our sex life."

RULE SIX

Use the LOVE technique—Listen, Observe, Verify, Empathize. Practise on your spouse at least once a day. Send and receive messages with an emphasis on learning and listening, an emphasis on watching your partner while he or she talks. Employ the technique when important issues are being discussed, trying to get the feeling, not just the words of what your partner is saying.

"HAPPINESS is when the last child leaves."

RULE SEVEN

Better now than never. The super sex marriage is based more on doing than intending. We always seem to be waiting for the time when the ceiling is painted, the kids are well behaved and

the account balances. That time will never come. I notice that my couples state this phenomenon in "threes," that is, we will make love when 1) the kids are asleep, 2) we are ready for bed, and 3) there is nothing left to do. Not likely! We do not have to live as though there is no tomorrow, but we had better love creatively as though there is only now.

"JUST WHEN I got established in my career, he decided to change his. Now he works longer hours, I work, and neither of us wants children. We just don't match up right."

RULE EIGHT

Expect constant change. We assume that life's passages will be encountered by each of us at the same time. It just does not work that way. I tell my couples, "Never divorce someone you don't know." We must learn to remarry a different and changing person several times during marriage. We should use change to sculpt our existing marriage as an everchanging artwork.

The solutions to marital problems are invariably found within each marriage. If I learnt anything from observing these couples and hundreds of others in my clinical experience, it is that marriage has been corrupted by the unquestioned acceptance of the "sexperts."

RECENTLY I was visiting a patient in the hospital cardiology unit, and saw a couple standing hand in hand outside one of the rooms. It was Carl and Mary.

"How have you been?" I asked.

"We're fine," answered Carl. "We were visiting my uncle downstairs, and just came here to look at the spot where we got our second chance."

Fare Minded

ABOVE A menu in an Asian restaurant in London were the words: "Allah Carte." Alongside someone had scrawled: "Translated, this means — 'God, what prices!'" — "Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

THE MENU of a restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown listed a rare delicacy — Thousand-Year Eggs. An asterisk followed, with a footnote: "30 minutes' advance notice required." — David Rich

Race For Love

By Judge Keith Leenhouts

ONE hundred and forty secondary-school runners fidgeted nervously at the starting line, anxiety momentarily ageing their young faces, as they contemplated the gruelling cross-country race that lay ahead. All were dedicated athletes who had run between 10 and 25 kilometres every day for most of their secondary-school years to prepare themselves for this climactic race, the Michigan High School Cross Country Championship.

For one of the runners, a tall, spindly, awkward-looking boy named Bill, the significance of this race reached far beyond the pursuit of athletic victory. For Bill, our son, it was the most important battle in his 18 years of struggle against failure. This was Bill's last race. Would it end in a long-awaited victory of the heart—or in a final, crushing defeat of his spirit?

Bill looked pale and nervous as the runners took their places at the line. I wondered if he really belonged here. Certainly most of the other runners were endowed with greater strength and speed. But nobody has ever invented a scale to assess the strength of a young man's heart, or the limits of his desire. Could Bill's inner qualities carry him to his dream of earning a place on the Michigan "All-State" Cross-Country Team? He would have to finish in the top 15 to earn that honour.

It seemed impossible. In theory, by comparing his qualifying

time with the times of the other runners, he should finish close to last. And so another defeat seemed inevitable.

IN HIS 18 years, Bill had already suffered more than his share of setbacks and ridicule. Primary school had been a long nightmare for him. Though he tried very hard, six-year-old Bill could not seem to grasp reading fundamentals. When it was decided that he should repeat first grade, he didn't complain; he simply tried harder. But he was still unable to learn at the same pace as his younger classmates, who added to his burden by constantly mocking him for failing.

Then, when he was only nine, his third-grade teacher called my wife and me into her office for a special conference. We approached it with fear and concern. Had Bill misbehaved? Wasn't he trying?

Bill's teacher came directly to the point. "I'm afraid I have some unpleasant news for you," she said. "Your son will never be able to attend college. He tries hard, but he just doesn't have the mental ability."

I leaned back in my chair, breathed deeply, and then said, "Oh, is that all? We were afraid you had some really bad news."

Her concerned expression turned to one of bewilderment. "Isn't it important to you that your son go to college?" she asked. "Don't you feel he *must*? After all, you are a judge. What will people think if the judge's son doesn't go to college?"

I explained that we certainly hoped Bill could go to college someday, but that it was more important for us that he grow up with a love for the Lord and his fellow man, and with the desire always to do his best.

Bill continued to struggle along desperately. But then, in the sixth grade, another teacher called us in for a conference. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said, "But Bill isn't trying any more—he has given up completely."

I was saddened by her words. And I was afraid—afraid that Bill might have lost for ever a good feeling about himself, that precious but fragile self-image which alone could tip the balance away from failure in later years.

At bedtime I told him, for the first time, about my own primary-school experiences, how some 30 years before I had

been the most stupid youngster in my class but that, with the love and understanding of my parents and teachers, I had somehow stumbled through those years and had ultimately gone on to law college. I also told him that it was easy to conclude that the achievements of others came simply and easily, but that life was not usually like that. Most triumphs grow out of the ashes of defeat. "Bill," I concluded, "I know that some day, in some way, you will overcome your defeats."

"You know, Dad," he replied, "I guess that not doing so good isn't all that bad if someone loves you and stands by you."

CRACK! The starter's gun signalled the beginning of the race. My knees were weak, and a voice that sounded distant and husky left my throat on the chill November wind. "Go, Billy Blue!" I shouted to my son, who wore the blue of Royal Oak's Kimball High School.

I hurried with the rest of the crowd to a flat stretch at the bottom of a hill where we could next see the runners, reaching it just as the first boy burst into view. Though I couldn't see his face, I could tell by his style that it wasn't Bill.

Four more runners appeared, than five. Where was he? For a moment I was struck by the sickening thought that perhaps Bill had dropped out. He had never given up a race, no matter how badly he was running, but there was always a chance of stomach cramps or a sprain.

Finally, he came over the brow of the hill, very erect, his right shoulder lurching up and down with each pumping motion of his loosely swinging arms. The stride was unmistakable. But my heart sank, for there were 39 runners ahead of him. And I could tell that Bill was working hard—too hard. Every muscle was forcing and straining.

But suddenly Bill moved to the outside and began to pass some runners. He knew, and so did I, that he could not afford to fall very far behind, for he did not have a "kick", a burst of speed, that he could rely on at the end of the race. As he swept by me, he raised his right fist just a little. "Go, Blue," I yelled to encourage all of Royal Oak's runners. But deep in my heart I knew who Blue was; it was "Billy Blue."

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Our son's puzzling academic problems were finally traced to a paralysed muscle in one eye, which caused him to suffer occasional double vision and severe perceptual difficulties. As seventh grade approached, Bill began to work with an eye doctor who developed exercises to help his perception and coordination, and with a special reading tutor. And, through sheer desire, he began to make progress. In fact, to everyone's, amazement he made the seventh grade honour roll.

In the eighth grade, Bill took up athletics. During his first season, he lost every race badly. But with every defeat he grew more determined. The next autumn, he ran with the secondary school freshman cross-country team. He finished poorly all year, but always ran as hard as he could. The team captain and top runner, Phil Ceeley, took notice of his determination and began helping him. And now our son became a familiar figure on Royal Oak's streets, running up to 25 kilometres a day—every day—through the snow, sleet and bitter cold of winter, and the sultry heat of summer.

Those thousands of kilometres of hard work finally began to pay off in Bill's final year of secondary school. He became his cross-country team's fastest runner, and his team mates selected him as one of their co-captains. Yet his goal of being in the all-state team still seemed unobtainable. To achieve it, he would have to beat literally thousands of runners, most with more natural athletic ability than he, in a regional and finally a state meet. "And that," I thought to myself, "is impossible".

THE GENTLY rolling hills had now become a torturous ordeal for the runners, and I wondered what force drove each of them on. Surely some of them ran for status and prestige. Would this sustain them more than love and desire? Would the love my wife and I had for Bill, and our efforts to make him feel proud of himself, help him to do something he might not be able to do all by himself?

I ran with the other spectators to the spot where we would next see the runners. There the rolling hills were abruptly interrupted by a dense forest pierced only by a small footpath. Gasping for breath out of excitement and exertion, I leaned against the trunk of an ageing pine—and waited.

A lone runner burst over the crest of the hill—not Bill—and gracefully galloped down the grassy slope. Then a swarm of skinny, red-faced boys appeared. Ten . . . 13 . . . 16 . . . 19 . . . There he was! My heart sank. He was running in twentieth place, and pinned to the inside. "You've got to make your move now! You can't do it later," I thought. As if he had heard me, Bill suddenly swung to the outside and spurted from twentieth to sixth place in less than 100 metres.

My elation suddenly turned to fear as he streaked past and headed for the trees. He had more than 3,000 metres to go. Had he used up too much energy? I knew I would not see him again for about five minutes, while he ran through the woods. I could only wait, worry and wonder.

He came out of the trees at the 3,000 metre mark in a virtual tie for fourth place with a boy who had beaten him badly all year. My heart jumped into my throat—fourth place, even fifth place—either was good enough for the all-state team! Pain, anxiety and intense desire contorted Bill's face. I had never seen him look so strained, so physically and emotionally spent. "Go, Blue!" Could he hear? Could he feel my love reaching out?

As I rushed along past the 4,000 metre mark, I passed close to the finishing line, where my wife stood waiting, hoping. "He's fourth," I choked, and turned quickly away as I felt tears welling.

Gasping for breath, I reached the two long ropes that narrowed to a "v" at the finishing line. I had just got there when a smooth, confident runner from Grosse Pointe crossed the line to the cheers of the spectators. Then the second and third runners streaked across. An eternity later came Bill, still matching his competitor stride for stumbling stride.

Both exhausted runners crossed the finishing line together. I looked closely at Bill's face. Agony twisted his boyish features as he staggered aimlessly on. Thinking he was about to collapse, I instinctively ducked under the ropes, ran over, grabbed his arm and put it over my shoulder. He rasped and gasped uncontrollably for breath as he slumped lifelessly against me. In a few seconds he straightened up. "I'm okay now, Dad," he said. And he jogged off to "warm down." He had recovered.

But I had not. I was overwhelmed. I tried to hold back the

tears that welled in my eyes, but couldn't. I had to let them come. I tried to look at Bill, but could not see. I tried to talk, but no words came.

For a moment I was ashamed. The everyday mask we all wear had been shattered unexpectedly, and I wondered what others would think. But deep in my heart I knew that I wept in a manner that made weeping appropriate; yes, one might even say, majestic.

Sales Lines

MY HUSBAND and his friend went on an all-night hunting trip on the eve of my birthday. The next day, my spouse decided to have a dozen roses delivered to me at work. Hearing the price, however, he changed his order, finally settling on a potted plant.

"What do you want on the card?" the florist asked.

"I've never sent flowers before," my husband said. "What kind of message would you suggest from a guy who's just been out hunting all night?"

"Hmm," the florist replied, "in that case I'd suggest you switch back to a dozen roses!"

— Frances Hill

SHOPPING in the leather-goods section of an expensive department store, I was admiring the beautiful but pricey luggage. When the salesman asked if I'd like some help, I replied, "I'm just looking now. I'll be back when I'm a millionaire."

"Okay," he said. "We're open until six."

— Kathi Greco

I WENT to a sporting-goods store to buy a running outfit for my wife, an avid jogger. "She's 170 centimetres tall and weighs about 52 kilos," I told the salesclerk.

"Maybe something in a size ten?" she suggested.

When I answered that I thought that sounded a little large, the salesclerk shouted to another clerk across the aisle, "What would you call a gal who is 170 centimetres and 52 kilos?"

"Lucky!" was her instant response.

— L. M. Hamilton

AFTER spending three hours enduring the long lines, surly clerks and inane regulations at the department of motor vehicles, I stopped at a toy store to pick up a gift for my son. I brought my selection—a baseball bat—to the cash register. "Cash or credit?" the clerk asked. "Cash," I snapped. Then, apologizing for my rudeness, I explained, "I've just spent the afternoon at the motor-vehicle bureau."

"Shall I gift-wrap the bat?" the clerk asked sweetly. "Or are you going back there?"

— Harold Schonfeld

The Awesome Power to Be Ourselves

By Ardis Whitman

ONE AFTERNOON, when I was a little girl, the teacher announced that there would be no school the next day because the old man who lived in the turreted mansion had died. I was puzzled. Many people died. Why close the school for this man?

I asked Stuart, who was in the eighth standard and usually knew everything. "He owned the factory, didn't he?" Stuart said, amazed at my ignorance. "That's about as powerful as you can get around here."

Isn't this how many of us think of power—the richest man in town, the man who can control others?

But power has many guises. My father was a kind and gentle clergyman in Nova Scotia, Canada. He had neither money nor fame. No one, I am sure, was ever afraid of him. When he was 64 years old, he received a letter from a church official in one of his old parishes. "We hear that you will soon be retiring," the man wrote. "Would you come and settle here? We feel that we'd be a better community and better neighbours for having a man whose life is so genuine living among us."

Imagine changing a community just by being oneself. That is power.

I think of a homely little man in Athens more than 2,000 years ago who died because he asked dangerous questions. His

tears that welled in my eyes, but couldn't. I had to let them come. I tried to look at Bill, but could not see. I tried to talk, but no words came.

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Imagine changing a community just by being oneself. That is power.

I think of a homely little man in Athens more than 2,000 years ago who died because he asked dangerous questions. His

iences were very small; yet there is no literate person in the world today who has not heard of Socrates. I think of St Francis of Assisi, who gave up a pampered life to live in poverty while comforting the poor and the sick, and of Mohandas Gandhi who freed his people from the most powerful empire of his time without any force except what he called "truth force."

Uncanny Power. What do these individuals have in common? They all spoke and acted as themselves, resolutely standing up for what they believed. They had the inner purity of people true to their ideals. They were "authentic."

Many critics nowadays decry the "be yourself" philosophy as leading to selfishness. But authenticity doesn't do this. It proceeds from the centre of a person's life, but is not self-centred. This is its uncanny power, and it is available to all of us.

The concept that we ought to know and be ourselves goes back to the first time a human wondered. Who am I? Socrates taught that to "know thyself" is the basis of all knowledge; Shakespeare wrote, "To thine own self be true . . . thou canst not then be false to any man." Like all the great ideas, the concept rises and falls with the tides of history.

Always, we seem to be asking, "How can I make my life count for something?"

Authenticity makes each person's life count by restoring power to the individual. To be oneself is a natural human and universal power, which brings with it a cornucopia of blessings.

A sense of direction. Authentic people recognize the direction in which their lives are meant to go. When Albert Schweitzer, the great missionary doctor, was a boy, a friend proposed that they go up in the hills and kill birds. Albert was reluctant, but afraid of being laughed at, he went along. They arrived at a tree in which a flock of birds was singing; the boys put stones in their catapults. Then the church bells began to ring, mingling music with the birdsong.

For Albert, it was a voice from heaven. He shooed the birds away and went home. From that day on, reverence for life was more important to him than the fear of being laughed at. His priorities were clear.

Self-generated energy. Fatigue is a common symptom of people

who have suppressed what is truly themselves. They are not really tired but *tired of*. One psychotherapist described patients so fatigued that they could scarcely drag one foot after the other. Summing them up, she said, "The sense of loss of muscular power was really a sense of loss of power on the part of the soul!"

We, too, are often tired, not from "the loss of muscular power" but from the effort not to be ourselves. We are actors trying to impress other people. That's hard work.

By contrast, the authentic person does not dissipate energy in contradictions. His self-honesty reduces internal conflicts, and he feels alive, exhilarated. His energy is turned on by doing what matters to him. He does not dissipate energy on conflicts or deceptions.

The power of example. The authentic person also mobilizes the energies of others, by inspiring them. Just by being himself, he makes a statement about what is to be done.

During the French occupation of the Saar in the 1920s, when German feelings were running high against reported excesses by black colonial troops, Roland Hayes, the great black singer, faced a noisy and hostile audience in Berlin. For almost ten minutes, he stood quietly but resolutely by the piano, waiting for the hissing to cease. Then he signalled his accompanist and began to sing softly Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh" ("Thou Art Peace"). With the first notes of the song, a silence fell on the angry crowd. As Hayes continued to sing, his artistry transcended the hostility and a profound communion between singer and audience took place.

The power of self-love. A person who respects and values himself is much more likely to be able to do the same for others. When we are not sure who we are, we are uneasy. We try to find out what the other person would like us to say before we speak, would like us to do before we act. When we are insecure, our relationship to others is governed not by what they need but by our needs. (How many marriages founder on that sandbar!) Authentic people, on the other hand, are *there*, not only for themselves but for others. No energies are wasted in protecting a shaky ego.

The power of the spirit. No one can summon spiritual power

just by wanting to. But it seems to come often to those most centred on the deep self where discovery begins. I think of Martin Luther King, Jr, marching between the swinging police clubs and the baying dogs to Selma, Alabama, and electrifying a huge audience in Washington. It was impossible to be with him for any length of time without realizing that the spirit was the spring from which he took his life's responses. Few of us can be great leaders, but any person who is true to himself enhances his access to this power of the spirit.

STRIVING for authenticity is not easy. It's a lifetime endeavour, and nobody ever makes it all the way. It is a becoming rather than an ending, something we learn day by day. Here are some ways to begin:

Pay attention to what is going on in your life, inwardly and outwardly. Keep a journal to see how you change over time and to discover what muffled longings are being expressed. Few of us are so monolithic that we don't harbour conflicts within ourselves. Admit them. Listen to the dialogue within and record it in your journal.

Accept the idea that nothing is wrong with being different from other people. The truth is, all of us are different, and we are meant to be.

"Each one of us," wrote philosopher Paul Weiss, "is a unique being confronting the rest of the world in a unique fashion." Seek out your deepest convictions and stand by them, live by them.

Spend time with yourself. Solitude is at the heart of self-knowledge, because it is when we are alone that we learn to distinguish between the false and the true, the trivial and the important. "Solitude" said Nietzsche "makes us tougher towards ourselves and tenderer towards others."

As with the splitting of the atom, the opening of the self gives us access to a hidden power. Authenticity is a sensitizing and blessed power. It comes with feeling at home with oneself, and therefore at home in the universe. It is the greatest power in the world—the power to be ourselves.

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How to Survive Marital Storms

By Alan Loy McGinnis

TWO PEOPLE who live together long enough are sure to hit some turbulence. A certain amount of conflict exists in all relationships. But when aggression gets out of control, anger feeds on itself and then a marriage can be in serious trouble. Based on my experience as a psychotherapist and marriage counsellor, I have some suggestions for handling conflict before it becomes destructive.

1. *Recognize that anger is a normal emotion.* If you can agree that a husband and wife who love each other will probably experience envy, annoyance, even anger, then neither of you will panic when it happens. You will realize that just because your mate does not feel loving towards you at all times, it does not mean that he or she has "fallen out of love."

Maybe one partner will be distressed over an office problem, or feeling upset about something else. Your spouse may not be able to express much affection for you, but that temporary incapacity is not your fault. Two questions to ask are:

"Darling, have I done something to make you angry?" If the answer is negative, the second is: "Then is there anything I can do for you?" If not, leave your spouse alone. By giving your mate the right to an occasional sulk, you have transmitted a wonderful gift.

2. *Be cautious about protecting your "rights."* It is reasonable to

hope that certain needs will be met in a marriage—and there is nothing selfish about approaching your spouse with an unfulfilled desire. But some people are *too* concerned about getting their share of rights.

We all know people who go through life defending all their actions. But reasonably secure persons do not see every misunderstanding as an occasion to assert themselves. They can compromise without losing self-composure.

3. *Resist the impulse to give up.* Many couples who come to my clinic are ready to throw in the towel. But in almost every case I have helped them discover that the best marriage for them is the one they're in, and that it *can* be saved if they want it to be.

It is an easy way out to look for a replacement. At first a new partner seems to be everything that the old one was not. A man will say about his new girl-friend, "I can tell her things I could never tell my wife." Why? Because there is no accumulation of wounds, no topics you've learnt to avoid. It's a clean slate. But this new openness does not mean that she has something that your wife does not.

All too often changing partners does not eliminate the basic marital problem. Counsellors have talked to hundreds of people on their second marriage who say, "If I'd known then what I know now, I would have worked harder to keep my first marriage going."

4. *Be the first to make changes.* Many couples get stuck in repetitive behaviour. A therapist may use pressure to get them unstuck, but that may not be necessary if just one—you—will decide to change.

This is not easy. There is within us all a resistance to change which has, at its root, pride. To change is to admit that we are wrong. But if you take the initiative and begin afresh, you may break the deadlock.

In his book *No Longer Strangers*, Bruce Larson related this story about a woman who complained to him, "My husband and I never quarrel. We simply have *no* relationship any more. He comes home from work, has dinner, watches television and goes to bed. It has been like this for years."

"Do you love him?" Larson asked.

"Yes," she said, tears beginning to flow. "But I'm sure he

doesn't love me or he wouldn't be so cold and indifferent."

Larson asked, "Why do you think he comes home every night instead of spending his time with someone else? Perhaps he's hoping that one day something will happen to rekindle the love you shared when you first married. What could be the worst thing that could happen if, after dinner, you put on something sexy and curled up beside him on the couch?"

"He might laugh at me."

A few days later, Larson received a letter from the wife: "Guess what? He didn't laugh!"

5. *Cultivate humility.* "Love does not insist on its own way," says the Bible. Having to be right all the time may be due to a fear of losing control, but if you can never be wrong, you cannot sustain love.

Most lovers have to learn to say "I'm sorry," because two people who live together are bound to bump into each other. If you do not want to hurt the other, apologize.

6. *Add a portion of tolerance.* At a monastery I once saw this saying: "Love is found by those who can live with human nature as it is." Those who enjoy relationships seem to be those who can relax with the foibles of the people they love.

Some of the best marriages I know are composed of two people who are very different, often with striking idiosyncrasies—but who are tolerant of each other and adjust to, or overlook, the irritants. Psychologist Carl Rogers uses this analogy: "When I walk on the beach to watch the sunset I do not call out, 'A little more orange over to the right, please,' or, 'Would you mind giving us less purple in the back?' No, I enjoy the always-different sunsets as they are. We'd do well to do the same with the people we love."

Stumbling Block

Notice in a London subway station: "Take care walking over the ramp. Have a nice trip."

— "Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

Good Heavens!

WHEN Polish-born pianist Artur Rubinstein was asked at the age of 89 if he believed in life after death, he answered, "No, I don't." Then he added, with a chuckle, "Would you like to know why not? Because if it does not exist, it will come as such a lovely surprise."

— Jacques Chancel, *Le Grand Echiquier*, France



Jacques Tati Looks at Life

PEOPLE, too hurried to observe what's going on around them, often miss the myriad little human situations that are truly the best shows on earth.

Take travel. When you're stuck at the airport for an hour, you can fidget and worry—or you can relax and look around. I've never had a dull wait at an airport.

Note the self-important businessmen complaining loudly about their flight delay, fancy attaché cases snapping open and shut in rhythmic patterns. The ground hostess, despite the onslaught of impatient passengers, keeps her professional smile—unaware that her smart little hat has gone completely askew. In the lounge, middle-aged couples settle down, meticulously positioning coats, packages and bags all round; three minutes later they check their watches, carefully gather their belongings, move to other seats and repeat the performance.

A planeload of passengers disembarking presents a kaleidoscope of national traits. Women wearing glasses with pointed ends and sparkles—probably from America. Men travelling in yellow or grey shoes—German. Mysterious-looking ladies in very dark mink—Italian or South American. A Frenchman carries his passport like an extended visiting-card. Englishmen almost always travel with little or no luggage.

Inside the plane the spectacle continues. The important gen-

gentleman who travels often by air walks on to the plane as if it were his office. He takes his seat without hesitation, removes his jacket, loosens belt and tie, and talks to the stewardesses as he would to his secretary. The couple across the aisle are travelling for the first time. See how they fumble with their seat belts, how the wife reads aloud to her husband all the posted instructions, and then the aura of domestic intimacy as they clutch hands for the take-off.

Often people are too self-observant, too preoccupied with trying to create a good impression to have time to watch others. Old people, who have stopped worrying about what others think of them, have time to look. So do children.

I encouraged my own two children: "Don't stare, but observe," and a family outing to a theatre or restaurant or any other public place became a seeing game. Today, grown-up, they are never bored.

Observing others improves human relationships. There are about 50 garages on the road to my office, but I keep going back to the same one. Why? Because the man who runs it has an eye for people. When you drive up, he sees you. If you look sad, he tries to cheer you up. If you are happy, he smiles with you. And with his obvious powers of observation and attention, clients feel confident he won't let them drive off unless their car appears in top condition.

Sometimes, keeping your eyes open, you witness a scene that becomes a kind of touchstone in your life. In the spring of 1940 I happened to be in Le Cateau, a town near the Belgian border. At the central three-way crossing, a French policeman was directing traffic while, from all sides, streams of refugees and French units poured southwards ahead of the invaders.

Then, down one of the avenues, I saw a German tank advancing. When it reached the square amidst the flood of vehicles, the bewildered policeman routinely waved it on with the rest of the southbound traffic. To this day that tragicomic scene, hardly noticed by anyone, has stayed with me, a symbol of an entire era.

"All the world's a stage." True. The world is a stage, people are players—but some have to be spectators as well. And they are much the richer for it.

My Paper Dream

By William Hendryx

BY THE time I reached the wise old age of eight, I was convinced nothing would be more glorious than to have my own newspaper delivery route. It would mean money in my pocket, independence and, I hoped, recognition by my father that I was capable of doing something.

In my father's eyes, doing a good job was expected. His parents had died when he was a boy, leaving him to be raised by a stern but benevolent grandfather on a tiny farm in East Texas during the Great Depression of the 1930s. Working with his hands — picking cotton, turning the clay soil and now operating machinery at a plastics plant — was all he had ever known. To him, learning a trade was fundamental to a young man's education. So far, I had shown little talent for it.

Every night, as our family of six gathered for supper, Dad unfailingly asked, "What did you learn in school today, boy?" Everyone would grow quiet, all eyes on me.

Never prepared for the enquiry, I'd stare at my plate and answer, "Oh, nothin' much."

"Might as well quit and go to work then," he'd say, a faint smile appearing on his weathered face.

Each night I would retreat to my bed to dream about my paper-route plans. There were a couple of problems with my ambition: I was four years away from the minimum-age re-

quirement of 12, and the job was already taken. Frankie, 14 and almost twice my size, had had that route for as long as I could remember, and there were no prospects for his retirement. Nevertheless, I asked him repeatedly to recommend me if he ever quit. His assurances kept me going.

As Frankie's volunteer assistant, I knew the route almost as well as he did. Each afternoon after school, I rode my bicycle to the corner where the newspaper bundles were dumped. Frankie and the other carriers were always there by the time I arrived. Bicycles, orange canvas bags, newspapers and rubber bands were scattered everywhere on the dusty concrete slab.

After we folded the papers, Frankie would hand me a few, while he hauled most of the load on his sturdy bicycle. Pumping with all my might, I could barely keep up with him as he gracefully weaved up one driveway and down the next. Effortlessly, he hurled each tightly rolled bundle past giant oak limbs and wrought-iron railings, invariably finding his mark on the front porch.

As far as I could see, the only bad thing about having a newspaper route was the dreaded task of signing up new customers. Knocking on a stranger's door after dark and asking him to buy something takes a lot of nerve. Every once in a while, someone agreed.

"The evening paper?" they'd say. "We'll give 'er a try, I guess. When can you start?"

"How 'bout right now?" Frankie would answer with a grin and a free copy of that day's edition. "Always give people more than they expect," he'd say as we pedalled away beneath the glowing street lamps.

Continuing this routine for more than two years, I couldn't have been happier. Then one spring afternoon Frankie dropped a bombshell. "I don't know how to tell you this," he said, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Coach Black wants me on the baseball team, but we practise every afternoon. I . . . I have to give up the route."

"Give up the . . ." I couldn't say it. I was still too young to qualify for the job, and it was all I could do to hold back the tears.

"Listen, don't count yourself out," he said. I told the route

manager you were a great helper, and he wants to meet you."

That night, while sitting on the porch swing, feeling defeated, I heard the familiar plodding of Dad's heavy shoes as he came outside for a smoke. "You feel all right?" he asked, lighting his pipe. "You hardly said a word during supper."

I pulled my knees to my chest and reluctantly explained the situation. "That's a pretty big job," he said. "You honestly believe you can handle that route and do it right?"

"Yes, sir," I said boldly, though I had reservations. The Sunday paper was awfully big and had to be thrown before sunrise — but I'd find a way.

He relit his pipe, the warm glow of the match reflecting the concern in his face. "Then I'll go with you to meet the manager, but only as an observer. You have to do your own talking," he said.

Surprised, I looked up at him. So far this had been something of a game — a way of proving myself to Dad. With him involved, though, it seemed I was taking a bigger step than I had imagined.

He turned to go back inside. "Oh, and wear a coat and tie to the meeting," he said.

My feet hit the floor. "But no one dresses like that," I protested, thinking how silly I'd look to the other guys.

"They have a job and you don't," he said matter-of-factly.

"But —"

"No buts," he said firmly. "This is a real job. If you're not going to take it seriously, don't take it at all."

Two long weeks later, I nervously pulled out my dark-brown suit, white shirt, matching tie and my best shoes. We drove in silence to the meeting site, a car park in a nearby shopping area. As the carriers' meeting was breaking up, Dad squatted and gently took my shoulders. "If he gives you this job, he'll be bending the rules," he warned me, "and you know what that could mean. He's probably got a family to support. Are you sure about this?"

There was no backing out now. "Yes, sir," I said.

He paused, searching deep into my eyes. "Then get in there and show him what you're made of," he said. "I'll wait here."

Sales Pitch. With wavering confidence, I wedged my small

frame through the other carriers and approached the heaviest man with dark, receding hair.

"Well, what've we got here?" asked the manager. Mighty dapper. You must be the young man Frankie spoke of."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I know I'm young, but if you give me a chance, I'll be the best paper carrier you ever had. I know the route. I know the people. And I'm dependable -- just ask Frankie."

"I have asked Frankie," he said, leaning back to give me a quick appraisal. "How old are you?"

"Ten-and-a-half," I said, trying to sound 12.

He frowned. "You don't think you're a mite small to handle the Sunday paper?"

"I know I can do it."

"Suppose it's cold and raining, what then?" he persisted.

My shoulders dropped. He had me stumped on that one. He knew it, I knew it and so did Frankie and the other guys waiting around. Silently, I stared at my shoes.

"Then I'll take him in the car," my father said. Startled, I turned to find him standing not far behind me. "A lot of the boys have help when the weather's bad," he added. The thought had occurred to me, too, but, for some prideful reason, I never would have asked my dad.

Scratching his head, the route manager peered at my father, then at me. "All right, we'll try you for 30 days," he said. "But if I don't think you're doing a good job, I'll find someone to replace you. Fair enough?" He held out his hand for mine.

I glanced at my father, suddenly seeing him as I never had before. I had taken a chance and, to my surprise, he had supported me. His warm smile and quick nod were all the assurance I needed.

"Fair enough," I said, placing my small hand in the manager's.

"When can you start?"

A giant smile streaked across my face. "How 'bout right now?" I said.

THREE years later my family moved, and I had to give up my beloved paper route. But I took something invaluable with me.

manager you were a great helper, and he wants to meet you."

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Sales Pitch. With wavering confidence, I wedged my small

What Happy Couples Say About Sex

By Bernie Zilbergeld

Is it true that marriage and good sex are incompatible, that sex between married partners eventually becomes bland, unexciting? Maybe for *some* couples *some* of the time. But in 16 years as a psychologist and sex therapist, I've found much evidence to the contrary. Surveys suggest that many people enjoy more varied, frequent and satisfying sex in long-term relationships than in any other kind.

Of course, not all couples are so fortunate. Many *do* have boring sex lives. I believe these couples can be helped, however, by learning the specific traits that sexually satisfied couples seem to share:

- *They make sex a priority.* Satisfied couples consider sex a very important part of their relationship and are willing to do whatever it takes to make their sex lives as fulfilling as possible. They may occasionally delay dinner, or arrive late for work. They may vacation alone—without children, without friends, without mother. They may discourage long visits by houseguests, to protect their sexual privacy.

- *They make time for sex.* Planning “dates” is one way they do this, demonstrating that they both give their time together high priority. They may also seize unexpected free time for sex instead of doing chores or paying bills.

- *They stay emotionally intimate.*

I had discovered my father, and he had discovered me. Together we had taken a chance, and together we got the job done.



Labour Farce

DOING electrical work, my boss was up on a ladder, asking a helper on the ground for a piece of pipe one metre long. The wrong-sized pipe was handed up to him, and he sent it back. "I want a pipe 91 centimetres long," he said. Again he was given the wrong size. Finally, my boss became angry and shouted, "Why can't I get a piece one metre long?"

From the bottom of the ladder his helper responded, "How do you expect me to get it right if you keep changing the measurements?" — Colin Heald

As the Years Turn

FOR HER 82nd birthday, I surprised my grandmother with a birthday greeting signed by the US president. (Upon request, this service is available to people over 80.) When I asked Grandma how she felt receiving a card from the White House, she had a ready answer. "There's no privacy in this country anymore," she said. "They even keep track of your birthday." — Pamela Wendling

A 93-YEAR-OLD woman who had to go into the hospital briefly for a minor ailment told her daughter that she was thinking about changing doctors. "I've been treated by this doctor for 40 years," she complained, "and I'm not a bit better." — Quoted by James Dent in Charleston, *Gazette*

WHILE travelling through Missouri, we stopped for lunch at a local café. In the booth behind us sat four elderly men whose conversation revolved around the problems of the community, state and nation. "Well, there's one thing we don't have to worry about anymore," I overheard one man say. "We ain't gonna die young!" — Virginia Opocensky

Double Fault

WE HAD progressed quite far with our biometry course, when our lecturer announced, with a certain sadistic pleasure, that a test was due.

"Now," he said, "to show you how democratic I am, I'm giving you the choice of writing one three-hour test, or two tests of one hour and two hours respectively, a week apart. Which do you want?"

A group of dismayed faces looked back in silence, as if unable to decide which was the lesser of the two evils, until someone decided the matter with: "Please sir, I'd rather fail one test than two!"

— Jeremy Aldworth, South Africa

in a relationship involving closeness, caring and sharing. It is least likely when coldness, distance and sulking prevail.

Every relationship has its ups and downs, of course. Sexually satisfied partners may quarrel at times, or even refuse to talk to each other. But they recover from these rough periods quickly. They find ways to solve their problems.

- *They know how to touch.* Couples who have good sex tend to be more sensual than others. They understand that handholding, hugging and kissing not only communicate love but also keep erotic feelings simmering. This is very different from the more common pattern in which the husband or wife initiates lovemaking after days of little or no physical contact.

- *They keep romance alive.* Sexy couples know the importance of tenderness, compliments and attentiveness; and they believe in seduction. They tell each other how beautiful or handsome they look. They occasionally indulge in candlelit dinners. They remember birthdays, anniversaries and other special events, and give one another presents and little surprises.

One woman remembers fondly the time she and her husband attended a party at which a fashion model was present. "She's gorgeous," her husband whispered, "but I want you."

- *They keep their sexual anticipation alive.* One man recalls the day an unsigned note, in his wife's handwriting, was delivered to him at his office. It read: "Handsome man, if you're ready for a night of grand passion, meet me at the Fairmount Hotel at 8 p.m." A room key was enclosed. The man didn't get much work done that day, but he had an absolutely glorious night.

- *They know how to play.* Couples who have good sex seem not to take sex all that seriously. They know it's okay to laugh in bed. A wife of 21 years tells me, for example, that she likes having sex with her husband because they can be silly together.

Couples like this are adventurous in a childlike way. They don't have rigid rules about what sex should be. This becomes especially important as couples get older. They relax, improvise and have as much fun as possible. They compensate for the effects of age, illness and familiarity—often quite imaginatively.

- *The know how to talk to each other.* Experts agree that there is a strong correlation between talking and sexual satisfaction. This doesn't mean that couples who have good sex always talk

about sex. It simply means they know they *can* talk about it when something needs to be said. They're able to give each other feedback such as, "I like it when you touch me there."

Sexually satisfied couples tell each other about their fantasies and turn-ons. Of course, not *all* loving couples do this, but many do find that sharing these secrets adds spice to their sex lives.

• *They remain lovers, even as parents.* Some studies show that a couple's satisfaction may decrease after the birth of their first child. Couples who have good sex, however, do not let parenthood intrude. They don't let children just walk into their bedroom at any time; they let them know when they want to be alone, and they don't tolerate interruptions except in emergencies. They leave children with baby-sitters once in a while for the sole purpose of enjoying unhurried, uninhibited sex. So, THERE you have them, the best-kept secrets of sexually satisfied couples—the big secret being that there aren't really any secrets at all. The pointers are all fairly obvious, but the problem is that many people simply don't put these ideas into practice. Almost any couple can have more satisfying sex if they try even a few of these ideas. I know couples, for example, who have increased their sexual contentment just by committing themselves to spending every Saturday afternoon alone together.

Can sex survive, let alone flourish, in a long-term relationship? I am pleased to report that the answer is a definite yes. For no matter how long two people have been together, they can still get better and better at making plans, sharing feelings and fantasies, learning how to play and touch. Couples who never stop using their own intelligence, sense of humour and imagination to refresh their physical and emotional relationship can have exciting and satisfying sex all their lives.

Relative Values

From the "births" column in the *Guernsey Evening Press and Star*, England: Debbie and Keith Betts are delighted to announce the arrival of all four kilos of Benjamin, a brother for Mark. Thanks to all concerned, Keith would also like to announce the imminent arrival of mother-in-law, weighing in at rather more and intending to stay just as long." — "Peterborough" in *Daily Telegraph*, London

This, Too, Is Worship

By Ardis Whitman

IT WAS a spring evening in Athens. After dinner, a group of us who were travelling together went up to the roof of our hotel. Laughing and chatting, we each looked for a vantage point around the parapet. Suddenly someone cried, "Look!" As we turned to follow his gaze, we all fell silent.

The moon was rising over the city. Its light turned the barely perceptible fog into a golden mist. Beneath us lay the ancient, narcissus-white metropolis. Far away, the moon caught the mystery and splendour of the Parthenon on its lofty hill. Nearer to us, it shone on the silvery branches of an olive tree. For a moment the city seemed the antechamber of eternity. It was as if one could hear solemn music behind all things. A friend standing next to me said softly, "What a holy night it is."

In her book, *Gift From the Sea*, Anne Morrow Lindberg tells of a similar experience while on a holiday in a cottage on a lonely beach. She had only pelicans, gulls and sandpipers for company, and felt, she says, "melted into the universe, lost in it, as one is lost in a canticle of praise swelling from an unknown crowd in a cathedral."

When I think of spontaneous acts of worship, I also remember a musician who lived in my city. One brilliant summer day he and his wife visited the tower that stood on the highest peak in Massachusetts. Three US states—Connecticut, Massachusetts

and New York—spread before them, the sun blazing down on valleys, forests and lakes.

He was so moved by the grandeur of the scene that he rushed to his car, grabbed his cornet and climbed back up the tower. There he played with all his heart—for his own delight, for the passing tourists and for the glory of God.

Worship can never be confined to the walls of church or temple, for it is an attitude towards life, a response to the universe around us.

The essence of worship is wonder. Philosopher Gerald Heard once described it as "that mixture of profound awe and overwhelming, self-forgetful delight which is the true catharsis and deliverance of the soul."

How ancient experiences of spontaneous worship must be! Long before formal worship, early humans must have stopped in awe and yearning as tree-tops caught fire in the sunset or evening stars thronged the sky in measureless majesty. "Ever since man first painted animals in the dark of caves," wrote naturalist Loren Eiseley, "he has been responding to the holy, to the spiritual, to the mystery of being and becoming."

The experience of spontaneous worship comes not only to the believer. One day I looked over a book of photographs with a young medical student I had known for years. We lingered over a picture of a flower, translucent, with miniature golden suns at its heart, and my friend murmured lines from the poet William Blake :

To see . . . a heaven in a wildflower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand.

Miraculous Change. I was astonished, for heaven had not been part of my friend's agnostic thinking when I last saw him. "You are surprised," he said, noticing my expression. "What changed me was watching an operation on a young man who had a brain tumour. It was the first time I saw a live human brain. It seemed like a living universe. When I walked out of the operating-room, I felt more like praying than I ever had in my life. Perhaps I'm still not very religious. But now when I look at a living thing under the microscope—like that flower or a

human cell—I see the miracle in it."

The impulse to worship can also come from our ability to love one another.

It is not surprising that heaven comes down to touch us when we find ourselves safe in the heart of another person. Human love is like the shine of gold in the prospector's pan—so different from its surroundings that it seems we must have found it in a better world. "After you had taken your leave," wrote philosopher Rabindranath Tagore to a beloved guest, "I found God's footprints on my floor."

Nothing calls us to worship more urgently than the awesome creative works of man—his architecture, paintings, poetry and music. Often we can sense in them another, greater presence.

Great art is a language of symbols. "Man's ultimate concern," said theologian Paul Tillich, "must be expressed symbolically, because symbolic language alone is able to express the ultimate." I once asked a sculptor friend who was working on a piece of stone what she believed she was doing. "I'm changing matter into spirit," she said.

Spontaneous worship as we find it in our daily lives is part of the meaning and mystery of being human. We need this sense of awe and gratitude; it re-kindles within us a reverence for life and teaches us to cherish the wonders of the universe.

THE POET Bradford Smith was blessed with a moment of joy when, aware that he was soon to die of cancer, he watched dawn break. And he wrote:

Oh, God, how beautifully you light your world!
With what majestic sweetness the light comes on.

Speaking of this brave man after his death, fellow poet Mark Van Doren said that he had lived day by day "so that no joyful secret of existence should be missed."

That is the key to experiencing the essence of worship.



The Legacy

By Bill Gaither

Benjy and I were working in the yard together one afternoon. It was during a summer between college terms, a time of uncertainty for my son. Benjy wanted to follow in my footsteps as a musician, but he was impatient for success. I ached for him and wished I could say something.

Taking a break, Benjy looked around our six hectares with its stream, its trees, its rolling grass. "This place is beautiful," he said wistfully. "How did you get it?"

"I wondered when you'd ask," I replied. We tend to take things for granted until we're about to leave or lose them. I told Benjy the story.

Our first child, Suzanne, had just been born. Gloria and I were teaching in Indiana, where I had grown up. We wanted and so we could build a house.

I noticed a property south of town where cattle grazed. It belonged to a 92-year-old retired banker named Mr Yule. He owned a lot of land in the area, but was selling none of it. He gave the same speech to everyone who enquired. "I promised the farmers they could use it for their cattle."

Nevertheless, Gloria and I visited him at the bank, where he still spent his days. Little Suzanne was in tow, bonnet in place. We made our way past a forbidding mahogany door and into a dim office. Mr Yule sat behind a desk, reading *The Wall Street*

Journal. He barely moved, looking at us over the top of his bifocals.

"Not selling," he said pleasantly, when I told him we were interested in the piece of land. "Promised it to a farmer for grazing."

"I know," I replied nervously. "But we teach school here, and we thought that maybe you would sell it to someone planning to settle."

He pursed his lips and stared. "What'd you say your name was?"

"Gaither. Bill Gaither."

"H'm. Any relation to Grover Gaither?"

"Yes, sir. He was my granddad."

Mr Yule put down his paper and removed his glasses. Then he pointed to a couple of chairs, and we sat down.

"Grover Gaither was the best worker I ever had on my farm," he said. "Showed up early, stayed late, did whatever needed doing and never had to be told."

The old man leaned forward. "I found him in the barn one night an hour after closing time. Told me the tractor needed fixing and he wouldn't feel right about leaving it undone." Mr Yule squinted, his eyes distant with the memory. "What'd you say you wanted, Gaither?"

I told him again.

"Let me do some thinking on it, then come back and see me."

I was in his office again within a week. Mr. Yule told me he had though about it. I held my breath. "How does 3800 sound?" he asked.

At that rate per acre, I would have to come up with nearly \$60,000! Was this just a way of putting me off?

"Thirty-eight hundred?" I repeated, with a catch in my throat.

"Yup. Fifteen acres for \$3800." The land had to be worth at least three times that! I gratefully accepted.

NEARLY three decades later, my son and I strolled the lush property that had once been pasture. "Benjy," I said, "You've had this wonderful place to grow up on all because of the good name of a man you never met."

At Granddad's funeral, many people had came up to me to

say, "Your grandfather was a good man." He was praised for his compassion, his ability to forgive, his tenderness, his generosity — and, most of all, his integrity. He had been a simple farmer, but his character made him a leader.

A good man. A wonderful phrase — one that has almost been lost in our culture. It reminds me of a verse from the Bible that I was raised on: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." (Proverbs, 22:1.)

A good name is the legacy Granddad Gaither left me. It is what I hope to leave Benji, along with a story he can tell his son as they walk this gentle land.



Rural Delivery

A RED sports car drove up to our local petrol-pump, stopping a good distance from the pumps. The driver shouted to the attendant, "Which way to the lake?"

The attendant called back, "North to 12th Street, make a right and watch for the signs."

Turning to me as the car drove off, he said, "Actually there aren't any signs, but if a guy can't get out of his car, come over and ask you nicely, he doesn't deserve any better directions."

— Charles Grisham

MY HUSBAND and I were exploring the possibilities of shifting to a very small town and felt that the best way to get to know a new area was to subscribe to the local newspaper.

Late one afternoon I called the paper and asked to be connected to the circulation department. "I'm sorry," was the polite reply, "she has gone home for the day."

— Jan Grubman

AT AN art centre, the meadow next to the park was used by a local farmer to pasture cows. One day some tourists opened the door of their car to give their dog a breath of fresh air. Seeing the cows, the dog immediately gave chase. He hit the electric fence and disappeared, howling, into the woods. After an hour of hot pursuit, the owner stuffed his unhappy pooch in the car and angrily demanded to know why the farmer hadn't put a warning sign on the fence. The response was, "Well, I would have — if I'd known your dog could read."

— Orland Campbell

The World According to Claude

By Anthony Walton

AYOU CAN get by, but you can't get away." I kept hearing my father's voice, and it was annoying. Here I was, spending a beautiful Saturday morning in a hardware store instead of driving up to the coast or sleeping late.

I was sorting through aisles of plastic pipe connectors, all because someone had tried to get away with building a sprinkler system on the cheap. The system had ruptured, flooding my friend's yard and the pavement. To avoid a hefty plumber's fee, we had to do the repairs ourselves. I couldn't help hearing my father again: "*Do it right the first time.*"

I've grown accustomed to hearing Claude's voice. As I've got older, I hear him almost every day. "*You're penny-wise and pound-foolish.*" "*You got champagne tastes, but no money in your pocket.*" "*Don't believe everything you hear.*" As my friends and I run into brick walls working our way into adulthood, I am increasingly amazed at the sometimes brutal truth that my father has imparted in his seemingly offhand way.

One Christmas Eve, he and I were working on the furnace of a rental house he owns. It was about minus 30 C outside and, I thought, colder inside. Tormented by visions of a family-room fire, cocoa and pampering by my mother (I was home from college), I wanted my father to call it a day and get on with the festivities. After all, it *was* Christmas.

"We can't," said my father. "This is these people's home. They should be home on Christmas." He continued wrenching and banging on a pipe.

I saw an opening. "Exactly. We should be home on Christmas."

He shook his head. "It isn't that simple."

"It'd be simple to call somebody."

"You got a thousand dollars?"

"No. But you do."

"The reason I got it is, I don't give it away on things I can do myself."

A couple of hours later, when we had finished and were loading our tools into the car, he looked at me. "See? That wasn't so hard. But you had to find that out for yourself — nobody can tell you these things. That thousand dollars will come in handy. In fact, I'll probably have to send it to *you*." He shook his head, closed the car's boot and said, "Boy, just keep on living."

"Just keep on living." I often thought it sounded like a threat, but now I see that he was challenging me to see the world as it is and to live in it responsibly. I was like a lot of kids I knew, middle-class, happy, successful at most of what I attempted—but largely at the expense (literally) of my father and the world he created. Now as I contemplate creating a world for his grandchildren, I gain more respect for such an accomplishment and the unblinking steadiness it takes.

My father is the kind of man overlooked or ridiculed by the media. His values—fidelity, simplicity and frugality—are spurned by younger people, but I am beginning to see that these are the very values that keep a society functioning.

"Boy, you've got to get a routine." He has gone to a job he does not like, in a steel factory, for 36 years. One day I asked him why, and he looked at me as if I were crazy: "That's where the money is." And he has been married to the same woman for 31 years. "Marriage gives you a reason to do things."

As I gain more experience in a world where, it seems virtually everything is disposable, I begin to appreciate the unsurpassed values of steadiness and limited objectives. I'm increasingly aware of how much security my father has brought to my

adventures.

They were adventures he rarely understood. My father was born into excruciating poverty in rural Mississippi during the 1930s Depression. He had very little formal education, leaving school early to support his brothers and sisters, and finally joined the Air Force. But along the way he acquired a world view as logical as Newton's.

The first and most important law of the world according to Claude is "*Have the facts.*" God is the only thing he takes on faith. Recently, searching for a new lawn mower, he went to three different dealers and got three different prices for the same machine. He then went to a fourth dealer and purchased a larger mower for less money.

Clear Guide. I used to laugh at one of his hobbies, analysing financial tables. He would look up from half an hour of calculating and announce: "Did you know if you put five cents in the bank when Columbus came to America, at five and a quarter per cent interest compounded daily, today you'd have \$1,000,565,162 (or some such figure)?" Now I phone him for advice about financing a house or a car, and I'm beginning to understand how he can own real estate and several cars, educate his kids and regularly bail those kids out of trouble.

And I've kept on living, and surrendered a lot of illusions, one by one. Claude says, "*You reap what you sow.*" I call this idea karma, that what goes around comes around. Claude cautioned me one night as I went out to break off with a girl-friend, "Remember, you've got a sister." The notion that there was a link between my behaviour and how I could expect my sister to be treated has served as a painfully clear guide ever since. And, in the current romantic and sexual climate, I like to think it's saved me some trouble. "*You can get by, but you can't get away.*"

Claude values experience. I remember going with him in search of a family lawyer. He decided against several without saying why, before suddenly settling on a firm right there in the office. On the way home he explained: "I was looking for a 'Daddy' kind of man. Somebody who's been through some battles, who's raised children. He had those pictures up of his grandchildren. That tells me what he values. And I think he's already made most of his mistakes." When I asked him where

he had acquired all this insight, he laughed. "I didn't get to be fifty and black by being stupid. You go around enough times, you begin to catch on."

Claude doesn't put a lot of stock in what he calls book learning. He says, "College never made anybody clever." But he has financed about \$100,000 worth of book learning—and endured its being thrown in his face until the thrower had to return, hat in hand, for one kind of aid or another.

This leads to another basic law: "*Be realistic.*" Claude sees the world very clearly, and what he see is often not pretty. "It was like this when I got here, and it's going to be like this when I leave, so I'm not going to worry about it." I'm coming to see the wisdom in this. Young people often have to experience the world for many years before they have a hint of understanding human nature and, more important, history. For this reason, they often misread the world. They do not understand that poverty, war and racism have always been conditions of human life. Worse, when confronted by the unrelenting intractability of these problems, they often abandon smaller, but equally worthy, goals.

Claude likes to say, "*If everybody would clean up his end, the rest of the world would take care of itself.*" That statement verges on oversimplification, but as a way of recognizing one's true responsibilities in the world it makes irreproachable sense.

This is probably the key to the world according to Claude—the power of limited objectives. By being realistic about our goals, we increase our chances of success in the long run. "Anything we do is going to be hard, and if it isn't hard, it's going to be difficult. But that just means it's going to take us a little longer." To me, this acceptance of the world and life as they are, and not as we would have them be, is the key to becoming an adult.

And so I am forced to acknowledge that the world according to Claude is increasingly, in my experience, the world as it is. I realize you can't put a price on a clear conscience, as Claude loves to say; very often the ability to live with one's self is all one can hope for.

Most of all, I realize that every time Claude said, "You've got to find out things yourself, nobody can tell you," he went ahead and

told me something—and it was always the truth. Except maybe once. We were arguing, and I took exception to what I perceived as high-handedness. "You should respect me," I said. "We're supposed to be friends."

He looked at me gravely. "We are not *friends*. I am your father."

I haven't quite figured this out, because he is far from being my best friend. Sometimes I'm not sure we even know each other. But it seems he is the truest friend I have had, and can expect to have.



Sights of the Times

ISN'T IT amazing how a computer system can show signs of obsolescence before half the users figure out how to work it? —Quoted in *Country*

SWIMSUITS these days are cut down to here or up to there. Most of them aren't suitable for women who have either no here or too much there.

— Mary Ann Lindley in *Tallahassee Democrat*

Carriage of Justice

ON A VISIT to New York, I peered out of our hotel window and watched a horse-drawn carriage plod through the frantic motorized traffic. Flanked on both sides by taxis, the horse halted at a red light. Construction barricades on the opposite corner blocked the right lane. A taxi, whose way was obstructed, edged towards the horse's lane. As the carriage driver sat apparently unaware, the horse, acknowledging the challenge to his right of way, matched the taxi with a pace forward. Again, the taxi angled for a head start at the light, and again the horse stepped up exactly even with the taxi's front bumper. Then, without regard to the horse's safety, the taxi shot forward enough to block the contested lane.

I was about to turn away from the window when I noticed that the horse wasn't giving up the fight. The animal lowered its massive head and thrust it into the taxi's open window.

I'll always wonder what that horse said to the taxi driver. But I know for sure that when the light changed, the horse and carriage stepped out smartly, leaving the motionless taxi in its wake.

— Corinne Franzese

"Six Hundred Bucks! And Nothing, too."

By John Hubbell

"You ought to look into this," I suggested to our two college-age sons. "It might be a way to avoid the indignity of having to ask for money all the time." I handed them some magazines in a plastic bag someone had hung on our doorknob. A message printed on the bag offered leisurely, lucrative work ("Big Money the Easy Way") delivering more such bags.

"I don't mind the indignity," the older one answered.

"I can live with it," his brother agreed.

"But it pains me," I said, "to find that you both have been asking me for money so long that it no longer embarrasses you."

The boys said they would look into the magazine delivery thing. Pleased, I left town on a business trip. By midnight I was comfortably settled in a hotel room far from home. The phone rang. It was my wife. She wanted to know how my day had gone.

"Terrific!" I enthused. I told her of my day's accomplishments, of cocktails and dinner with old friends in the foremost restaurant. "How was your day?" I asked.

"Super!" she snapped. "Just super! And it's just started. Another truck just pulled up out front."

"Another truck?"

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together, slip a rubber band around them and slide them into a plastic bag."

"Well, you had better get those boys banding and sliding as fast as they can, and I'll talk to you later. I've got a lunch date."

When I returned, there was another urgent call from my wife.

"Did you have a nice lunch?" she asked sweetly. I had had a marvellous one, but knew better by now than to say so.

"Awful," I reported.

"Good. We had lunch at McDonald's. We're going to try Burger King for dinner, and Perkins Cafe & Steak for breakfast . . . ?

"You're doing *what*? Why . . . ?"

"I can't use the kitchen, dear. It's occupied by much of the print advertising in this part of the world. Your college sons have hired their younger siblings and a couple of neighbourhood waifs to help for five dollars each. Assembly lines have been set up. In the language of diplomacy, there is 'movement.'"

"That's encouraging."

"No, it's not," she corrected. "It's very *dis*couraging. They've been at it for hours. Plastic bags have been filled and piled to the ceiling, but all this hasn't made a dent, not a *dent*, in the situation! It's almost as if the inserts keep reproducing themselves!"

"Another thing," she continued. "Your college sons must learn that one does not get the best out of employees by threatening them with bodily harm."

Obtaining an audience with son Number 1, I started, "I'll kill you if you threaten one of those children again! *Hi!* You should be offering a bonus every hour to the worker who fills the most bags."

"But that would cut into our profit," he suggested.

"There won't be any profit unless those children enable you to make all the deliveries on time. If they don't, you two will have to remove all that paper by yourselves. And there will be no eating or sleeping until it is removed."

There was a short, thoughtful silence. Then he said, "Dad, you have just worked a profound change in my personality."

"Do it!"

"The third one this evening. The first delivered four thousand catalogue-store inserts. The second brought four thousand more. I don't know what this one has, but I'm sure it will be four thousand of something. Since you are responsible, I thought you might like to know what's happening."

The Reason. What I was being blamed for, it turned out, was a newspaper strike which made it necessary to hand-deliver the advertising inserts that normally are included with the Sunday paper. The company had promised our boys \$ 600 for delivering these inserts to 4,000 houses by Sunday morning.

"This will be *easy!*" our elder college son had shouted.

"Six hundred bucks!" His brother had drooled the syllables. "That's three hundred dollars each! And we can do the job in two hours!"

Then the first truck had arrived. "Both the catalogue-store advertisements are four newspaper-size pages," my wife informed me. "There are thirty-two thousand pages of advertising on our porch. Even as we speak, two husky men are carrying armloads of paper up to the house. What do we do about all this?"

"Just tell the boys to get busy," I instructed. "They're college men. They'll do what they have to do."

Urgent Call. At noon the following day I returned to the hotel and found an urgent message to telephone my wife. Her voice was unnaturally high and quavering. There had been several more truckloads of the inserts. "They're for department stores, hardware stores, chemists, grocery stores, clothing stores, car-parts stores and so on. Some are whole magazine sections. We have *hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions*, of pages of advertising here!" Her voice kept rising, "All this must be delivered by seven o'clock on Sunday morning."

"Listen," I said. "You tell those stupid boys that our porch is to be cleared by tomorrow night."

"And what about the livingroom? And the dining-room? And the kitchen? And the bathroom?"

"You've got the stuff spread all through the house?"

"It isn't spread anywhere. It's crammed wall-to-wall in stacks taller than your eldest son. There's only enough room for people to walk in, take one each of the eleven inserts, roll them

together, slip a rubber band around them and slide them into a plastic bag."

"Well, you had better get those boys banding and sliding as fast as they can, and I'll talk to you later. I've got a lunch date."

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"Do it!"

"Yes, sir!"

Latest Report. By the following evening, there was much for my wife to report. The bonus programme had worked until someone demanded to be paid immediately. Then some activist on the work force claimed that the workers had no business settling for \$5 and a few competitive bonuses while the bosses collected hundreds of dollars each. The organizer had declared that all the workers were entitled to \$5 per hour! They would not work another minute until the bosses agreed.

The strike lasted less than two hours. In mediation, the parties agreed on \$2 per hour. Gradually, the huge stacks began to shrink.

The Saturday-morning bulletin was that saintly neighbours had volunteered station wagons and bodies. Everyone had been driving and delivering into the early hours and would continue throughout the day. "We'll be at it again until very late tonight," my wife said. "Say, by the way, are you ever coming home? I mean, it is Saturday."

"Just finishing things up," I said brightly. "No sense in leaving a lot of loose ends."

"No, of course not. And no sense rushing back here before the week is over, right?"

I ignored her suggestion. "You people have really done a job back there!" I enthused. "Will it be completed by dawn on Sunday, as per contract?"

"Easily," she said. "So I suppose we can look forward to seeing you around noon."

"As a matter of fact, my flight should arrive at 12.10."

As it turned out, the job was completed three hours before Sunday's 7 a.m. deadline. By the time I arrived, the boys had already settled their accounts: \$150 in labour costs, \$40 for petrol, and a like amount for gifts—boxes of chocolates for saintly neighbours and a dozen roses for their mother. This left them with \$185 each for the 91 hours they worked. Still, it was "enough," as one of them put it, to enable them to "avoid indignity" for quite a while.

All went well for some weeks. Then one Saturday morning my attention was drawn to the odd behaviour of our two youngest sons. They kept carrying carton after carton from

various corners of the house out of the front door to the edge of the street I assumed their mother had enlisted them to remove junk for a garbage truck. Then I overheard them discussing finances.

"We're going to make a lot of money!"

"We're going to be rich!"

Investigation revealed that they were offering "for sale or rent" our entire library.

"No! No!" I cried. "You can't sell our books!"

"But Dad, we thought you were finished with them!"

"You're never 'finished' with books," I tried to explain.

"Sure you are. You read them, and you're finished with them. That's it. Then you might as well make a little money from them. We wanted to avoid the indignity of having to ask you for . . ."

"Don't worry about indignity!" I shouted, pushing some dollar notes at each of them. "Take the money, and don't give indignity another thought. I can live with it!"

Prey to 'Drink'

Even insects and birds are prey to the demon alcohol. Opportunities to have a "drink" are not uncommon, since almost every part of a plant contains sugar and, under right conditions, can ferment and produce alcohol. In India, owls get drunk on a liqueur produced by palm trees. Robins and Bohemian waxwings fall asleep after eating over-ripe apples. Snails, the terrible garden parasites, are such gluttons for beer that clever gardeners put low containers full of beer among their flowers. The snails go into the containers, drink and drown.

— *Science Digest*

Traveller's Advisory

When I arrived in Paris, it was dark and rainy, and at the height of the tourist season. I didn't have a hotel reservation and I didn't speak French. To make matters worse, Paris's underground train system, the Metro, was on strike, and getting a taxi was nearly impossible. The railway station was swarming with people who shared my predicament, and many were settling down on their luggage for the night. Near by, a little boy seemed on the verge of tears. As I walked past, his mother said to him in a distinctly British accent, "But, dear, this 'webt is called an adventure."

I'm not sure what effect those words had on the boy's visit to Paris, but it did no good for mine.

— David Arnold

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Make the Most of Your Holiday

By Dr Irvine Page

If properly planned and executed, holidays can tone up both mind and body. But many of us don't know how to take a holiday. We make mistakes that wipe out so many of the potential benefits that we might as well have kept on working.

Good planning is all-important. A clinical psychologist reports that many people seek his help after poorly planned holidays that have brought on family quarrels. I myself have seen patients whose holidays are basically a psychological "escape" from their work. (If that's the overriding need, then perhaps another, more suitable job is required.) Instead of making their holiday a period of rest and development of rapport with their families, they want to block everything out with "fun-packed" activity. When the "fun" is over, they are often in worse shape, mentally and physically, than when it began.

Here are other common holiday errors which, as a doctor, I caution against:

Not taking a long-enough break. Some of us delude ourselves into thinking that a quick holiday will give instant relaxation and get us back on the track. But tension is built layer by layer, and its release is accomplished the same way. A weekend, even a long one, only "unwinds" you a little. Most people need a full three weeks or longer.

Not getting a real change. To get any lasting good out of your holiday, you *must* have a change of pace, and ~~see~~ see. That is one reason why travel can be so helpful; or, for people living in towns, a visit to the country. Thus, spending your entire holiday at home may be a mistake. You will see the people you see all year, and your office may phone.

Crowding in too much. A common error of tourists, travel agents report, is trying to see and do far too much. Visiting 12 states in 15 days can leave you not merely exhausted but with a depression that lasts long after you are back at work.

Even if you spend your entire holiday in ~~one~~ place, it's easy to slip into an exhausting routine. Don't arrange to meet many business associates or friends. If you do, it could turn into a "tonight-it's-our-turn" cocktail-party rat race. Also, instead of being independent, able to relax when you want to, you and your family will be tied down to other people, their desires and whims.

Holding faulty mental attitudes to holidays. Modern life brings a continual assault on our nerves, and we are unlikely to change this. But on holiday, we should take time to cultivate the equanimity that brings relaxation.

To be able to live in peace and quiet for a time is a mark of maturity. It gives you a chance to think about your family and yourself in relation to the grand design of life. You achieve a measure of peace of mind; all at once your boss does not seem so abrasive, or the demands of your family so unreasonable. Your facial muscles begin to feel relaxed and easy, the frown disappears, and the lines soften.

There are several specific steps which I believe can help cultivate this. To start with, recognize that the world is not dependent on your actions alone.

It's not enough to repress fear or anger; when the immediate problem is past, you must try to put it in perspective. No better time can be found for this than on holiday, when your own values can be compared with those of nature.

A holiday's success is measurable by the results it produces. A good one is often marked by a reduction in smoking and drinking, more satisfying sleep, loss of "nervousness," slower heart rate and reduction in blood-pressure. You should return

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To be able to live in peace and quiet for a time is a mark of maturity. It gives you a chance to think about your family and yourself in relation to the grand design of life. You achieve a measure of peace of mind; all at once your boss does not seem so abrasive, or the demands of your family so unreasonable. Your facial muscles begin to feel relaxed and easy, the frown disappears, and the lines soften.

There are several specific steps which I believe can help cultivate this. To start with, recognize that the world is not dependent on your actions alone.

It's not enough to repress fear or anger; when the immediate problem is past, you must try to put it in perspective. No better time can be found for this than on holiday, when your own values can be compared with those of nature.

A holiday's success is measurable by the results it produces. A good one is often marked by a reduction in smoking and drinking, more satisfying sleep, loss of "nervousness," slower heart rate and reduction in blood-pressure. You should return

slimmer, with better muscle tone and posture, your mind more receptive and tranquil, and on better terms with your family. And those formidable problems you left behind should almost seem to solve themselves.



SOME REPORTERS were in the Honolulu Press Club bar when the telephone rang. The bartender announced it was long distance from New York City, and the caller would speak to anyone. One man took the telephone, listened, then laughed uproariously and passed the telephone to the next man. So it went all the way down the bar. Observing this, I asked what was going on. "Well," it was explained, "this man in New York heard a new joke and everybody he's tried to tell it all day had already heard it. So he picked out the furthest spot he could think of, hoping the story hadn't reached there yet." It hadn't. — A.L.

ERUSALEM's mayor Teddy Kollek is listed in the local telephone directory, and since *Time* magazine printed the number in a profile, his telephone hasn't stopped ringing. Because of the time difference, most calls from abroad have come in the middle of the night. One week-end His Honour was awakened by a call from Australia. "What can I do for you?" asked Kollek. "Nothing," said the caller, who just wanted to see if he could get through. "My own mayor," he explained, "I can't get."

— *People*

Tit for Tat

A PRLLD young woman was sitting alone at the bar.
"Excuse me, may I buy you a drink?" asked a young man.
"To a hotel?" she shouted.
"No, no. You misunderstood. I just asked you if I could buy you a drink."
"You're asking me to drive with you to a hotel?" she screamed, even more excited.

Completely bewildered, the young man withdrew to a corner. Everybody stared at him indignantly.

A little later, the young woman came to his table. "I'm sorry to have created a scene," she said. "But I am a psychology student studying human behaviour in unexpected situations."

The young man looked at her and shouted for all to hear, "What? A hundred dollars?"

— Milo Dor with Reinhard Federmann, *Der galante Witz*

